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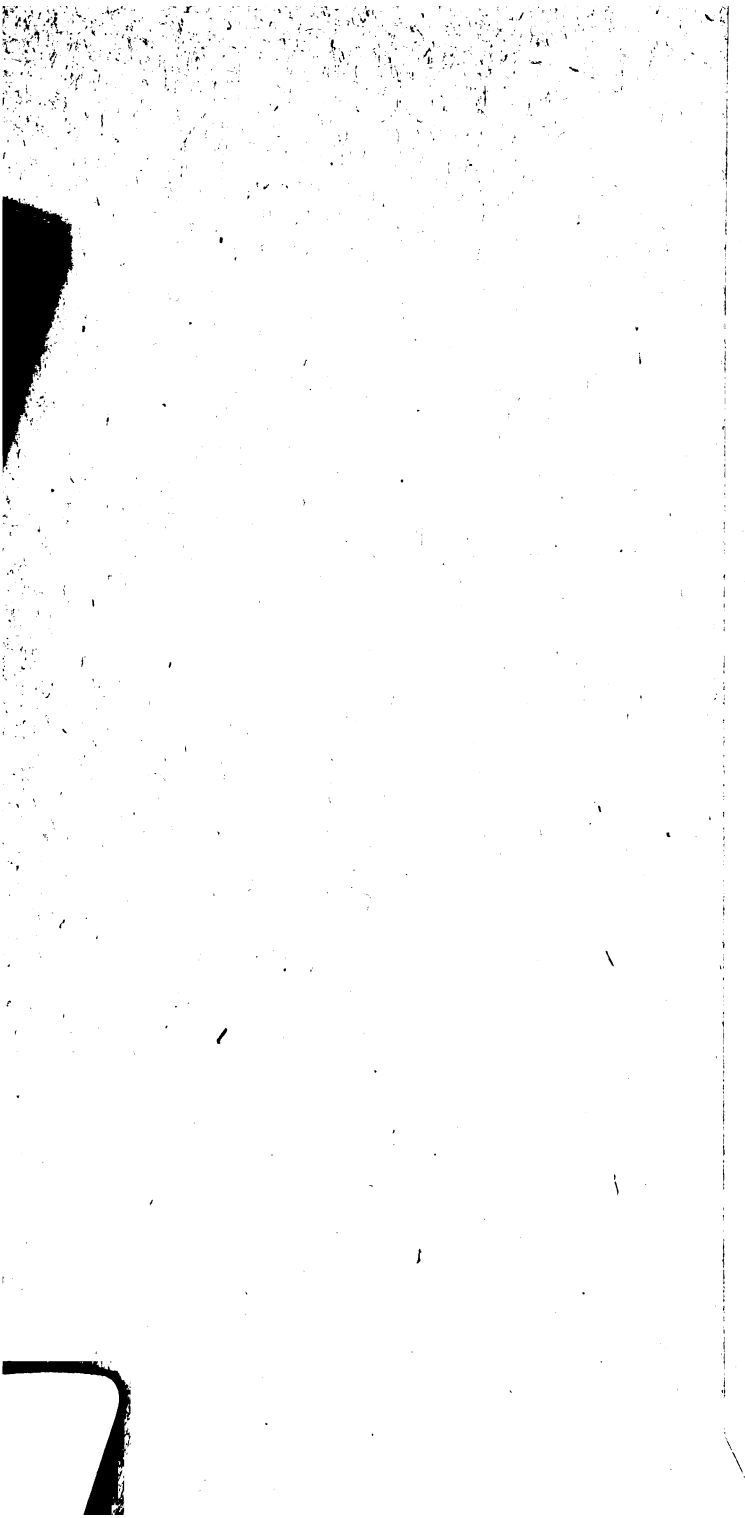

# IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

OF

## LITERARY MEN AND STATESMEN

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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TO GENERAL

# SIR ROBERT WILSON.

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SIR,

THERE is yet in England more than one illustrious name to which my judgement might lead me, wishing to prefix an appropriate ornament to a volume of my Imaginary Conversations. I want one who not only hath acted but who also hath suffered manfully, that nothing which Prosperity has about her may be supposed to attract or influence me. Reflecting on those benefactors whose exploits have been rewarded by ingratitude, and turning my eyes toward that exalted personage, the

admiration of Europe, to whom I dedicated the second, I can think of no name which I fancy he would so gladly see associated with his own, as yours. Even he, the Liberator, who hath accomplished the most arduous and memorable work, that any one mortal ever brought to its termination, he who saw you from afar the participator of his labours, will not deem you unworthy of a place beside him.

Reference to the virtuous and valiant of ancient days is pedantic; admiration of heroism is puerile; nevertheless I walk strait across the stubble-field, whatever may stick to me, burr or briar, keeping in view the distant scenery that always has captivated and delighted me. I never have conversed with an officer of talents, who did not acknowledge your military science and heroic virtues. There are some indeed, too high in office and rank for my conversation, who would confess no such thing

perhaps, and who are heartily glad of any opportunity and precedent to divert us from their disgraces, by heaping what they consider as such on you. Whether these are the baser men, or whether those others are, who retract the gewgaws you condescended to accept from them, as testimonies of their persons rescued or their armies saved by you, is a question more difficult than important. They only bring back the more obviously to the memory, their own ingratitude and your services.

England sends the order of the garter to the king of Portugal, on the subversion of the constitution he had sworne to establish and defend; Russia, the order of St. Andrew to the king of France, on the violation of the charter he had bestowed upon his people. Knighthood is now conferred for that very action (I am slow to name it) for which anciently it was taken away, with every demonstration of ignominy

and disgrace. I know not what term designates it among kings; who undoubtedly, like the Gods of Homer, have a language of their own; but, among us private men in England, a very coarse monosyllable serves the purpose.

It was easy to foresee that, when republics were subverted, constitutions and the defenders of constitutions would be insulted and assailed: but who could ever have imagined that the body of christian princes should conspire against christianity! that England should mediate for Russia, and take on herself the whole negotiation, only that Turkey might have both hands at liberty, to rivet her chains on Greece! Every indignity that could be offered the patriots of that country, has been wantonly and prodigally cast against them: even commercial relations have been foregone and interdicted, even the course of money checked and interrupted. When the supplies which the

Greeks obtained by their loan in England had reached Corfu, it was discovered that to deposit them there was a violation of neutrality.. a law never promulgated in Europe, never in Asia, and now enforced by a grave sagacious governor, aspiring (no doubt) to display in his diplomatic life the energy and lustre of his military. Let such men flourish; it is their season: bad weather does not shake down the hip and haw, when every better fruit, and every leaf that protected it, has fallen. An honest man can never much enrich himself; and when he regrets that he cannot, he is no longer an honest man.

What those amongst us who are affected by a sense of national honour, most lament, is, that England, whose generosity would cost her nothing, and whose courage would be unexposed to fatality, stands aloof. What could the united power (suppose it can ever be united) of Austria, Turkey, Russia, do

against England? what would they attempt? Have they not already imposed as many and as great restrictions on our trade as their own can suffer? and would not a war with us dethrone whichever of their emperors should proclame it? The popular power is displayed the most vigorously where only one blow is requisite; and the guards of despots are oftentimes the tutelaries of justice. As the generous and domestic of the beasts avoid and fly from the anger of their master, while the ferocious are impelled to violence by the activity of fear: so the civilized and liberal of men elude the shock of royal discontent, while the barbarous rush against it, and strangle it at a grasp.

An alliance, offensive and defensive, with Greece, would render us invulnerable in the only part of the world where we have lately shewn our feebleness. We should unite to us a maritime power, which within half a century would of itself be equipollent on

the sea with France; and we should attract to our merchants those advantages of commerce in the Levant which at present lean toward her. The great Chatham, if he had lived in our days, would have cast on every side around him the seeds of small maritime and small constitutional states. We may extend our dominions in many ways; we can extend our power in this only. None of our late ministers have had clear views or steddy aims. We have been hovering on the shores of Greece, until the season is going by for aiding her; and another Power will soon have acquired the glory and the benefit of becoming her first protectress. If a new world were to burst forth suddenly in the midst of the heavens, and we were instructed by angelic voices, or whatever kind of revelation the Creator might appoint, that its inhabitants were brave, generous, happy, and warm with all our sympathies, would not pious men fall

prostrate before Him, for such a manifestation of his power and goodness? What then! shall these very people, these religious, be the first to stifle the expression of our praise and wonder, at a marvel far more astonishing, at a manifestation of power and goodness far more glorious and magnificent? The weak vanquish the strong; the opprest stand over the oppressor: we see happy, not them who never were otherwise, not them who have made no effort, no movement of their own to earn their happiness, like the creatures of our imaginary new world, but those who were the most wretched, and the most undeservedly, and who now, arising as from the tomb, move the incumbrances of ages and of nations from before them, and, altho at present but half-erect, lower the stature of the greatest heroes.

We appear to be afraid of the Russians: we tremble lest they should take possession of Constantinople, and march to India. The

glory of Russia may be increased by conquest, which cannot be said of any other state in Europe; but her power of doing injury to the nations of the West would rather be deferred and diminished by it than promoted and increased. She would not be able in half a century to send an army into India, even if she possessed the dominions of the Turk: they would be far from affording her any great facility. In less than half a century it is probable we shall lose that empire; but we shall lose it, like every other we have lost and are about to lose, by alienating the affections of the people. God grant that Russia may invade and conquer Turkey! not that the Russians, or any other people on the continent, are a better, a braver, an honester race than the Turks, but because the policy of the government is adverse to the progress of civilization, and bears with brutal heaviness on its cradle. God grant that Russia may possess her! not

because it will increase her strength, but because it will enable, and perhaps induce her, to liberate from bondage more than one brave nation. She cannot hold Turkey at the extremity of such a lever; and those who now run to help her, will slip from under her. It is only by a war on the continent, a war however in which England has no business or right to take a part, that what ought to have been done long ago, can be at last effected. If our ministers should enter into hostilities, the nation will certainly refuse the succours, even tho a majority in parliament should vote them. Here another great question starts before us, not at present to be discussed. One thing is certain: if we cannot stand under our debt we cannot fight under it. Orders to march may be given to him who has lost a leg; but what drum or what cane shall make him go? If ever we have another war within the next thirty years, it must be a war of speculation,

a subscription-war, in which the holders of shares shall pay all the expenses and take all the profit. It is folly to suppose that we could not, without a war, have kept the army of Louis the Eighteenth out of Spain. An appeal to the French troops and the French people would have shaken that drowsy enslaver from his throne; a glance of approbation would have encouraged the Constitutionalists to fix the House of Braganza in Madrid, and to inflict on a perjurer, a traitor, and a parricide, the punishment of his crimes.

It is idle to ask what was the object, for that was varying from the first day to the last, let us only think what have been the consequences of a war, that precipitated into death and oblivion the better part of two generations, thro nearly the whole of Europe. It has reduced to poverty ten millions of ourselves: it has consigned to slavery sixty millions, partly of our neighbours, partly

of our allies: it has enabled the French ministers to recall the Jesuits, the Spanish to restore the Inquisition, the English to appoint their collegues and successors: it has abolished republics and republicanism: it has cast the dregs of democracy on and over the loftiest thrones, constitutional and monarcal: it has multiplied and widened the cracks and crevices of the church: it has sustained and sanctified the mosk: it has proscribed the traffic of those who dealt in Africans: it has legitimated the practises of such as carry off the Greeks: indulgent to the gambler, generous to the robber, honorific to the poisoner and assassin, indifferent to the improver of his country, inimical to the enlightener, and rancorous to the defender.

Do I think it little, you may ask me, to have abolished the slave-trade? Do I speak heedlessly of the blacks? No, Sir! God forbid! Much would it have been if this

accursed trade were really abolished: if we had united with America to treat as pirates all concerned in it, French or Portuguese. We withdraw from the redress of wrongs, we enforce no stipulation of treaties, we act dastardly with every despot, and perfidiously with every people. Nothing can suffer from aggression without paining me when I know it: but other nations do not interest me like the Greeks, to whom I owe every exalted, every generous, every just sentiment. I never can be induced to imagine, that the extinction of all the tribes in Africa, and all in Asia, with half of the dwellers in Europe, would be so lamentable as the destruction of Missolonghi, or even as the death of Bozzaris. Animal life in itself is little: animal life however is nearly all that belongs to the greater part of mankind, unless some glorious recollection, some mighty aim and intent, shall raise them above the level of trodden and trite humanity. No such

feeling can belong to the generality of nations. England and Sweden, always contending against greater numbers, and almost always signally victorious, may be justly proud of military glory; Italy of the arts: but which of them in either has outrivalled Greece? Her old heroic age was less heroic than the present: grant her another, and our children may see a Phidias and a Sophocles.

Should I have wronged the ministers, in doubting their sincerity, and in underrating their exertions to suppress the slave-trade, let me retract or soften the expression. Let me say, if truth will bear it, we are zealous in protecting from slavery the remotest nations of Africa, who have always for thousands of years been subject to that dreadful visitation, and who never have expected, or even heard tidings of, our generous interference. We take them away by righteous force from under the proudest flag; we

convey them to our own settlements; we give them food, cloathing, ground, instruction, morals, religion. Humanity cries out, *O tell them they are men!* and we hear her. Is she silent for the Greeks? have their voices no echo in her breast? do we treat them cruelly because they have not the advantage of being barbarous? do we spurn them because they cling to us? is it because they trust only in us, that we reject and repulse them only of all mankind? The ships of Ismael Bey repass the Mediterranean and Archipelago, laden with the sons and daughters of a half-extinguished race; half-extinguished under our eyes. Their terrors are not at death; their tears are not for captivity; their loss, tho their country is Greece, is not of country. God alone can avenge it: God alone must hear it. Something may surely be done, to alleviate the sufferings of the few survivors, wandering among naked rocks, or lifting up their heads from the

rushes in the pestilential marsh. They require of us no land to cultivate, no sustenance, no raiment: they implore of us permission to live under the safeguard of our laws, and to partake with the most ignorant and ferocious tribes, with murderers and cannibals, a spare moment of our attention and concern.

Surely, surely this is not too much; if you consider that the finest eloquence ever heard within your walls, was admirable only in proportion as it resembled the eloquence of their ancestors; and that gods were bowed down to and worshipt, by the wisest and most powerful nations, for being in form and dignity like them.

Had I another volume to publish, I am uncertain whether, in the present posture of affairs, I should not preface it with an inscription to the emperor of Russia; altho it has generally been thought a proof of servility to dedicate a work to a sovran, and of

presumption to expect his notice. The few however who wish nothing of princes, and the fewer who will accept nothing, may do it, exempt from the inculpation of servility: in which predicament stand I: the charge of presumption too his majesty would cast aside from me, should it appear that, in these volumes, I have exhibited the powers of reason, the habits of reflexion, the rules of polity, the sentiments of equity and honour, in as high a degree as those, amongst us and around us, who preside in the cabinets of princes. Should these feelings and faculties not belong to me, and to such an extent, the possession of any other would avail me little with him, and would leave me liable and exposed to the full force of both accusations. It would be equitable to consider at the same time, whether he who is unsalaried for his opinions, should not be listened to with as much attention as he who is both prompted to utter and paid for

uttering them; and whether the value of a thing is increased by its being brought into the market, with any number of people standing round it. That the situation and circumstances may be attractive of notice is certain: that they can add to its solidity or soundness, is not quite so. One principal object of these Conversations is what the interest and glory of the new emperor (to a calmly brave man, as he is, I will not say his safety) excite and impell him to execute and accomplish. Never was it to be hoped or expected, that the other potentates on the continent, or those people employed by them, should feel an interest in the efforts of the Greeks for the recovery of their independence. The education of the princes was little framed for it; and the few among the ministers who were reared in more generous sentiments, had in their earlier days to contend with poverty and contempt. One of these evils is easily conquered by them when

they once come into office, and for the other there is a compensation in the same conquest. But his Imperial Majesty was taught from his youth upward to contemplate the glories of antiquity, nearly all of which are crowded in one people; and has ever felt, and stil feels strongly as ever, that there is something more and better than ambition, in uniting, as his people calls upon him to do, the scattered members of the Greek nation and the Greek church. No king on earth has the right to hinder it; no people has the wish; excepting that which at this instant is leading thousands into slavery, thousands of women and children, from famished cities, from the cinders of villages, from defiled altars; thousands who cry in the agony of despair, *O God! is there none to save us!*

Yes, children of Greece! yes, ye only race among men stil undegenerate! there is one to save you. His name bears with it victory, his sword salvation.

No monarch could ever, by any exertion, render so great a service to humanity as the emperor Nicolas can, without an effort. The effervescence and discontent of his subjects will subside at one word. And what word? Not *enslave*, not *depopulate*, not *conquer:* but a voice that will be heard with transport from every quarter of the world: a voice indeed of glad tidings.. *Save! save!* It depends on his determination, which nothing in the universe can set aside or shake or alter or delay, whether he will be the most glorious prince, the most potent, the most beloved, the most secure, or whether he will pass his anxious days among suspicions and murmurs and seditions and treasons; whether he will suffer those who have prayed with him and for him, to bend under lust and cruelty, to be driven from their country, to expire in tortures, and to leave a progeny, not of Greeks, in religion, name, or habitation, to fight in future wars against him, and to burn the

remainder of the churches, to which their mothers bore them as the last refuge.

Sir, you who have fought under his banners, have the same right to rescue him from reproach (if indeed he can incurr it) as from danger, and the same power perhaps to throw lustre over his policy as over his arms. Let one voice more inform him then, a voice which his armies have obeyed and his generals have been guided by, that any prince in Europe would be abandoned by his subjects, military and civil, who should venture to draw the sword against him, while his is protecting Greece. This is the language for him to hear on every side. His ministers will point out to him the alienated mind, the exhausted spirit, the rusty armoury, of the most restless nation, and the empty treasury and bankrupt credit of the most mercantile. The whole people in each of these is enthusiastic and unanimous in favour of the Greeks. His own wisdom will evince to him that no league

between their governments can last, even for that short period which is requisite for his march into Constantinople; and that any one formed against him, altho upon principles less hateful to the subjects of both kingdoms, must terminate very speedily in discord and war between them.

Long may you live, sir, to enjoy the sole recompense that has not been and cannot be stript from you, the consciousness of having well performed the duties entrusted to your zeal and genius. If the effect is yet looked for, let us believe that Providence will bring about by means of folly and perversity, what wisdom and rectitude were not permitted to accomplish.

I am,

Sir,

Most respectfully,

&c. &c.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

May 5, 1826.

# PREFACE.

FEWER words are said in general at meeting for the first time than at parting. I have always been sparing of mine, particularly in public; and if any I have now to deliver are at all interesting, they are interesting as they relate to others, not to me. I wish to excite a more popular and able writer to the completion of what I once projected. It was, to give imaginary conversations, first of the ancient philosophers, poets, and statesmen; then of the modern: in which there should be discussions on the systems of ethics, the varieties of style, the defects and excellencies of poetry and poets. Traces of this design, but somewhat

diversified, are to be discovered in the volumes I have published: in which I have found no difficulties with Solon and Phocion, with Barrow and Milton, with Cicero and Chatham, with Hannibal and Cesar. A man does not lose so much breath by raising his hand above his head, as by stooping to tie his shoestring. What I lost of mine, I lost in the entanglement and dust of the knot-grass and fuzballs under and about me, in the Pitts and Peels, the Cannings and Crokers. Some would remind us that it were generous to have omitted such of these as are deceased. My opinion is different. If their example is bad, we have nothing to do with the consideration whether their bodies are above-ground or beneath: nor is the reader much the wiser, nor ought he to be at all the more contented, at hearing that Pitt was the only one of them dead when what is attributed to them was sent to the press.

So many and so long have been the delays in the publication of these latter volumes, that, if the subjects of them had been of an ephemeral nature, the intent had been deluded. In consequence, the reader will find a dedication to a man no longer in existence; if breath is indeed the existence of such men as he. But as Lord Guilford lived for the human race, so will his memory live in it, while it retains a reverence of virtue or a sense of benefits. Of all the political characters in our times, he was the most learned, the most munificent, the most disinterested, the most unambitious, the most modest. Those who manage our affairs can do nothing so honorable to themselves, as maintaining and promoting his institutions. This indeed would be a public monument to him: any other, shared by people whose contact he avoided, were an injury and outrage. I am pained at the recollection of his good-tempered words

priety inscribed to him, than any of the former, as containing less of levity and of passion, and greatly more, if I could do justice to the interlocutors, of argument and of eloquence. My first exercises in these were under his eye and guidance, corrected by his admonition, and animated by his applause. His house, his library, his heart, were always open to me; and, among my few friendships, I shall remember his to the last hour of my existence, with ardent gratitude. My admiration of some others I have exprest in the first words of each volume: my reverence and love of him I here express more briefly; but with such feelings as that man's are, who has shaken hands with them that followed him to the shore, and sees from the vessel one standing wide apart, whom he never can hope to see again.

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# ERRATA.

Page 7, *line* 7, *read* Oricellari.
— 53, — 10, — *for*, I would not ask.
— 54, — 11, — we may attribute *them*.
— 83, — 8, — Kant.
— 86, — 17, — perspic*a*city.
— 168, — 5, — any such tale.
— 197, — 25, — serpolet.
— 217, — 16, — to *un*brace.
— 228, — 16, — on their *heads*.
— 258, — 23, — you must *a*ccept.
— 298, — 5, — with thy arms *folded* and thy head aside.
— 302, — 21, — in subduing *him*.
— 330, — *last*, — before *you*.
— 365, — 26, — had long ago *hanged*.
— 369, — 9, — his brother, *Timoteo*.
— 400, — 24, — *Few* days.
— 492, — 16, — Aster.
— 494, — 18, — where *is it*.

# CONVERSATION I.

## BOCCACCIO

AND

## PETRARCA.

# BOCCACCIO

AND

# PETRARCA.

---

BOCCACCIO.

REMAINING amongst us, I doubt not that you would soon receive the same distinctions in your native country, as others have conferred upon you. Indeed in confidence I may promise it. For greatly are the Florentines ashamed, that the most elegant of their writers, and the most independent of their citizens, lives in exile, from the injustice he had suffered in the detriment done to his property, thro the intemperate administration of their laws.

PETRARCA.

Let them recall me soon and honorably: then perhaps I may assist them to remove their ignominy, which I carry about with me wherever I go, and which is pointed out to all men by my exotic laurel.

BOCCACCIO.

There is, and ever will be, in all countries and under all governments, an ostracism for their greatest men.

PETRARCA.

At present we will talk no more about this: tomorrow I must pursue my journey toward Padua, where I am expected; where some few value and esteem me, honest and learned and ingenious men, altho neither those Transpadane regions, nor whatever extends beyond them, have yet produced one equal to Boccaccio.

BOCCACCIO.

Then, in the name of friendship! do not go thither: form such rather from your fellow citizens. I love my equals heartily; and shall love them the better when I see them before me, raised up here, from our own mother earth, by you.

PETRARCA.

Let us continue our walk.

BOCCACCIO.

If you have been delighted, as you say you have been, at seeing again, after so long an absence, the house and garden wherin I have placed the relaters of my stories, as reported in the Decameron, come a little way further up the ascent, and we will pass thro the vineyard on the east of the villa. You will see presently another on the right, lying in its warm little garden

close to the roadside, the scene lately of somewhat that would have looked well, as illustration, in the midst of your Latin reflexions. It shews us that people the most serious and determined may act at last contrariwise to the line of conduct they have laid down.

PETRARCA.

Relate it to me, messer Giovanni; for you are able to give reality the merits and charms of fiction, just as easily as you give fiction the semblance, the stature, and the movement of reality.

BOCCACCIO.

I must here forego such powers; if in good truth I ever have possessed them.

PETRARCA.

This long green walk, defended by box and cypresses, is very pleasant. The odour of box, altho not sweet, is more agreeable to me than many that are richly so; I cannot say from what resuscitation and revival of early and tender feeling.

Will not that dog hurt us? he comes closer.

BOCCACCIO.

Dog! thou hast the colours of a magpie, and the tongue of one: prythee be quiet: art thou not ashamed?

PETRARCA.

Verily he trots off, comforting his angry belly

with his plenteous tail, flattened and bestrown under it. He looks back, going on, and puffs out his upper lip without a bark.

BOCCACCIO.

These creatures are more accessible to temperate and just rebuke, than the creatures of our species, usually angry with less reason, and from no sense, as dogs are, of duty. Look into that white arcade! Surely it was white the other day . . and now I perceive it is still so: the setting sun gives it a yellowish colour.

PETRARCA.

The house has nothing of either the rustic or the magnificent about it; nothing quite regular, nothing much varied. If there is any thing at all affecting, as I fear there is, in the story you are about to tell me, I could wish the house itself bore externally some little of the interesting, that I might hereafter turn my mind toward it, looking out of the catastrophe, tho not away from it. But I do not even find the peculiar and uncostly decoration of our Tuscan villas, the central turret, round which the kite perpetually circles, in search of pigeons or smaller prey, borne onward, like the Flemish skaiter, by effortless will in motionless progression. The view of Fiesole must be lovely from that window; but I fancy to myself it must lose that cascade yonder, under the single high arch of the Mugnone.

BOCCACCIO.

I think so. In this villa . . . come rather further off . . the inhabitants of it may hear us, if they should happen to be in the arbour, as most people are at this hour of the day . . . . in this villa, messer Francesco, lives Monna Tita Monalda, who tenderly loved Amadeo degli Oricallari. She however was reserved and coy; and father Pietro de' Pueci, an enemy to the family of Amadeo, told her never more to think of him; for that just before he knew her, he had thrown his arm round the neck of Nunciata Righi, his mother's maid, calling her most immodestly a sweet creature, and of a whiteness that marble would split with envy at.

Monna Tita trembled and turned pale, outrivalling her rival. *Father, is the girl really so very fair?* said she anxiously.

*Madonna,* replied the father, *after confession she is not much amiss: white she is, with a certain tint of pink, not belonging to her, but coming over her, as thro the wing of an angel, pleased at the holy function: and her breath is such; the very ear smells it: poor innocent sinful soul! Hei! The wretch, Amadeo, would have endangered her salvation.*

*She must be a wicked girl to let him,* said Monna Tita. *A young man, of good parentage and education, would not dare to do such a thing,*

*of his own accord . . I will see him no more however . . but it was before he knew me . . and it may not be true. I cannot think any young woman would let a young man do so, even in the last hour before Lent. Now in what month was it supposed to be?*

*Supposed to be!* cried the father indignantly: *in June; I say in June.*

*Oh that now is impossible: for on the second of July, forty-one days from this, and at this very hour of it, he swore to me eternal love and constancy. I will inquire of him whether it is true: I will charge him with it.*

She did so. Amadeo confessed his fault, and, thinking it a venial one, would have taken and kissed her hand as he asked forgiveness.

PETRARCA.

Children! children! I will go into the house, and, if their relatives, as I suppose, have approved of the marriage, I will endeavour to persuade the young lady that a fault like this, on the repentance of her lover, is not unpardonable. But first, is Amadeo a young man of loose habits?

BOCCACCIO.

Less than our others: in fact, I never heard of any deviation, excepting this.

PETRARCA.

Come then with me.

BOCCACCIO.

Wait a little.

PETRARCA.

I hope the modest Tita, after a trial, will not be too severe with him.

BOCCACCIO.

Severity is far from her nature; but, such is her purity and innocence, she shed many and bitter tears at his confession, and declared her unalterable determination of taking the veil among the nuns of Fiesole. Amadeo fell at her feet, and wept upon them. She pushed him from her gently, and told him she would stil love him, if he would follow her example, and become a friar of San Marco. Amadeo was speechless; and, if he had not been so, he never would have made a promise he intended to violate. She retired from him: after a time he arose, less wounded than benumbed by the sharp uncovered stones in the garden-walk, and, as a man who fears to fall from a precipice goes further from it than is necessary, so did Amadeo shun the quarter where the gate is, and, opprest by his agony and despair, throw his arms across the sundial, and rest his brow upon it, hot as it must have been, on a cloudless day, in the middle of August. When the evening was about to close, he was aroused by the cries of rooks over-head: they flew toward Florence, and beyond. He too went back into the city.

Tita fell sick from her inquietude. Every morning, ere sunrise, did Amadeo return, but could hear only from the labourers in the field that Monna Tita was ill, because she had promised to take the veil and had not taken it, knowing, as she must do, that the heavenly bridegroom was a bridegroom never to be trifled with, let the spouse be young and beautiful as she might be. Amadeo had often conversed with the peasant, the labourer of the farm, who much pitied so worthy and loving a gentleman, and finding him one evening fixing some thick and high stakes in the ground, offered to help him. After due thanks, *It is time*, said the peasant, *to rebuild the hovel and watch the grapes.*

*This is my house*, cried Amadeo. *Could I never, in my stupidity, think about it! Bring an old mat or two: I will sleep here tonight, tomorrow-night, every night, all autumn, all winter.*

He slept there, and was consoled at last by hearing that Monna Tita was out of danger, and recovering from her illness, by spiritual means. His heart grew lighter day after day: every evening did he observe the rooks, in the same order, pass along the same track in the heavens, just over San Marco: and it now occurred to him, after some weeks indeed, that Monna Tita had perhaps some strange idea, in choosing his monastery,

not unconnected with the passage of these birds. He grew somewhat calmer upon it, until he asked himself whether he might hope. In the midst of this half-meditation, half-dream, his whole frame was shaken by the voices, however low and gentle, of two monks, coming from the villa and approaching him. He would have concealed himself under this bank wheron we are standing; but they saw him and called him by name. He now perceived that the younger of them was Guiberto Oddi, with whom he had been at school about six or seven years ago, and who admired him for his courage and frankness when he was almost a child.

*Do not let us mortify poor Amadeo,* said Guiberto to his companion. *Return to the road: I will speak a few words to him, and engage him (I trust) to comply with reason and yield to necessity.* The elder monk, who saw that he should have to ascend the hill again, assented to the proposal, and went into the road. *Amadeo,* said Guiberto, *it was love that made me a friar; let any thing else make you one.*

*Kind heart!* replied Amadeo; *if death or religion, or hatred of me, deprives me of Tita Monalda, I will die, where she commanded me, in the cowl. It is you who prepare her then to throw away her life and mine!*

*Hold! Amadeo,* said Guiberto, *I officiate together with good father Fontesecco, who invariably falls asleep amid our holy function.*

Now, messer Francesco, I must inform you that father Fontesecco has the heart of a flower. It feels nothing, it wants nothing; it is pure and simple, and full of its own little light. Innocent as a child, as an angel, nothing ever troubled him, but how to devise what he should confess. A confession costs him more trouble to invent, than any *Giornata* in my Decameron cost me. He was once overheard to say on this occasion, *God forgive me, in his infinite mercy, for making it appear that I am a little worse than he has chosen I should be.* He is temperate; for he never drinks more than exactly half the wine and water set before him. In fact, he drinks the wine and leaves the water, saying, *We have the same water up at San Domenico: we send it hither: it would be uncivil to take back our own gift, and stil more so to leave a suspicion that we thought other people's wine poor beverage.* Being afflicted by the gravel, the physician of his convent advised him, as he never was fond of wine, to leave it off entirely: on which he said, *I know few things; but this I know well: in water there is often gravel, in wine never. It hath pleased God to afflict me, and even to go a little out of*

*his way in order to do it, for the greater warning to other sinners. I will drink wine, brother Anselmini, and help his work.*

I have led you away from the younger monk. *While father Fontesecco is in the first stage of beatitude, chaunting thro his nose the* benedicite, *and snoring, I will attempt,* said Guiberto, *to comfort Monna Tita.*

*Good blessed Guiberto!* exclamed Amadeo in a transport of gratitude. Guiberto smiled with his usual grace and suavity. *O Guiberto! Guiberto! my heart is breaking . . why should she want you to comfort her . . but . . comfort her then!* and he covered his face within his hands.

*Remember,* said Guiberto placidly, *her uncle is bedridden: her aunt never leaves him: the servants are old and sullen, and will stir for nobody. Finding her resolved, as they believe, to become a nun, they are little assiduous in their services. Humour her, if none else does, Amadeo: let her fancy that you intend to be a friar; and, for the present, walk not in these grounds.*

*Are you true, or are you traitorous?* cried Amadeo, grasping his friend's hand most fiercely.

*Follow your own counsel, if you think mine insincere,* said the young friar, not withdrawing his hand, but placing the other on Amadeo's. *Let me however advise you to conceal yourself; and I will direct Silvestrina to bring you such*

*accounts of her mistress, as may at least make you easy in regard to her health. Adieu.*

Amadeo was now rather tranquil; more so than he had ever been, not only since the displeasure of Monna Tita, but since the first sight of her. Profuse in his gratitude to Silvestrina, at all times, whenever she brought him good news, news better than usual, he pressed her to his heart. Silvestrina Pioppi is about fifteen; slender, fresh, intelligent, lively, good-humoured, sensitive; and, in short, any one but Amadeo might call her very pretty.

PETRARCA.

Ah Giovanni! here I find your heart obtaining the mastery over your vivid and volatile imagination. Well have you said, the maiden being really pretty, any one but Amadeo might think her so. On the banks of the Sorga there are beautiful maids: the woods and rocks have a thousand times told me so; and I would have fled from them for saying it. Giovanni! *they* could feel it!

BOCCACCIO.

Francesco, do not beat your breast just now: wait a little. Monna Tita would take the veil. The fatal certainty was announced to Amadeo by his true friend Guiberto, who had earnestly and repeatedly prayed her to consider the thing a few months longer.

*I will see her first! by all the saints of heaven I will see her!* cried the desperate Amadeo, and

ran into the house, toward the still apartment of his beloved. Fortunately Guiberto was neither less active nor less strong than he, and overtaking him at the moment, drew him into the room opposite. *If you will be quiet and reasonable, there is yet a possibility left you,* said Guiberto in his ear, altho perhaps he did not think it: *but if you utter a voice or are seen by any one, you ruin the fame of her you love, and obstruct your own prospects for ever. It being known that you have not slept in Florence these several nights, it will be suspected by the malicious that you have slept in this villa, by the connivence of Monna Tita. Compose yourself: answer nothing: rest where you are: do not add a worse imprudence to a very bad one: I promise you my assistence: you shall be released at daybreak.* He ordered Silvestrina to supply the unfortunate youth with the cordials usually administered to the uncle, or with the rich old wine they were made of; and she performed the order with such promptitude and attention, that he was soon in some sort refreshed.

PETRARCA.

I pity him from my innermost heart; poor young man! Alas, we are none of us, by original sin, free from infirmities or from vices.

BOCCACCIO.

If we could find a man exempt by nature from

vices and infirmities, we should find one not worth knowing: he would also be void of tenderness and compassion. What allowances then could his best friends expect from him in their frailties? what help, consolation, and assistence, in their misfortunes? We are in the midst of a workshop well stored with sharp instruments: we may do ill with many, unless we take heed; and good with all, if we will but learn how to employ them.

PETRARCA.

There is somewhat of reason in this. You strengthen me to procede with you: I can bear the rest.

BOCCACCIO.

Guiberto entered the room again, and, from intelligence he had just received, gave Amadeo the assurance that Monna Tita must delay her entrance into the convent; for that the abbess had that moment gone down the hill on her way to Sienna, to venerate some holy relics, carrying with her three candles, each five feet long, to burn before them, which candles contained many particles of the myrrh presented at the nativity of our Saviour by the wise men of the East. Amadeo breathed freely, and was persuaded by Guiberto to take another cup of old wine, and to eat with him some cold roast kid. After the agitation of his mind a heavy sleep fell upon him, coming almost before Guiberto departed; so heavy indeed that

Silvestrina was alarmed. It was her apartment; and she performed the honours of it as well as any lady in Florence could have done.

PETRARCA.

I easily believe it: the poor are more attentive than the rich, and the young are more compassionate than the old.

BOCCACCIO.

Oh Francesco! what inconsistent creatures are we!

PETRARCA.

True indeed! I now foresee the end. He might have done worse.

BOCCACCIO.

I think so.

PETRARCA.

He almost deserved it.

BOCCACCIO.

I think that too.

PETRARCA.

Wretched mortals! our passions for ever lead us into this, or worse.

BOCCACCIO.

Ay truly; much worse generally.

PETRARCA.

The very twig on which the flowers grew lately, scourges us to the bone in its maturity.

BOCCACCIO.

Incredible will it be to you, and, by my faith! to me it was hardly credible; certain however is

it, that Guiberto on his return by sunrise found Amadeo in the arms of sleep.

PETRARCA.

Not at all, not at all. The truest lover might suffer and act as he did.

BOCCACCIO.

But, Francesco, there was another pair of arms about him, worth twenty such, divinity as he is. A loud burst of laughter from Guiberto did not arouse either of the parties: but Monna Tita heard it, and rushed into the room, tearing her hair, and invoking the saints of heaven against the perfidy of man. She seized Silvestrina by that arm which appeared the most offending: the girl opened her eyes, and threw herself at the feet of her mistress, shedding tears, and wiping them away with the only piece of linen about her. Monna Tita too shed tears. Amadeo still slept profoundly; a flush, almost of crimson, overspreading his cheeks. Monna Tita led away, after some pause, poor Silvestrina, and made her confess the whole. She then wept more and more, and made the girl confess it again, and explane her confession. *I cannot believe such wickedness*, she cried: *he could not be so hardened. O sinful Silvestrina! how will you ever tell father Doni one half! one quarter! he never can absolve you.*

PETRARCA.

Giovanni, I am glad I did not enter the house;

you were prudent in restraining me. I have no pity for the youth at all: never did one so deserve to lose a mistress.

BOCCACCIO.

Say rather, to gain a wife.

PETRARCA.

Absurdity! impossibility!

BOCCACCIO.

He won her fairly; strangely, and on a strange table, as he played his game. Listen! that guitar is Monna Tita's. Listen! what a fine voice (do not you think it so?) is Amadeo's.

AMADEO *singing*,

Oh! I have erred!
I laid my hand upon the nest
(Tita, I sigh to sing the rest)
Of the wrong bird.

PETRARCA.

She laughs too at it! Ah! Monna Tita was made by nature to live on this side of Fiesole.

# CONVERSATION II.

## LUCULLUS

AND

## CESAR.

# LUCULLUS

AND

# CESAR.

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CESAR.

LUCIUS Lucullus, I am come to you privately and unattended, for reasons which you will know; confiding, I dare not say in your friendship, since no service of mine toward you has deserved it, but in your generous and disinterested love of peace. Hear me on. Cneius Pompeius, according to the report of my connexions in the city, had, on the instant of my leaving it for the province, begun to solicit his dependents to strip me ignominiously of authority. Neither vows nor affinities can bind him: he would degrade the father of his wife, he would humiliate his own children, the unoffending, the unborn, he would poison his own ardent love, at the suggestion of Ambition. Matters are now brought so far, that either he or I must submitt to a reverse of fortune; since no concessions can

assuage his malice, divert his envy, or gratify his cupidity. No sooner could I raise myself up, from the consternation and stupefaction into which the certainty of these reports had thrown me, than I began to consider, in what manner my own private afflictions might become the least noxious to the republic. Into whose arms then could I throw myself more naturally and more securely, to whose bosom could I committ and consign more sacredly the hopes and destinies of our beloved country, than his who laid down power in the midst of its enjoyments, in the vigour of youth, in the pride of triumph; when Dignity solicited, when Friendship urged, entreated, supplicated, and when Liberty herself invited and beckoned to him, from the senatorial order and from the curule chair? Betrayed and abandoned by those we had confided in, our next friendship, if ever our hearts receive any, or if any will venture in those places of desolation, flies forward instinctively to what is most contrary and dissimilar. Cesar is hence the visitant of Lucullus.

LUCULLUS.

I had always thought Pompeius more moderate and more reserved than you represent him, Caius Julius; and yet I am considered in general, and surely you also will consider me, but little liable to be prepossessed in his favour.

CESAR.

Unless he may have ingratiated himself with you recently, by the administration of that worthy, whom last winter his partisans dragged before the senate, and forced to assert publicly that you and Cato had instigated a party to circumvent and murder him; and whose carcase a few days afterward, when it had been announced that he had died by a natural death, was found covered with wails and dislocations.

LUCULLUS.

You bring a great deal to my memory which had quite slipt out of it, and I wonder that it could make such an impression on yours. A proof to me that the interest you take in my behalf, began earlier than your delicacy will permitt you to acknowledge. You are fatigued; which I ought to have perceived before.

CESAR.

Not at all: the fresh air has given me life and alertness. I feel it upon my cheek even in the room.

LUCULLUS.

After our dinner and sleep, we will spend the remainder of the day on the subject of your visit.

CESAR.

Those Ethiopian slaves of yours shiver with cold upon the mountain here; and truly I myself was not insensible to the change of climate, in the way from Mutina.

What white bread! I never found such even at Naples or Capua. This Formian wine (which I preferr to the Chian) how exquisite!

LUCULLUS.

Such is the urbanity of Cesar, even while he bites his lip with displeasure. How! surely it bleeds! Permitt me to examine the cup.

CESAR.

I believe a jewel has fallen out of the rim in the carriage .. the gold is rough there.

LUCULLUS.

Marcipor, let me never see that cup again .. no answer, I desire. My guest pardons heavier faults. Mind that dinner be prepared for us shortly.

CESAR.

In the meantime, Lucullus, if your health permits it, shall we walk a few paces round the villa; for I have not seen anything of the kind before.

LUCULLUS.

The walls are double: the space between them two feet: the materials for the most part earth and stubble. Two hundred slaves, and about as many mules and oxen, brought the beams and rafters up the mountain: my architects fixed them at once in their places; since every part was ready, even the wooden nails. The roof is thatched, you see.

CESAR.

Is there no danger that so light a material should be carried off by the winds, on such an eminence?

LUCULLUS.

None resists them equally well.

CESAR.

On this immensely high mountain I should be apprehensive of the lightning, which the poets, and I think the philosophers too, have told us, strikes the highest.

LUCULLUS.

The poets are right: for whatever is received as truth, is truth in poetry; and a fable may illustrate like a fact: but the philosophers are wrong; as they generally are, even in the commonest things, because they write more attentively than they examine. Archimedes, in my opinion, is the only one worthy of the name; for he alone has kept apart to the demonstrable, the practical, and the useful. Many of the rest are good writers and good disputants; but unfaithful suitors of simple Science, boasters of their acquaintance with gods and goddesses, plagiaries and impostors.

Let the lightning fall: one handful of silver, or less, repairs the damage.

CESAR.

Impossible! nor indeed one thousand; nor twenty, if those tapestries and pictures are consumed.

LUCULLUS.

True; but only the thatch would burn. For before the baths were tessellated, I filled the area with alum and water, and soaked the timbers and lathes for many months, and covered them afterward with alum in powder, by means of liquid glue. Mithridates taught me this. Having in vain attacked with combustibles a wooden tower, I took it by strategem, and found within it a mass of alum, which, if a great hurry and anxiety had not been observed by us among the enemy in the attempt to conceal it, would have escaped our notice. I never scrupled to extort the truth from my prisoners: but my instruments were purple robes and plate, and the only wheel in my armoury, destined to such purposes, was the wheel of Fortune.

CESAR.

I wish, in my campaigns, I could have equalled your clemency and humanity: but the Gauls are more uncertain, fierce, and perfidious, than the wildest tribes of Caucasus; and our policy cannot be carried with us; it must be formed upon the spot. They love you, not for abstaining from hurting them, but for ceasing: and they embrace you only at two seasons; when stripes are fresh, or when stripes are imminent. Elsewhere I hope to become the rival of Lucullus in this admirable part of virtue.

I shall never build villas because ... but what are your proportions? surely the edifice is extremely low.

LUCULLUS.

There is only one floor: the highth of the apartments is twenty feet to the cornice, five above it; the breadth is twentyfive; the length forty. The building, as you perceive, is quadrangular. Three sides contain four rooms each; the other has many partitions and two stories, for domestics and offices. Here is my salt-bath.

CESAR.

A bath indeed for all the Nereids named by Hesiod, with room enough for the Tritons and their herds and horses.

LUCULLUS.

Here stand my two cows: their milk is brought to me with its warmth and froth; for it loses its salubrity both by repose and by motion. Pardon me, Cesar: I shall appear to you to have forgotten that I am not conducting Marcus Varro.

CESAR.

You would convert him into Cacus: he would drive them off. What beautiful beasts! how sleek and white and cleanly! I never saw any like them, excepting when we sacrifice to Jupiter the stately leader, from the pastures of the Clitumnus.

LUCULLUS.

Often do I make a visit to these quiet creatures, and with no less pleasure than in former days to my horses. Nor indeed can I much wonder that whole nations have been consentaneous in treating them as objects of devotion: the only thing wonderful is, that gratitude seems to have acted as powerfully and extensively as fear; indeed more extensively; for no object of worship whatsoever has attracted so many worshipers: where Jupiter has one, the cow has ten: she was venerated before he was born, and will be when even the carvers have forgotten him.

CESAR.

Unwillingly should I see it; for the character of our gods has formed the character of our nation. Serapis and Isis have stolen in amongst them within our memory, and others will follow, until at last Saturn will not be the only one emasculated by his successor. What can be more august than our rites? the first dignitaries of the republic are emulous to administer them: nothing of low or venal has any place amongst them, nothing pusillanimous, nothing unsocial and austere. I speak of them as they were; before Superstition woke up again from her short slumber, and caught to her bosom with maternal love the alluvial monsters of the Nile. Philosophy,

never fit for the people, had entered the best houses: the image of Epicurus had taken the place of the Lemures. But men cannot bear to be deprived long together of any thing they are used to; not even of their fears; and, by a reaction of the mind appertaining to our nature, new stimulants were looked for, not on the side of pleasure, where nothing new could be expected or imagined, but on the opposite. Irreligion is followed by fanaticism, and fanaticism by irreligion, alternately and perpetually.

LUCULLUS.

The religion of our country, as you observe, is well adapted to its inhabitants. Our progenitor Mars hath Venus recumbent on his breast, and looking up to him; teaching us that pleasure is to be sought in the bosom of valour and by the means of war. No great alteration, I think, will ever be made in our rites and ceremonies, the best and most imposing that could be collected from all nations, and uniting them to us by our complacence in adopting them. The gods themselves may change names, to flatter new power: and indeed, as we degenerate, Religion will accommodate herself to our propensities and desires. Our heaven is now popular: it will become monarchal; not without a crowded court, as befits it, of apparitors and satellites and minions of both sexes, paid and caressed for carrying to their stern

dark-bearded master prayers and supplications. The altars must be strown with broken minds, and the incense rise amid abject aspirations. Gods will be found unfit for their places. It is not impossible that, in the ruin imminent from our contentions for power, and in the necessary extinction both of powerful families and of generous sentiments, our consular fasces may become the water-sprinklers of some upstart priesthood, and that my son may apply for lustration to the son of my groom. The interest of such men requires that the lustre of arms and of arts be extinguished. They will predicate peace, that the people may be tractable to them: but a religion altogether pacific is the fomenter of wars and the nurse of crimes, alluring Sloth from within and Violence from afar. If ever it should prevail among the Romans, it must prevail alone. Nations more vigorous and energetic will invade them, close upon them, trample them under foot; and the name of Roman, which is now the most glorious, will become the most opprobrious upon earth.

CESAR.

The time I hope may be still distant; for next to my own name I hold my country's.

LUCULLUS.

Mine, not coming from Troy or Ida, is lower in my estimation: I place my country's first.

You are surveying the little lake. It contains no

fish: birds never alight on it: the water is extremely pure and cold: the walk round is pleasant; not only because there is always a gentle breeze from it, but because the turf is fine, and the surface of the mountain on this summit is perfectly on a level, to a great extent in length; not a trifling advantage to me, who walk often and am weak. I have no alley, no garden, no inclosure: the park is in the vale below, where a brook supplies the ponds, and where my servants are lodged; for here I have only twelve constantly in attendence.

CESAR.

What is that so white, toward the Adriatic?

LUCULLUS.

The Adriatic itself. Turn round, and you may descry the Tuscan Sea. Our situation is reported to be among the highest of the Apennines... Marcipor has made the sign to me that dinner is ready. Pass this way.

CESAR.

What a library is here! Ah Marcus Tullius! I salute thy image. Why frownest thou upon me! collecting the consular robe and uplifting the right-arm, as when Rome stood firm again, and Catiline fled before thee.

LUCULLUS.

Just so; such was the action the statuary chose,

as adding a new endearment to the memory of my absent friend.

CESAR.

Sylla, who honoured you above all men, is not here.

LUCULLUS.

I have his Commentaries .. he inscribed them, as you know, to me. Something even of our benefactors may be forgotten, and gratitude be unreproved.

CESAR.

The impression on that couch, and the two fresh honey-suckles in the leaves of those two books, would shew, even to a stranger, that this room is peculiarly the master's. Are they sacred?

LUCULLUS.

To me and Cesar.

CESAR.

I would have asked permission ..

LUCULLUS.

Caius Julius, you have nothing to ask of Polybius and Thucydides; nor of Xenophon, the next to them on the table.

CESAR.

Thucydides! the most generous of military men; the most unprejudiced, the most sagacious, of historians. Now, Lucullus, you whose judgement in style is more accurate than any other Roman's, do

tell me whether a commander, desirous of writing his Commentaries, could take to himself a more perfect model than Thucydides.

LUCULLUS.

Nothing is more perfect, nor ever will be: the scholar of Pericles, the master of Demosthenes, the equal of the one in military science, and of the other not the inferior in civil and forensic; the calm dispassionate judge of the general by whom he was defeated; his defender, his encomiast. To talk of such men is conducive not only to virtue but to health.

CESAR.

We have no writer who could keep up long together his severity and strength. I would follow him: but I shall be contented with my genius, if (Thucydides in sight) I come many paces behind, and attain by study and attention the graceful and secure mediocrity of Xenophon.

LUCULLUS.

You will avoid, I think, Cesar, one of his peculiarities; his tendency to superstition.

CESAR.

I dare promise this; and even to write nothing so flat and idle as his introduction to the Cyropedia. The first sentence that follows it, I perceive, repeats the same word, with its substantive, four times. This is a trifle: but great writers and great painters do miracles or mischief by a

single touch. Our authors are so addicted of late to imitate the Grecian, that a bad introduction is more classical than a good one. Not to mention any friend of yours, Crispus Sallustius, who is mine, shewed me one recently of this description; together with some detached pieces of a history, which nothing in our prose or poetry hath surpassed in animation.

LUCULLUS.

We ought to talk of these things by ourselves; not before the vulgar; by which expression I mean the unlearned and irreverent, in forum and in senate. Our Cicero has indeed avoided such inelegance as that of Xenophon: one perhaps less pardonable may be found repeatedly in his works: I would say an inelegance not arising from neglect, or obtusity of ear, but coming forth in the absence of reflexion. He often says *mirari soleo.* Now surely a wise man soon ceases to wonder at any thing, and, instead of indulging in the habitude of wonder at one object, brings it closer to him, makes it familiar, discusses, and dismisses it. He told me in his last letter of an incredible love and affection for me. Pardon me, Cesar! pardon me, Genius of Rome! and Mercury! I exclamed, *the clown!* laughing heartily. He would not that I should really have thought his regard *incredible;* on the contrary, that I should believe it and confide in it to its full extent, and that I should

flatter myself it was not only very possible but very reasonable. In vain will any one remark to me, *such phrases are common*. In our common and ordinary language there are many beauties, more or less visible according to their place and season, which a judicious writer and forcible orator will subject to his arbitration and service: there are also many things which, if used at all, must be used cautiously. I may be very much at my ease, without being in tatters or slipshod, and, above all, without treading on the feet of those I come forward to salute. I arrogate to myself no superiority, in detecting a peculiar and latent mark upon that exalted luminary: his own effulgence shewed me it. From Cicero down to me the distance is as great, as between the prince of the senate and the lowest voter. I influenced the friends of order; he fulminated and exterminated the enemies: I have served my country; he hath saved it!

This other is my dining-room. You expect the dishes.

CESAR.

I misunderstood .. I fancied ..

LUCULLUS.

Repose yourself, and touch with the ebony wand, beside you, the sphynx on either of those obelisks, right or left.

CESAR.

Let me look at them first.

LUCULLUS.

The contrivance was intended for one person, or two at most, desirous of privacy and quiet. The apparent blocks of jasper in my pair, and of porphyry in yours, easily yield in their grooves, each forming one partition. There are four, containing four platforms. The lower holds four dishes, such as sucking forest-boars, venison, hares, tunnies, sturgeons, which you will find within; the upper three, eight each, but diminutive. The confectionary is brought separately; for the steam would spoil it, if any should escape: and the melons are still in the snow; they came early this morning from a place in the vicinity of Luni, travelling by night.

CESAR.

I wonder not at any thing of refined elegance in Lucullus: but really here Antiochia and Alexandria seem to have cooked for us, and magicians to be our attendents.

LUCULLUS.

The absence of slaves from our repast is the luxury: for Marcipor alone enters, and he only when I press a spring with my foot or wand. When you desire his appearance, touch that chalcedony, just before you.

CESAR.

I eat quick, and rather plentifully: yet the valetudinarian (excuse my rusticity, for I rejoice

at seeing it) appears to equal me in appetite, and to be contented with one dish.

LUCULLUS.

It is milk. Such, with strawberries, which ripen on the Apennines many months in continuance, and some other berries*, of sharp and grateful flavour, has been my only diet since my first residence here. The state of my health requires it: and the habitude of nearly three months renders this food not only more commodious to my studies and more conducive to my sleep, but also more agreeable to my palate, than any other.

CESAR.

Returning to Rome or Baiæ, you must domesticate and tame them. The cherries you introduced from Pontus are now growing in Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul. The largest and best in the world perhaps are upon the more sterile side of Lake Larius.

LUCULLUS.

There are some fruits, and some virtues, which

* The raspberry and gooseberry are not cultivated in Italy, but grow plentifully on many parts of the Alps and Apennines. In one garden belonging to a Florentine are currants introduced by a French family. None of these fruits is known at Rome. Where the climate does much for fruit, the people do little.

require a harsh soil and bleak exposure for their perfection.

CESAR.

In such a profusion of viands, and so savoury, I perceive no odour.

LUCULLUS.

A flue conducts heat thro the compartments of the obelisks; and if you will look up, you may observe that those gilt roses, between the astragals in the cornice, are prominent from it half a span: here is an aperture in the wall, between which and the outer is a perpetual current of air. We are now in the dog-days; and I have never felt in the whole summer more heat than at Rome in many days of March.

CESAR.

Usually you are attended by troops of domestics and of dinner-friends, not to mention the learned and scientific, nor your own family, your attachment to which, from youth upward, is one of the higher graces in your character. Your brother was seldom absent from you.

LUCULLUS.

Marcus was coming: but the vehement heats along the Arno, in which valley he has a property he never saw before, inflamed his blood; and he now is resting for a few days at Fæsulæ, a little town destroyed by Sylla within our memory, who

left it only air and water, the best in Tuscany. The health of Marcus, like mine, has been declining for several months. We are running our last race against each other; and never was I, even in youth along the Tiber, so anxious of first reaching the goal. I would not outlive him: I should reflect too painfully on earlier days, and look forward too despondently on future. As for friends, lampries and turbots beget them, and they spawn not amid the solitude of the Apennines. To dine in company with more than two, is a Gaulish and German thing: I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have eaten in concert with twenty; so barbarous and herdlike a practice does it now appear to me; such an incentive to drink much and talk loosely; not to add, such a necessity to speak loud; which is clownish and odious in the extreme. On this mountain-summit I hear no noises, no voices, not even of salutation: we have no flies about us, nor any insect or reptile.

CESAR.

Your amiable son is probably with his uncle: is he well?

LUCULLUS.

Perfectly: he was indeed with my brother in his intended visit to me: but Marcus, unable to accompany him hither, or superintend his studies in the present state of his health, sent him directly to his uncle Cato at Tusculum, a man fitter than

either of us to direct his education, and preferable to any, excepting yourself and Marcus Tullius, in eloquence and urbanity.

CESAR.

Cato is so great, that whoever is greater must be the happiest and first of men.

LUCULLUS.

That any such be still existing, O Julius, ought to excite no groan from the breast of a Roman citizen. But perhaps I wrong you: perhaps your mind was forced reluctantly back again, on your past animosities and contests in the senate.

CESAR.

I revere him, but cannot love him.

LUCULLUS.

Then, Caius Julius, you groaned with reason; and I would pity rather than reprove you.

On the ceiling, at which you are looking, there is no gilding, and little painting .. a mere trellis of vines bearing grapes, and the heads, shoulders, and arms, rising from the cornice only, of boys and girls climbing up to steal them, and scrambling for them: nothing over-head: no giants tumbling down, no Jupiter thundering, no Mars and Venus caught at mid-day, no river-gods pouring out their urns upon us: for, as I think nothing so insipid as a flat ceiling, I think nothing so absurd as a storied one. Before I was aware, and without my participation, the painter had adorned that of

my bedchamber with a golden shower, bursting from varied and irradiated clouds. On my expostulation, his excuse was, that he knew the Danae of Scopas, in a recumbent posture, was to occupy the centre of the room. The walls, behind the tapestry and pictures, are quite rough. In forty-three days the whole fabric was put together and habitable.

The wine has probably lost its freshness: will you try some other?

CESAR.

Its temperature is admirable; its flavour incomparable. Latterly I have never sat long after dinner, and am curious to pass thro the other apartments, if you will trust me.

LUCULLUS.

I attend you.

CESAR.

Lucullus! who is here? what figure is that on the poop of the vessel? can it be ...

LUCULLUS.

The subject was dictated by myself; you gave it.

CESAR.

Oh how beautifully is the water painted! how vividly the sun strikes against the snows on Taurus! the grey temples and pier-head of Tarsus catch it differently, and the monumental mount on the left is half in shade. In the countenance of

those pirates I did not observe such diversity, nor that any boy pulled his father back: I did not indeed mark them or notice them at all.

LUCULLUS.

The painter, in this fresco, the last work finished, had dissatisfied me in one particular. *That beautiful young face,* said I, *appears not to threaten death.*

*Lucius,* he replied, *if one muscle were moved, it were not Cesar's: besides, he said it jokingly, tho resolved.*

*I am contented with your apology, Antipho: but what are you doing now? for you never lay down or suspend your pencil, let who will talk and argue. The lines of that smaller face in the distance are the same.*

*Not the same,* replied he, *nor very different: it smiles; as surely the goddess must have done, at the first heroic act of her descendent.*

CESAR.

In her exultation and impatience to press forward, she seems to forget that she is standing at the extremity of the shell, which rises up behind out of the water; and she takes no notice of the terrour on the countenance of this Cupid who would detain her, nor of this who is flying off and looking back. The reflexion of the shell has given a warmer hue below the knee: a long

streak of yellow light in the horizon is on the level of her bosom; some of her hair is almost lost in it: above her head on every side is the pure azure of the heavens. I have read the picture; and thus it ends.

Oh! and you would not have shewn me this? you, among whose primary studies is the most perfect satisfaction of your guests!

LUCULLUS.

This is the only one in fresco; but in the next apartment are seven or eight other pictures from our history . . . There are no more: what do you look for?

CESAR.

I find not among the rest any descriptive of your own exploits. Ah Lucullus! there is no surer way of making them remembered: the soul of them is here . . This, I presume by the harps in the two corners, is the music-room.

LUCULLUS.

No indeed; nor can I be said to have one here: for I love best the music of a single instrument, and listen to it willingly at all times, but most willingly while I am reading. At such seasons, a voice or even a whisper disturbs me: but music refreshes my brain when I have read long, and strengthens it from the beginning. I find also that if I write any thing in poetry (a youthful propensity stil remaining) it gives rapidity and

variety and brightness to my ideas. On ceasing, I command a fresh measure and instrument, or another voice; which is to the mind like a change of posture or of air to the body. My health is benefited materially by the gentle play thus opened to the most delicate of the fibres.

CESAR.

Let me augur that a disorder so tractable may be soon removed. What is it thought to be?

LUCULLUS.

I am inclined to think, and my physician did not long attempt to persuade me of the contrary, that the ancient realms of Æætes have supplied me with some other plants than the cherry, and such as I should be sorry to see domesticated here in Italy.

CESAR.

The Gods forbid! Hope better things. The reason of Lucullus is stronger than the medicaments of Mithridates: but why not use them too? Let nothing be neglected. You may reasonably hope for many years of life: your mother stil enjoys it*.

LUCULLUS.

To stand upon one's guard against Death, exasperates his malice and protracts our sufferings.

* Cicero relates that he went from his villa to attend her funeral, a few years afterward.

CESAR.

Rightly and gravely said: but your country at this time cannot do well without you.

LUCULLUS.

The bowl of milk, which today is presented me, will shortly be presented to my Manes.

CESAR.

Do you suspect the hand?

LUCULLUS.

I will not suspect a Roman: let us converse no more about it.

CESAR.

It is the only subject on which I am resolved never to think, as relates to myself. Life may concern us, death not. In death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command; and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax. Lucius, I will not divine your thoughts: I will not penetrate into your suspicions, nor suggest mine. I am lost in admiration of your magnanimity and forbearance; that your only dissimulation should be upon the guilt of your assassin; that you should leave him power, and create him virtues.

LUCULLUS.

Caius Julius, if I can assist you in any thing you meditate, needful or advantageous to our country, speak it unreservedly.

CESAR.

I really am ashamed of my association with Crassus and Pompeius: I would not have any thing in common with them, not even power itself. Unworthy and ignominious must it appear to you, as it does to me, to compromise with an auctioneer and a ropedancer; for the meanness and venality of Crassus, the levity and tergiversation of Pompeius, leave them no better names. The bestiality of the one, the infidelity of the other, urge and inflame me with an inextinguishable desire of uniting my authority to yours, for the salvation of the republic.

LUCULLUS.

I foretold to Cicero, in the words of Lucretius on the dissolution of the world,

Tria talia texta
Una dies dabit exitio.

CESAR.

Assist me in accomplishing your prophecy; or rather, accept my assistence: for I would more willingly hear a proposal from you than offer one. Reflexions must strike you, Lucullus, no less forcibly than me, and perhaps more justly; you are calmer. Consider all the late actions of Cneius, and tell me who has ever committed any so indecorous with so grave a face? He abstained

in great measure from the follies of youth, only to reserve them accumulated for maturer age. Human life, if I may venture to speak fancifully in your presence, has, in the natural order of things, its vernal equinox; its first flowers open under fierce tempests: in the autumnal it ceases to follow the laws of the seasons; is exempt from storms, is regular and temperate, looks complacently on the fruits it has gathered, on the harvests it has reaped, and is not averse to the graces of order, to the solace of friendship, to the avocations of literature, to the genial warmth of honest conviviality, and to the mild necessity of repose. Repulsing you and Cicero and Cato, the leaders of his party and the propagators of his power, Pompeius the Great takes the arm of Clodius, and walks publicly with him in the forum; who nevertheless the other day headed a chorus (I am informed) of the most profligate and opprobrious youths in Rome, and sang responsively worse than Fescennine songs to his dishonour. Where was he? before them; in court; defending a client! He came indeed with that intention; but sate mortified, speechless, and despondent. The senate connived at the indignity. Even Gabinius, his flatterer and dependent, shuns him. The other consul is alienated from him totally, and favours me, thro his daughter Calpurnia, who watches over my security and interests

at home. Julia, my daughter, was given in marriage to Pompeius for this purpose only. She fails to accomplish it. Politically and morally, the marriage loses its validity by losing its intent. I go into Gaul, commander for five years: Crassus is preparing for an expedition against the Parthians: the senate and people bend before Pompeius, but reluctantly and indignantly. Every thing in this would be more tolerable to me, if I could permitt him to shew that he had duped me: but my glory requires that, letting him choose his own encampment, square the declivities, clear the ground about the eminence, foss it and pale it, I should storm and keep it. Whatever he may boast of his eloquence and military skill, I fear nothing from the orator who tells us what he would have spoken, nor from the general who sees what he should have done. My very first proposal for accommodation and concord shall be submitted to you, (if indeed you will not frame it for me) and, should you deem it unfair, shall be suppressed. No successive step shall be made by me without your concurrence: in short, I am inclined to take up any line of conduct, in conjunction with you, for the settling of the commonwealth. Does the proposal seem to you so unimportant on the one hand, or so impracticable and unreasonable on the other, that you smile and shake your head?

LUCULLUS.

Cesar! Cesar! you write upon language and analogy; no man better. Tell me then whether mud is not said to be settled when it sinks to the bottom? and whether those who are about to sink a state, do not always in like manner talk of settling it?

CESAR.

I wish I had time to converse with you on language, or skill to parry your reproofs with equal wit; for serious you cannot be. At present let us remove what is bad; which must always be done before good of any kind can spring up.

The designs of Cneius are suspected by many in the senate, and his pride is obnoxious to all. Your party would prevail against him; for he has enriched fewer adherents than you have, and even his best friends are for the most part in a greater degree yours.

LUCULLUS.

I have enriched no adherents, Caius Julius. Many of my officers, it is true, are easy in circumstances: they however gained their wealth, not from the plunder of our confederates, not from those who should enjoy with security their municipal rights and paternal farms in Italy, but from the enemy's camps and cities.

CESAR.

We two might appease the public mind,

preparing the leaders of the senate for our labours, and intimidating the factious.

LUCULLUS.

Hilarity never forsakes you, Cesar; and you are the happiest man upon earth in the facility with which you communicate it. Hear me, and believe me. I am about to mount higher than triumviral tribunal or than triumphal car. Those who are under me will turn their faces from me; such are the rites: but not a voice of reproach or of petulance shall be heard, when the trumpets tell our city, that the funereal flames are surmounting the mortal spoils of Lucullus.

CESAR.

Mildest and most equitable of men! I have been much wronged; would you also wrong me? Lucius, you have forced from me a tear before the time. I weep also at magnanimity; which no man does who wants it.

LUCULLUS.

Why cannot you enjoy the command of your province, and the glory of having quelled so many nations?

CESAR.

I cannot bear the superiority of another.

LUCULLUS.

The weakest of women feel so: but even the weakest of them are ashamed to acknowledge it: who hath ever heard any one? not you, who

know them widely and well. Poetasters and mimes, labouring under such infirmity, put the mask on. You pursue glory: the pursuit is just and rational: but reflect that statuaries and painters have represented heroes as calm and quiescent, not straining and panting like pugilists and gladiators.

From being for ever in action, for ever in contention, and from excelling in them all other mortals, what advantage derive we? or, I would not ask what satisfaction? what glory? The insects have more activity than ourselves, the beasts more strength, even inert matter more firmness and stability; the gods alone more goodness. To the exercise of this every country lies open; and neither I eastward nor you westward have found any exhausted by contests for it.

Must we give men blows because they will not look at us? or chain them to make them hold the balance evener?

Do not expect to be acknowledged even for what you are, much less for what you would be; since no one can well measure a great man but upon the bier. There was a time when the most ardent friend to Alexander of Macedon, would have embraced the partisan for his enthusiasm, who should have compared him with Alexander of Pheræ. It must have been at a splendid feast, and late at it, when Scipio should have been

raised to an equality with Romulus, or the elder Cato with Curius, or the younger with him. It has been whispered in my ear, after a speech of Cicero, *If he goes on so, he will tread down the sandal of Marcus Antonius in the long run.* Officers of mine, speaking about you, have exclamed with admiration *He fights like Cinna.* Think, Julius, (for you have been instructed to think both as a poet and as a philosopher) that, among the hundred hands of Ambition, to whom we may attribute then more properly than to Briareus, there is not one that holds any thing firmly. In the precipitancy of her course, what appears great is small, and what appears small is great. Our estimate of men is apt to be as inaccurate and inexact as that of things, or more so. Wishing to have all on our side, we often leave those we should keep by us, run after those we should avoid, and call importunately on others who sit quiet and will not come. We cannot at once catch the applauses of the vulgar and expect the approbation of the wise. What are parties? Do men really great ever enter into them? Are they not ball-courts, where ragged adventurers strip and strive, and where dissolute youths abuse one another, and challenge and game and wager? If you and I cannot quite divest ourselves of infirmities and passions, let us think however that there is enough in us to be divided

into two portions, and let us keep the upper undisturbed and pure. A part of Olympus itself lies in dreariness and in clouds, variable and stormy; but it is not the highest: there the gods govern. Your soul is large enough to embrace your country: all other affection is for less objects, and less men are capable of it. Abandon, O Cesar, such thoughts and wishes as now agitate and propell you: leave them to mere men of the marsh, to fat hearts and miry intellects. Fortunate may we call ourselves, to have been born in an age so productive of eloquence, so rich in erudition. Neither of us would be excluded, or hooted at, on canvassing for these honours. He who can think dispassionately and deeply as I do, is great as I am; none other: but his opinions are at freedom to diverge from mine, as mine are from his; and indeed, on recollection, I never loved those most who thought with me, but those rather who deemed my sentiments worth discussion, and who corrected me with frankness and affability.

CESAR.

Lucullus, you perhaps have taken the wiser and better part, certainly the pleasanter. I cannot argue with you: I would gladly hear one who could, but you again more gladly. I should think unworthily of you, if I thought you capable of yielding or receding. I do not even ask you to keep our conversation long a secret; so greatly

does it preponderate in your favour; so much more of gentleness, of eloquence, and of argument. I came hither with one soldier, avoiding the cities, and sleeping at the villas of confidential friends. Tonight I sleep in yours, and, if your dinner does not disturb me, shall sleep soundly. You go early to rest, I know . .

LUCULLUS.

Not however by daylight. Be assured, Caius Julius, that greatly as your discourse afflicts me, no part of it shall escape my lips. If you approach the city with arms, with arms I meet you, then your denouncer and enemy, at present your host and confident.

CESAR.

I shall conquer you.

LUCULLUS.

That smile would cease upon it. You sigh already.

CESAR.

Yes, Lucullus, if I am opprest I shall overcome my oppressor: I know my army and myself. A sigh escaped me; and many more will follow: but one transport will rise amidst them, when, vanquisher of my enemies and avenger of my dignity, I press again the hand of Lucullus, mindful of this day.

# CONVERSATION III.

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M. PITT

AND

M. CANNING.

# M. PITT

AND

# M. CANNING.

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PITT.

DEAR Canning, my constitution is falling to pieces, as fast as, your old friend Sheridan would tell you, the constitution of the country is, under my management. Of all men living, you are the person I am most desirous to appoint my successor. My ambition is unsatisfied, while any doubt of my ability to accomplish it remains upon my mind. Nature has witholden from me the faculty of propagating my species: nor do I at all repine at it, as many would do; since every great man must have some imbecile one very near him, if not next to him, in descent.

CANNING.

I am much flattered, Sir, by your choice of me, there being so many among your relatives who might expect it for themselves. However, this is

only another instance of your great disinterestedness.

PITT.

You may consider it in that light, if you will: but you must remember that those who have exercised power long together, and without controul, seldom care much about affinities. The Mamelukes do not look out for brothers and cousins: they have favorite slaves who leap into their saddles when vacant.

CANNING.

Among the rich families, or the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom ...

PITT.

Hold your tongue! prythee hold your tongue! I hate and always hated these .. I do not mean the rich .. they served me .. I mean the old houses: they overshadowed me. There is hardly one however that I have not disgraced or degraded, in some way; and I have filled them with smoke and sore eyes by raising their neighbour's hut above them.

I desire to be remembered as the founder of a new system in England. I desire to bequeath my office by will; a verbal one: and I intend that you, and those who come after you, shall do the same!

As you are rather more rash than I could wish, and allow your words to betray your intentions; and as sometimes you run counter to them in your

hurry to escape from them, having thrown them out foolishly where there was no occasion nor room for them, I would advise you never to speak until you have thoroly learnt your sentences. Do not imagine that, because I have the gift of extemporary eloquence, you have the same. No man ever possessed it in the same degree, excepting the two fanatics, Wesley and Whitfield.

CANNING.

In the same degree certainly not; but in some measure.

PITT.

Some measure is not enough.

CANNING.

Excuse me: Mr. Fox possessed it, tho not equally with you.

PITT.

Fox foresaw, as any man of prudence may do, the weaker parts of the argument that would be opposed to him; and he always learnt his replies more studiously than any thing else. I had not time for it. I owe every thing to the facility and fluency of my speech, excepting the name bequeathed me by my father: and, altho I have failed in every thing I undertook, and have cast in solid gold the clay colossus of France, people will consider me after my death as the most extraordinary man of my age ....

CANNING.

Do you groan at this? or does the pain in your bowels grow worse? Shall I lift up the cushion of your other chair yonder?

PITT.

Oh! oh!

CANNING.

I will make haste, and then soften by manipulation those two or three letters of condolence ..

PITT.

Oh! oh! ... next to that cursed fellow, who foiled me with his broken weapon, and befooled me with his half-wit ... Bonaparte.

CANNING.

Be calmer, Sir! be calmer.

PITT.

The gout and stone be in him! Port wine and Cheltenham-water! an Austrian wife, Italian jealousy, his country's ingratitude, and his own ambition, dwell with him everlastingly.

CANNING.

Amen! let us pray!

PITT.

Upon my soul, we have little else to do. I hardly know where we can turn ourselves.

CANNING.

Hard indeed! when we cannot do that!

Be comforted, Sir! The worse the condition of

the country, the greater is the want of us; the more power we shall possess, the more places we shall occupy and distribute.

PITT.

Statesmanlike reflexion.

CANNING.

Those who have brought us into danger can alone bring us out, has become a maxim of the English people.

PITT.

If they should ever be strong again, they would crush us.

CANNING.

We have lightened them; and, having less ballast, they sail before the wind at the good pleasure of the Pilot.

PITT.

A little while ago I would have made you Chancellor or Speaker, for composing and singing that capital song of the *Pilot:* so I thought it: at present I never hear the word but it gives me the sea-sickness, as surely as would a fishing-boat in the Channel. It sounds like ridicule.

CANNING.

*We* have weathered the storm.

PITT.

I have not. I never believed in any future state; but I have made a very damnable one of the present, both for myself and others. We

never were in such danger from without or from within. Money-lenders and money-voters are satisfied: the devil must be in them if they are not: but we have taken the younger children's fortunes from every private gentleman in Great Britain.

CANNING.

Never think about it.

PITT.

I have formerly been in their houses: I have relatives and connexions among them: if you had, you would sympathize. I feel as little as any man can feel for others, you excepted. And this utter indifference, this concentration, which inelegant men call selfishness, is among the reasons why I am disposed to appoint you my successor. You are aware that, if the people should ever have strength to rise again, they would crush us: *me* they cannot: I shall be gone.

CANNING.

We must prevent the possibility: we must go on weakening them. The viper that has bitten escapes: the viper that lies quiet in the road, is cut asunder.

PITT.

Why! Canning! I find in you both more reasoning and more poetry than I ever found before. If you go on in this manner, your glory as a poet will not rest on *pilots* and *pebbles*, nor on a ditch-side

nettle or two of neglected satire. If you shew too much reflexion, I may change my mind. You will do for my successor: you must not more than do.

CANNING.

On the contrary, Sir, I feel in your presence my incalculable inferiority.

PITT.

That of course.

CANNING.

Condescend to give me some precepts, which, if your disease should continue, it might be painfuller to deliver at any other time. Do not, however, think that your life is at all in danger, or that the supreme power can remain long together in any hands but yours.

PITT.

Attempt not to flatter me, Canning, with the prospect of much longer life. The doctors of physic have hinted, that it is time I should divert my attention from the affairs of Europe to my own: and the doctors of divinity drive oftener to the Chancellor's door than to mine. The flight of these sable birds portends a change of season and a fall of bones.

I have warned you against some imprudences of yours: now let me warn you against some of mine. You are soberer than I am: but when you are rather warm over claret, you prattle childishly. For a successful minister

three things are requisite on occasion; to speak like an honest man, to act like a scoundrel, and to be indifferent which you are called. Talk of God as gravely as if you believed in him. Unless you do this, I will not say what our Church does, you will be damned; but, what indeed is a politician's true damnation, you will be dismissed. Most very good men are stout partisans of some religion, and nearly all very bad ones. Besides, if you lose the old women, you lose the Heir apparent. He is their champion, and they are his Houris.

CANNING.

I shall experience no difficulty in observing this commandment. In our days, only men who have some unsoundness of conscience, and some latent fear, reason against religion; and those only scoff at it, who are pushed back and hurt by it.

PITT.

Canning! you must have brought this with you from Oxford: the sentiment is not yours even by adoption: besides, it is too profound for you, and too well exprest. You are brilliant by the multitude of flaws, and not by the clearness or the quantity of light.

CANNING.

On second thoughts, I am not quite sure, not perfectly satisfied, that it is, as one may say, altogether mine.

PITT.

This avowal suggests another counsel.

Prevaricate as often as you can defend the prevarication, being close prest: but, my dear Canning! never .. I would say ... come come, let me speak it plainly ... my dear fellow, never lie.

CANNING.

How, Sir! what, Sir! pardon me, Sir! but, Sir! do you imagine, Sir, I ever lied in my life time?

PITT.

The certainty that you never did, makes me apprehensive that you would do it awkwardly, if the salvation of the country (the only case in question) should require it.

CANNING.

I ought to be satisfied: and yet my feelings ... If you profess that you believe me incapable ...

PITT.

What is my profession? what is my belief? If a man believes a thing of me, how can I alter his belief? What right have I to be angry at it? Do not play the fool before me. I sent for you to give you good advice. If you apprehend any danger of being thought, what it is impossible any man alive should ever think you, I am ready to swear in your favour as solemnly as I swore at Tooke's trial. I am presuming that you will become prime minister: you will then have plenty

of folks ready to lie for you; and it would be as ungentlemanly to lie yourself, as to powder your own hair or tie your own shoe-string. I usually had D.. at my elbow, who never lied but upon his honour, or supported the lie but upon his God. As for the more delicate duty of prevarication, take up those letters of inquiry and condolence, whether you have rubbed the seals off or not, in your promptitude to serve me, and lay them carefully by; and some years hence, when any one exclames, *What would Mr. Pitt have said!* bring out one from your pocket, and cry, *This is the last letter his hand, stricken by death, could trace.* Another time you may open one from Burke, some thirty years after the supposed receit of it, and say modestly, *Never but on this momentous occasion did that great man write to me. He foretold, in the true spirit of prophecy, all our difficulties.* But remember; do not quote him upon finance; else the House will laugh at you: for Burke was as unable to cast up a tailor's bill, as Sheridan is to pay it.

I was about to give you another piece of advice, which on recollection I find to be superfluous. Surely my head sympathizes very powerfully with my stomach, which the physicians tell me is always the case, tho not so much with us in office as with the honorable gentlemen out. I was on the point of advising you never to neglect the delivery of long

speeches: the minister who makes short speeches enjoys short power. Now altho I have constantly been in the habit of saying a great deal more than was requisite to the elucidation of my subject, for the same reason as hares, when pursued, run over more ground than would bring them into their thickets, I would have avoided it with you, principally to save my breath. You can no more stop when you are speaking, than a ball can stop on an inclined plane: you bounce at every impediment, and run on; often with the very thing in your mouth that the most malicious of your adversaries would cast against you; and shewing what you would conceal, and concealing what you would shew, as lady D. did at lady A.'s, while she was arranging the flowers in her bosom, talking to an admirer, and forgetting that she was on the stairs, until she fell down them. This is of no ill consequence to a minister: it goes for sincerity and plain dealing. It would never have done at Christ-church or Eton: for boys dare detect any thing, and laugh with all their hearts! I think it was my father who told me (if it was not my father I forget who it was) that a minister must have two gifts: the gift of places and the gift of the gab. Perfectly well do I remember his defence of this last expression, which somebody at table, on another occasion, called a vulgarism. At the end of the debate on it, he asked the gentleman

whether all things ought not to have names; whether there was any better for this; and whether the learning and ingenuity of the company could invent one. The importance of the faculty was admirably exhibited, he remarked, by the word *gift*. He then added, with a smile, *The alliteration itself has its merit: these short sayings are always the better for it: a pop-gun must have a pellet at both ends.*

Ah Canning! why have I not remembered my father as perfectly in better things? I have none of his wit, little of his wisdom: but all his experience, all his conduct, was before me and within my reach. I will not think about him now, when it would vex and plague me.

CANNING.

It is better to think of ourselves than of others; to consider the present as every thing, the past and future as nothing.

PITT.

In fact, they are nothing: they do not exist: what does not exist, is nothing.

CANNING.

Supposing me to be prime minister ... I am delighted at finding that the very idea has given a fresh serenity to your countenance.

PITT.

Because it makes me feel my power more intensely than ever; or at least makes me fancy I

feel it. By my means, by my authority, you are to become the successor of a Shelburne, of a Rockingham, and a Chatham.

CANNING.

Sir, I request you to consider ...

PITT.

Whether I have the right of alluding to what all have the right of recollecting, and which right all will exercise. I wish you as well as if, by some miracle in my favour, I had been enabled to beget you: that which I hope to do is hardly less miraculous; and, if I did not bring to my mind what you are, I should not feel what I am. Do not you partake of the sentiment? Would it be any great marvel or great matter, if the descendent of some ancient family stepped up to the summit of power; even with clean boots on? You must take many steps, and some very indirect ones; all which will only raise you in your own esteem, if you think like a politician.

You are prone to be confident and over-weening. Be cautious not to treat parliament as you may fancy it deserves, and not to believe that you have bought votes when you have paid the money for them.

CANNING.

Why, Sir?

PITT.

Because it will be expected of you in addition,

to speak for a given space of time. The people must be made to believe that their representatives are *persuaded:* and a few plain words are never thought capable of effecting this. Your zeal and anxiety, to leave no scruple on the mind of any reasonable man, must be demonstrated by protestations and explanations; and your hatred of those who obscure the glory of England, in their attempts to throw impediments in your way, must burst forth vehemently, and stalk abroad, and now and then put on a suit that smells of gunpowder.

CANNING.

I have no objection to that.

PITT.

It saves many arguments, and stops more; and in short is the only comprehensible kind of *political economy.*

Whenever the liberty or restriction of the press is in debate, you will do wisely to sport a few touches of wit, or to draw out a few sentences of declamation, on blasphemy and blasphemers. I have observed by the countenances of country gentlemen, that there is something horrifying in the sound of the word, something that commands silence.

CANNING.

I do not well understand the meaning of it.

PITT.

Why should you? Are you to understand the

meaning of every thing you talk about? If you do, you will not be thought deep. Be fluent, and your audience will be over head and ears in love with you. Never stop short, and you will never be doubted. To be out of breath is the only sign of weakness that is generally understood in a chancellor of the exchequer. The bets, in that case, are instantly against him, and the sounder in wind carries off the king's plate.

CANNING.

I am aware that to talk solemnly of blasphemy, gives a man great weight at the time, and leaves it with him. But if a dissenter or a lawyer should ask me for a definition of a blasphemer?

PITT.

Wish the lawyer more prudence, and the dissenter more grace. Appeal to our forefathers.

CANNING.

To which of them? The elder would call the younger so, and the younger the elder.

PITT.

Idiots! but go on.

CANNING.

In our own days the Lutheran denounces the Unitarian for it: he retorts the denunciation. The catholic comes between, to reconcile and reclame them. At first he simmers; then he bubbles and boils; at last, inflamed with charity, he damns them both. *To you, adopted heir*

*of the Devil and Perdition,* says he to the believer in God's unity, *it would be folly and impiety to listen a moment longer. And you, idle hair-splitter, are ignorant, or pretend to be, that transubstantiation rests upon the same authority as trinitarianism. The one doctrine shocks the senses, the other shocks the reason: both required to be shocked, that faith might be settled.*

*Very like your Saint Augustin,* interposes the Unitarian: *he should have written this. When Faith enters the schoolroom, Reason must not whisper: if she might, she would say perhaps, the question is, whether the senses or arithmetic be the most liable to error.*

*Sir! Sir!* cries again the catholic, *you have no right to bring any question into the house of God without his leave, nor to push your sharp stick against the bellies of his sheep, making them shove one another and break the fold.*

PITT.

Do not run wild in this way, retailing the merriment of your Oxford doctors in their snug parties. Such, I am sure, it must be: for you have not had time to read any thimg since you left Eton: you think but little, and that little but upon yourself: nor has indeed the wing of your wit either such a strength of bone in it or such a vividness of plumage.

CANNING.

I don't know that. I must confess however, I drew all from our doctors, when they had risen twice or thrice from the bottle, and turned their backs on us from the corner of the rooms.

PITT.

I hope you will be rather more retentive; and remember at what time you are to lament, as well as at what time you are to joke and banter. On these occasions, lower your voice, assume an air of disdain or pity, bless God that such is the peculiar happiness of our most favoured country, every man may enjoy his opinion in security and peace.

CANNING.

But some, I shall be reminded, have been forced to enjoy it in solitude and prison.

PITT.

Never push an argument or a remark too far: and take care to have a fellow behind you who knows when to cry *question! question!* As for reminding, those only whom you forget, will remind you of any thing. Others will give you full credit for the wisdom of all your plans, the aptness of all your replies, the vivacity of all your witticisms, and the rectitude of all your intentions.

CANNING.

Unless it should fatigue you, Sir, will you open your views of domestic polity a little wider before me?

PITT.

Willingly. Never choose colleagues for friendship or for their wisdom. If friends, they will be importunate: if wise, they may be rivals. Choose them for two other things quite different; for tractability and connexions. A few men of business, and quite many enough for you, may be picked up anywhere on the road-side. Be particular in selecting, for all places and employments, the handsomest young men; and those who have the handsomest wives, mothers, and sisters. Every one of these brings a large and influential party with him; and it rarely happens that any such is formidable for mental prowess. The man who can bring you three votes, is preferable to him who can bring you thrice your own quantity of wisdom. For, altho in private life we may profit much by the acquisition of so much more wisdom than we had ourselves, yet in public we know not what to do with it. Often it stands in our way; often it hides us; sometimes we are opprest by it. Oppose in all elections the man, whatever may be his party or principles, who is superior to yourself in attainments, particularly in ratiocination and eloquence. Bring forward, when places are found for all the men of rank who present themselves, those who believe they resemble you; young declamers, young poets, young critics, young satirists, young journalists, young magazine-men, and young

lampooners and libellers: that is, those amongst them who have never been more than ducked and cudgelled. Every soul of them will hope to succede you by adoption.

My father made this remark*, in his florid way. When an insect dips into the surface of a stream, it forms a circle round it, which catches a quick radiance from the sun or moon, while the stiller water on every side flows without any: in like manner a small politician may attract the notice of the king or people, by putting into motion the pliant element about him; while quieter men pass utterly away, leaving not even this weak impression, this momentary sparkle. On which principle Melville used to say, *Keep shoving, keep shoving!* I do not know whether the injunction was taken by all his acquaintance in the manner and in the direction he intended.

A great deal has been spoken, in the House and out of the House, on parliamentary reform.

CANNING.

I have repeatedly said that, without it, there is no salvation for the country. This is embarassing.

PITT.

Not at all. Oppose it: say you have changed your mind: let that serve for your reason; and do

* Pitt's father never made it: but it was necessary to attribute to some other person than Pitt himself a thing so much above his capacity or imagination.

not stumble upon worse by running against an adversary. You will find the country going on just as it has gone on.

CANNING.

Bad enough; God knows!

PITT.

But only for the country. People will see that the fields and the cattle, the streets and the inhabitants, look as usual. The houses stand, the chimneys smoke, the pavements hold together: this will make them wonder at your genius in keeping them up, after all the prophecies they have heard about our going down. Men draw their ideas from their sight and hearing. They do not know that the ruin of a nation is in its probity, its confidence, its comforts. While they see every day the magnificent equipages of contractors and brokers, read of sumptuous dinners given by cabinet-ministers and army-agents, and are invited to golden speculations in the East and in the West, they fancy there is an abundance of prosperity and wealth; wheras in fact it is in these very places that wealth and prosperity are shut up, accumulated, and devoured.

I deferred from session to session a reform in parliament; because, having sworne to promote it by all the means in my power, I did not wish to seem perjured to the people. In the affair of Maidstone nobody could prove me so: I only

swore I had forgotten what nobody (but myself) could swear that I remembered. Certainly all appearances were against me. The main object of my early life, what I had repeated every day, what brought me into credit and into power, was little likely to escape my memory in an instant, and in the midst of those who at that time had surrounded me, applauded me, and followed me. Yet bishops and chancellors will drink to me after my death, as the most honest man that ever lived.

CANNING.

What! even when they can get nothing and want nothing from you?

PITT.

They want from me more than you are aware of: they want my example to stand upon. They will take their aim against our country from behind my statue.

CANNING.

She has fleshier parts about her than the heel, and their old snags will stick tight in them til they rattle in the coffin.

PITT.

Do not disturb them. You may give over your dalliance with reform whenever you are tired of it. You did not begin as a states-*man* but as a states-*boy*: you were under me: and you cannot act more wisely than by telling folks that I had seen my error in the latter part of my life.

CANNING.

Perhaps they will not believe me.

PITT.

Likely enough! but courtesy and interest will require their acquiescence, and they will act as if they did. The noisiest of the opposition are the lawyers; partly from rudeness, partly from rapacity. Lay it down as a rule for your conduct, that the most honest one in parliament is as indifferent about his party as about his brief: whoever offers him his fee has him. Of these there is hardly an individual who had any more of a qualification than you or I had: yet they assume it, as well as we. Is there in this no fallacy, no fraud? Some of them were so wretchedly poor, that a borrowed watch-key hung from a broken shoe-string at their tattered fob; and, when they could obtain on credit a yard of damaged muslin for their noses, they begged a pinch of snuff at the next box they saw open, and sneezed that they might reasonably display their acquisition.

CANNING.

I wonder that these people should cry out so loudly for a fairer representation.

PITT.

Some have really the vanity to believe that they would be chosen, and might choose their colleagues, if there were: others follow orders: the greater part wish no such thing; and, if they thought it

likely to succede, would never call for it. The fact is this: the most honest and independent members of parliament are elected by the rotten boroughs. They pay down their own money, and give their own votes: they are not subservient to the aristocracy nor to the treasury. The same cannot be said on any other description of members. I never ventured to make such a remark in parliament. The people would be alarmed and struck with horror, if you clearly shewed that the very best part of their representation is founded on nothing sounder than on rank corruption*. Perhaps I am imprudent in suggesting the fact to you, knowing your *diabetes* of mind, and having found that your tongue is as easily set in motion, and as unconsciously, as the head of a mandarine on the chimney-piece at an inn.

Cease to be speculative.

CANNING.

We all cease to be speculative when we touch the object.

PITT.

It is then unnecessary to remind you, that you want only a numerical majority. Talents count for talents; respectability for respectability: the veriest fag that Melville ever breeched for the

* It was said to be so in the time of Pitt.

South gives as efficient a vote as a Burdett or a Newport.

In the beginning of my career as minister, I sometimes wished that I could have become so and have been consistent. I have since found that inconsistency is taken for a proof of greatness in a politician. *He knows how to manage men; he sees what the times require: his great mind bends majestically to the impulse of the world.* These things are said, or will be. Certain it is, when a robe is blown out by the wind, shewing now the outer side, now the inner, then one colour, then another, it seems the more capacious, the more flowing, and the richer.

If at any time you are induced by policy, or impelled by nature, to committ an action more ungenerous or more dishonest than usual; if at any time you shall have brought the country into worse disgrace or under more imminent danger, talk and look bravely; swear, threaten, bluster; be witty, be pious; sneer, scoff; look infirm, look gouty; appeal to immortal God, that you desire to remain in office so long only as you can be beneficial to your king and country; that however at such a time as the present you should be reluctant to leave the most flourishing of nations a prey to the wild passions of insatiate demagogues; and that nothing but the commands of your venerable

sovran, and the unequivocal voice of the people that recommended you to his notice, shall ever make you desert the station to which the hand of Providence conducted you. They have keen eyes who can see through all these words: I have never found any such, and have tried thousands. The man who possesses them may read Adam Smith and Emanuel Kent while he is being tost in a blanket.

Above all things keep your friends and dependents in good humour and good condition. If they lose flesh, you lose people's confidence. My cook, two summers ago, led me to this reflexion at Walmer. Finding him in the court-yard, and observing that, however round and rosy, he looked melancholy, and struck his hips with his fist very frequently as he walked along, I called to him, and when he turned round, inquired of him what had happened to discompose him. He answered that Sam Spack the butcher had failed.

*Well, what then?* said I, *unless you mean that his creditors may come upon me for the last two months' bill.*

He shook his head, and told me that he had lent Sam Spack all he was worth, a good five hundred pounds.

*The greater fool you!* replied I.

*Why, Sir!* said he, opening his hand to shew the clearness of his demonstration, *who would not*

*have lent him any thing? when he swore and ate like the devil, and drank as if he was in hell, and his dog was fatter than the best calf in Kent.*

It occurs to me that I owe this unfortunate cook several years' wages. Write down his name, William Ruffhead. You must do something to help him: a diversion on the coast of France would be sufficient: order one for him: in six months he may fairly pocket his quiet twenty thousands, and have his paultry three guineas aday for life. Write above the name, *deputy commissary.* Ruffhead is so honest a creature, he will only be a dogfish in a shoal of sharks.

Never consent to any reduction in the national expenditure. Consider what is voted by parliament for public services as your own property. The largest estate in England would go but a little way in procuring you partisans and adherents: these loosely counted millions purchase them. I have smiled, when people, in the simplicity of their hearts, have applauded me for neglecting the aggrandizement of my private fortune. Every rood of land in the British dominions has a mine beneath it, out of which, by a vote of parliament, I oblige the proprietor to extract as much as I want, as often as I will. From every tobacco-pipe in England a dependent of mine takes a whiff; from every salt-vase a spoonful. I have given more to my family than

is possessed by those of Tamerlane and Aurunzebe; and I distribute to the amount of fifty millions ayear in the manner I deem convenient. What is any man's private purse, other than that into which he can put his hand at his option? Neither my pocket nor my house, neither the bank nor the treasury, neither London nor Westminster, neither England nor Europe, are capacious enough for mine: it swings between the Indies and it sweeps the whole ocean.

CANNING.

I am aware of it. You spend only what you have time and opportunity for spending. No man gives better dinners; few better wine . . .

PITT.

Canning! Canning! Canning! always blundering into some coarse compliment!

Reminding me of wine, you remind me of my death and the cause of it. To spite the French and Bonaparte, I would not drink claret: madeira was too heating: hock was too light and acid for me.

CANNING.

Seltzer water takes off this effect; the Dean of Christchurch tells me.

PITT.

It might have made my speeches windier than was expedient; and I declined to bring into action a steam-engine of such power, with Mr. Speaker

in front and the Treasury-bench in rear of me. The detestable beverage of Oporto is now burning my entrails.

CANNING.

Beverage fit for the condemned.

PITT.

If condemned for poisoning.

As you must return to London in the morning, and as I may not be disposed or able to talk much another time, what remains to be said I will say now.

Never be persuaded to compose a mixt administration of whigs and tories: for, as you cannot please them equally, each will plot eternally to supplant you by some leader of its party.

Wellesley has a great deal more acuteness, a great deal more perspicuity, than you. Employ him at a distance, and gratify his inclination for pleasure and expense.

Among the whigs, Lord Henry Petty has conciliated many friends, by his good manners, his variety of information, his facility of communicating it, and his sincerity. He speaks well; and tho you have the credit of being a good scholar, he is known to be a better.

These are the only two men in both houses worth noticing: beware of them. Lord Henry would be the worse neighbour to you from the memory of his father, who was liberal in his

encouragment to the learned, and indeed to men of genius and science in every department. I am afraid the son partakes of this feeling, which will draw many about him, and obtain him friends and supporters, even among those who have no literary claims and no want of patronage. For my part, I have no respect for any living author or living genius. The only one, ancient or modern, I ever read with attention, is Bolingbroke; who was recommended to me for a model. His principles, his heart, his style, have formed mine exclusively. Every thing sits easy upon him. Mostly I like him because he supersedes inquiry: the very thing best to do and to inculcate. We should have been exterminated long ago, if the House of Commons had not thought so, and had not voted us a Bill of Indemnity; which I am certain I can obtain as often as I find it necessary, be the occasion what it may. Neither free governments nor arbitrary have such security: ours is constituted for evasion. I hope nobody may ever call me the *Pilot of the Escape-boat.* In Turkey I should have been strangled; in Algiers I should have been impaled; in America I should have mounted the gallows in the market-place; in Sweden I should have been pistoled at a public dinner or court-ball: in England I am extolled above my father.

Ah Canning! how delighted, how exultant was I, when I first heard this acclamation! when I last heard it, how sorrowful! how deprest! He was always thwarted, and always succeded: I was always seconded, and always failed. He left the country flourishing: I leave it impoverished, exhausted, ruined. He left many able statesmen: I leave *you*.

Excuse me: dying men are destined to feel and privileged to say unpleasant things.

Good night! I retire to rest.

# CONVERSATION IV.

## ARCHBISHOP BOULTER

AND

## PHILIP SAVAGE.

# ARCHBISHOP BOULTER

AND

# PHILIP SAVAGE*.

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BOULTER.

HEARTILY glad am I to see you, my brother, if, in these times of calamity and desolation, such

* Boulter, primate of Ireland, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in the year 1729, by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendence, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again in 1740 and 1741 two hundred and fifty thousands were fed, twice aday, *principally at his expense*, as we find in *La Biographie Universelle;* an authority the least liable to suspicion. He built hospitals at Drogheda and Armagh, and endowed them richly. No private man, in any age or country, hath contributed so largely to relieve the sufferings and to promote the improvement of his fellow creatures; to which object he and his wife devoted their ample fortunes, both during their lives and after their decease.

Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent, and after this it is little to

a sentiment may be exprest or felt. My wife is impatient to embrace her sister.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

My lord primate, I did not venture to bring her with me from Dublin, wishing to wait until I had explored the road, and had experienced the temper of the people.

BOULTER.

I much regret her absence, and yet more the cause of it: let me hope however that nothing unexpectedly unpleasant has occurred to you in your journey hither.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

I came on horseback, attended by one servant. Had I been prudent, he would not have worne his livery; for hardly any object is more offensive to the poor, in seasons of distress, than a servant

say the most enlightened and learned man, that ever guided the counsels of a kingdom. I am not certain that I should ever have thought of offering this tribute to his memory, if his connexion with my family had not often reminded me of him, and induced me to compare him with the most eminent of public men: for we do not always bear in mind very retentively what is due to others, unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection.

Mr. Philip Savage, chancellor of the exchequer, married his wife's sister, of his own name, but very distantly related. This minister was likewise so irreproachable, that even Swift could find in him no motive for satire and no room for discontent.

in livery, spruce and at his ease. They attach to it the idea of idleness and comfort, which they contrast with their own hard labour and its ill requital.

Two miles from Armagh, we were met by a multitude of work-people. They asked my groom who it was: he told them my name, and, perhaps in the pride of his heart, my office. Happily they never had heard of the one or the other. They then inclosed me, and insisted on knowing whether I came with orders from the castle, to fire upon them; as had been threatened some days before.

*For what? my honest friends!* cried I.

*For wanting bread and asking it,* was the answer that ran from mouth to mouth, frequently repeated, and deepening at every repetition, til hoarseness and weakness made it drop and cease. I then assured them that no such orders were given, or would ever be; and that the king and government were deeply afflicted at their condition, which however was only temporary.

Upon this there came forward one from amongst them; and, laying his hand upon the mane of my horse, he laughed til he staggered. I looked at him in amaze. When he had recovered himself a little from his transport, he said, *I hope you are honest, my friend! for you talk like a fool, which in people of your sort is a token of it, tho sometimes one no weightier than Will Wood's for a*

*half-penny. But prythee now, my jewel, how can you in your conscience take upon yourself to say, that the king and his ministers care a flea's rotten tooth, whether or not we crack with emptiness and thirst, so long as our arms fill their bellies, and drive away troublesome neighbours while they are napping afterward? Deeply afflicted! is it deeply afflicted! O' my soul, one would think there was as much pleasure in deep affliction as in deep drinking, or even more: for many have washed away their lands with claret, and have then given over drinking; but where is the good fellow who has done any thing in this quarter, by way of raising his head above such a deep affliction? Has the king or his lord-lieutenant sent us the value of a mangy sow's bristle? I may be mistaken, but I am apt to think that, shallow as we are bound to believe we are in other things, our affliction is as deep as theirs, or near upon it; and yet we never said a word about the matter: we only said we were naked and starving, and quitted our cabins that we may leave to our fathers and mothers our own beds to die on, and that we may hear no longer the cries of our wives and little ones, which, let me tell you, are very different in those who are famishing from any we ever heard before. Deeply afflicted! now afore God! what miseries have they suffered, have they seen? I have heard*

*of rich people in Dublin, who have such a relish for deep affliction, they will give eighteen pence for a book to read of it.*

Partly in hopes of proceding, and partly in commiseration, I slipped a guinea into the fellow's hand. He took it, and did not thank me, but continuing to hold it together with my horse's mane, he said, *Come along with me.* I thought it prudent to comply. At the distance of about a mile, on the right hand, is the cabin to which I was conducted. A wretched horse was standing part within it and part without, and exhibiting in his belly and ribs the clearest signs of famine and weariness. *Let us hear,* said my guide, *what is going on.*

I dismounted and stood with him. Looking round about the tenement, I found no article of furniture; for the inhabitant was lying on the floor, covered with his cloathes only. Against the wall of the doorway was hanging from a nail a broken tin tobaccobox, kept open by a ring; which had formerly been the ornament of a pig's nose. Its more recent service was to make a hole in a piece of paper, on which I redd, *Notice to quitt.*

There was a priest in the cabin, who spoke, as nearly as I can recollect, these words. *You are the only catholic in the neighbourhood, and*

*ought to set an example to the rest of them about you.*

*Father!* said a weak voice, *you told me I might go to the archbishop's when I grew stouter, and get what I could; it being the spoil of an enemy. Such was my hunger on first recovering from the fever, and the worse perhaps from having had nothing to eat for a couple of days; that, when the servants gave me a basin of broth, I swallowed it. None of them had the charity to warn me that it was a piece of beef which was lying at the bottom, or to tell me that (for what they knew) it might be a turnep; so, without thinking at all about it, I just lett it take its own way! There was no more of it than the size of a good potato: a healthy man would have made but four bites of it: I had a bitch that would have swallowed it at one, when she had whelps: I have seen a man who would make so little of it, he would let his wife eat it all, at a meal or two: it was next to nothing. In my mind, I have a doubt whether, as there might be some fever left upon me, it was not rather the show of beef rising out of the broth, than real beef: for sure enough I might mistake, as I might in thinking I was well again, when I had stil the fever; which could scarcely come back upon me for eating, when it had come upon*

*me the week before for not eating. Howsoever, I went home and laid myself down and slept, and dreamt of angels with ladles of soup in their hands, some looking ugly enough, and others laughing, and one of them led that very horse of yours into the cabin . . I should know him again anywhere . . we looked in each other's face for ten minutes . . then down he threw himself on me, as tho I were no better than ling and fern. There he would have staid, I warrant, til sunrise, if it had not been Sunday morning.*

*How!* cried the priest. *What then! all this iniquity was committed upon the Saturday!*

*This day week,* answered the sick man, humbled as much, I suspect, by blundering into the confession, as he was by the reproof.

*And now, by my soul! our lady calls you to an account, sinner!* said the priest angrily. *I should not wonder if the arch-heretic, you call archbishop, gave out so many thousand bowls of soup aday, for the sake of drowning that soul of yours, swiller and swine! Hither have I been riding a matter of thirteen miles, to see that every thing is going on as it ought, and not an ounce of oatmeal or a potato in the house.*

The poor inhabitant of the cabin sighed aloud. My conductor strode softly toward the priest, and, twitching him by the sleeve, asked him softly

what he thought of the man's health. The poor creature heard the question, and much more distinctly the answer, which was, that he could not live out another day. He requested the holy man to hear his confession: the most grievous part of it had been made already: but now the piece of beef had its real size and weight given to it: he had eaten it with pleasure, with knowledge: he had gone to bed upon it: he had tried to sleep: he had slept: he had said no more *ave-maries* than ordinarily. A soul labouring under such a mountain of sin required (God knows how many) masses for its purgation and acquittance.

*Be aisy!* said my conductor. *He shall sup with our blessed Lord in paradise by seven o'clock tomorrow night, if masses can mash potatoes, or there is butter-milk above.*

On saying this, he pulled open the priest's hand, slapped it with some violence, left the guinea in it, and wished me a pleasant ride. I could not bear to let him quit me so abruptly, glad as I should have been before at his departure. I asked him whether the dying man was his relative. He said, *No.* I wished to replace his generosity somewhat more largely.

*No, sir!* said he, *I have enough for several days yet: when it is gone, the archbishop will give me what he gives the rest. As for that massmonger, he shall eat this rasher of bacon*

*with me this blessed night, or I'll be damned.* So saying, he drew a thin slice from his breeches-pocket, neither enwrapt in paper nor in bread.

BOULTER.

I hope soon to find out this worthy man, the warmth of whose heart may well atone for that of his expressions: but, lest he should be too urgent in his invitation, I will immediately send one to my brother clergyman, entreating him to dine with us. We always have fish on Fridays and Saturdays, in case we may be favoured by any Roman-Catholic visitor.

This slight displeasure is, I hope, the only one you have met with.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

I must confess it grieved me to see the officers of the sheriff erecting the gallows at the enterance of the city. It must exasperate the populace. Men in the extremity of suffering lose sooner the sense of fear than the excitability to indignation. The people of Ireland have endured enough already.

BOULTER.

Indeed have they. It was thought the excess of hard-heartedness, when men asked for bread, to give a stone; but better a stone than a halter.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

As our country-gentlemen, in this part of Ireland particularly, are rather worse than

semibarbarous, and hear nothing from their cradles but threats and defiance, they may deem it requisite and becoming to erect this formidable signal of regular government against the advances of insurrection.

BOULTER.

More are made insurgents by firing on them than by feeding them; and men are more dangerous in the field than in the kitchen.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

In critical times, such as these, some coercion and some intimidation may be necessary. We must be vigilant and resolute against the ill-intentioned.

BOULTER.

My dear brother! would it not be wiser to give other intentions to the ill-intentioned? Cruelty is no more the cure of crimes than it is the cure of sufferings: compassion, in the first instance, is good for both: I have known it bring compunction when nothing else would. I forbear to enlarge on the enormous inhumanity of inflicting the punishment of death for small offences: yet I must remind you to ask yourself, whether, in your belief, ten years ever elapsed in Ireland, or even in England, without some capital sentence wrongfully pronounced. If this be the case, and most men think it is, does it not occurr to you that such a penalty should for ever be expunged from

our statute-book? Severe as another may be, reparation of some kind may be made, on the detection of its injustice. But what reparation can reach the dead from the living? what reparation can even reach the judge who condemned him? for he too must be almost as much a sufferer. In vain will the jurymen split and subdivide the responsibility: in vain will they lament that nothing now can mitigate the verdict. Release then the innocent from this long suffering, if you will not release the guilty from a shorter. What can be expected from the humanity of men, habituated to see death inflicted on their fellow men, for offences which scarcely bring an inconvenience on the prosecutor? And what can be expected from the judgement of those above 'em, who denounce vengeance to preserve peace, and take away life to shew respect for property? More ferocity hath issued from under English scarlet than from under American ochre. Violent resentments are the natural propensities of untamed man: the protection of our property does not require them.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

The legislator and judge feel none.

BOULTER.

Why then imitate them in voice and action? Is there any thing lovely or dignified in such an imitation?

PHILIP SAVAGE.

Our judges in these days are not often guilty of the like unseemliness, which was very common fifty years ago.

BOULTER.

Certainly they are less boisterous and blustering, than under the first James and the first Charles, and have wiped away much of that rudeness and effrontery, which is chastened in other professions by civiler company and more salutary awe: nevertheless, at the commencement of the disturbances which this famine brought about, many poor wretches were condemned to death, after much intemperate language from the judges, who declined to present petitions on their behalf to the lord lieutenant, as I told you in my letter. Probably they are little pleased that his flexibility of temper has yielded to our remonstrances and authority. Painful would be my situation as president of the council, and yours as chancellor of the exchequer, if such people as are usually sent hither for lords lieutenants were as refractory as they are remiss. I trust it will ever be found convenient to appoint men of clemency to the first station, and that I shall never be forced to exercise on them the powers entrusted to me of coercion and controul.

It is well when people can believe that their misfortunes are temporary. How can we apply such a term to pestilence and famine?

PHILIP SAVAGE.

Surely the violence of the evil eats away the substance of it speedily. Pestilence and famine are, and always have been, temporary and brief.

BOULTER.

Temporary they are, indeed: brief are they; very brief: but why? because life is so under them. To the world they are extremely short: but can we say they are short to him who bears them? And of such there are thousands, tens of thousands, in this most afflicted, most neglected country. The whole of a life, be it what it may be, is not inconsiderable to him who lives it, any more than the whole of a property is inconsiderable to him who possesses it. Whether want and wretchedness last for a month or for half a century, if they last as long as the sufferer, they are to him of very long duration. Let us try then rather to remove the evils of Ireland, than to persuade those who undergo them that there are none. For, if they could be thus persuaded, we should have brutalized them first to such a degree, as would render them more dangerous than they were in the reigns of Elizabeth or Charles.

There will never be a want of money, or a want of confidence, in any well-governed state that has been long at peace, and without the danger of its interruption. But a want of the necessaries of life, in peasants or artisans, when the seasons have

been favorable, is a certain sign of defect in the constitution, or of criminality in the administration. It may not be advisable or safe to tell every one this truth: yet it is needful to inculcate it on the minds of governors, and to repeat it until they find the remedy; else the people, one day or other, will send those out to look for it, who may trample down more in the search than suits good husbandry.

God be praised! we have no such exclamation to make as that of Ecclesiastes. *Woe to thee, O land! whose king is a child.* An evil that may afflict a land under the same king for years indefinite. Our gracious sovran, ever mindful of his humble origin, and ever grateful to the people who raised him from it, to the most exalted throne in the universe, a throne hung round with the trophies of Cressy, Agincourt, Poictiers, and Blenheim, has little inclination to imitate the ruinous pride of Louis the Fourteenth; to expend his revenues, much less those of his people, in the excavation of rivers, the elevation of mountains, and the transplantation of Asia, with all her gauds and vanities, under the gilded domes of faery palaces.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

Versailles is a monument, raised by the king of one country for the benefit of the kings in all others, warning each in successive generations, not

to exhaust the labour and patience of his people, by the indulgence of his profusion and sensuality.

BOULTER.

Let us hope, my brother, that the poverty this structure has entailed on the French, may not hereafter serve for the foundation of more extensive evils, and exacerbate a heartless race, ever disposed to wanton cruelties, until they at last strike down the virtuous for standing too near, and for warning them where their blows should fall. In which case they will become even worse slaves than they are, from the beating they must, sooner or later, undergo.

If I could leave the country in its present state, and if I possessed the same advantage of daily access to the king, as when I had the honour of attending him from Germany, I should take the liberty of representing to him, that his own moderation of expenditure might well be copied in the public, and that some offices and some pensions, in this country, might be lopt off, without national dishonour or popular discontent.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

There has always been an outcry against places and pensions, whether the country was flourishing or otherwise. We may lop until we cut our fingers, and disable ourselves for harder work. Surely a man of your Grace's discernment would

look well to it first, and remember that, where the sun is let in, the wind too may let in itself.

BOULTER.

A want of caution is not among my defects; nor is an unsteddy deference to the clamours of the multitude. It is necessary to ask sometimes even well-dressed men, have not the judges places? is not every office of trust a place? and can any government be conducted without its functionaries? I do not follow the public cry, nor run before it. Pensions too occasionally are just and requisite. What man of either party will deny, that a Marlborough and a Peterborough deserved such a token of esteem, from the country they served so gloriously? or that the payment of even a large annuity, to such illustrious men, is not in the end the best economy? These rewards stimulate exertion and create merit. They likewise display, to other nations, our justice, our generosity, our power, our wealth; and are the best monuments we can erect to Victory. Do not be alarmed lest the people should insist on too rigorous a defalcation. The British people, and stil more the Irish, would resent, as a private wrong, the tearing one leaf from the brow of a brave defender. On the contrary, to say nothing of clerks and commissaries, the grant of pensions to embassadors and envoys, who cannot act from their own judgement,

and who only execute the orders of others, without the necessity of genius, of learning, of discernment, or of courage, is superfluous to a nation in its prosperity, and insulting to one in its distress. They are always chosen out of private friendship; and their stipends, while they act, are only presents made to them by their patrons. To pay them afterward for having taken the trouble to receive these presents, is less needful than to send a Christmas-box to my wig-maker, because I had preferred him already, and had paid him handsomely for making me a wig at Midsummer. Should we not think him a foolish man if he expected it, and an impudent one if he asked it?

We are so fortunate as to have few pensions to discharge, and little debt: nevertheless, in times so disasterous as these, when many thousands, I might say millions, are starving, and when persons once in affluence have neither bread nor work, it behoves us, who wish security and respectability to the government, to deduct from waste and riot that which was not given originally for distinguished merit, and which may now save the lives of generations, and scarcely take the garnish off one dish in the second courses of a few.

At my table you will find only ordinary fare; and I hardly know whether I am not sinning while I thank my God that it is plentiful.

# CONVERSATION V.

## JOHN OF GAUNT

AND

## JOANNA OF KENT.

# JOHN OF GAUNT

AND

# JOANNA OF KENT.

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JOANNA.

How is this, my cousin*, that you are besieged in your own house, by the citizens of London? I thought you were their idol.

GAUNT.

If their idol, madam, I am one which they may tread on as they list when down; but which, by my soul and knighthood! the ten best battle-axes among them shall find it hard work to unshrine.

Pardon me . . I have no right perhaps to take or touch this hand . . yet, my sister, bricks and

* Joanna, called the fair maid of Kent, was cousin of the Black Prince, whom she married. John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown in the beginning of Richard's minority, which, increasing the hatred of the people against him, for favouring the sect of Wickeliff, excited them to demolish his house and to demand his impeachment.

stones and arrows are not presents fit for you. Let me conduct you some paces hence.

JOANNA.

I will speak to those below in the street: quit my hand: they shall obey me.

GAUNT.

If you intend to order my death, madam, your guards who have entered my court, and whose spurs and halberts I hear upon the stair-case, may overpower my domestics; and, seeing no such escape as becomes my dignity, I submitt to you. Behold my sword and gauntlet at your feet! Some formalities, I trust, will be used in the proceedings against me. Entitle me, in my attainder, not John of Gaunt, not duke of Lancaster, not king of Castile; nor commemorate my father, the most glorious of princes, the vanquisher and pardoner of the most powerful; nor style me, what those who loved or who flattered me did, when I was happier, cousin to the fair maid of Kent. Joanna! those days are over! but no enemy, no law, no eternity can take away from me, or move further off, my affinity in blood to the conqueror in the field of Cressy, of Poictiers, and Najora. Edward was my brother when he was but your cousin; and the edge of my shield has clinked on his in many a battle. We were ever near, if not in worth, in danger.

She weeps.

JOANNA.

Attainder! God avert it! Duke of Lancaster, what dark thought . . . Alas! that the Regency should have known it! I came hither, Sir, for no such purpose, as to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you.

These weeds might surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn forth.

GAUNT.

Sister, be comforted! this vizor too has felt them.

JOANNA.

O my Edward! my own so lately! thy memory . . thy beloved image . . which never hath abandoned me . . makes me bold; I dare not say generous; for in saying it I should cease to be so . . and who could be called generous by the side of thee! I will rescue from perdition the enemy of my son.

Cousin, you loved your brother: love then what was dearer to him than his life: protect what he, valiant as you have seen him, cannot! The father, who foiled so many, hath left no enemy: his inno cent child, who can injure no one, finds them!

Why have you unlaced and laid aside your vizor? Do not expose your body either to those missiles . . . hold your shield before yourself, and step aside . . . I need it not. I am resolved . .

GAUNT.

On what, my fair cousin? Speak, and by the saints! it shall be done. This breast is your shield; this arm is mine.

JOANNA.

Heavens! who could have hurled those masses of stones from below! They stunned me. Did they descend all of them together? or did they split into fragments on hitting the pavement?

GAUNT.

Truly I was not looking that way: they came, I must believe, while you were speaking.

JOANNA.

Away! away! further back! disregard *me!* Look! that last arrow sticks half its head deep in the oak wainscot. It shook so violently, I did not see the feather at first.

No, no, Lancaster! I will not permitt it: take your shield up again; and keep it all before you. Now step aside . . I am resolved to prove whether the people will hear me.

GAUNT.

Then, madam, by your leave . . .

JOANNA.

Hold!

GAUNT.

Villains! take back to your kitchens those spits and skewers, that you forsooth would fain call

swords and arrows; and keep your bricks and stones for your graves!

JOANNA.

Imprudent man! who can save you? I shall be frightened: I must speak at once.

O good kind people! ye who so greatly loved me, when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve it, have I (unhappy me!) no merit with you now, when I would assuage your anger, protect your fair fame, and send you home contented with yourselves and me! Who is he, worthy citizens, whom ye would drag to slaughter?

True indeed, he did revile some one; neither I nor you can say whom; some feaster and rioter, it seems, who had little right (he thought) to carry sword or bow, and who, to shew it, hath slunk away. And then another raised his anger; he was indignant that, under his roof, a woman should be exposed to stoning. Which of you would not be as choleric in a like affront? In the house of which among you should I not be protected as resolutely?

No, no: I never can believe those angry cries. Let none ever tell me again he is the enemy of my son, of his king, your darling child Richard. Are your fears more lively than a poor weak female's? than a mother's? yours, whom he hath so often led to victory, and praised to his father, naming each. He, John of Gaunt, the defender of the

helpless, the comforter of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave!

Retire, duke of Lancaster! This is no time!..

GAUNT.

Madam, I obey: but not thro terror of that puddle at the house-door, which my handful of dust would dry up. Deign to command me!

JOANNA.

In the name of my son then, retire!

GAUNT.

Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it.

JOANNA.

I think I know his voice that crieth out, *Who will answer for him?* an honest and loyal man's, one who would counsel and save me in any difficulty and danger. With what pleasure and satisfaction, with what perfect joy and confidence, do I answer our right-trusty and well-judging friend!

*Let Lancaster bring his sureties,* say you, *and we separate.* A moment yet before we separate; if I might delay you so long, to receive your sanction of those sureties; for in such grave matters it would ill become us to be over-hasty. I could bring fifty, I could bring a hundred, not from among soldiers, not from among courtiers, but selected from yourselves; were it equitable and fair to shew such partialities, or decorous in the parent and guardian of a king, to offer any other than herself.

Raised by the hand of the Almighty from amidst you, but stil one of you, if the mother of a family is a part of it, here I stand, surety for John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, for his loyalty and allegiance.

GAUNT (*running back toward* JOANNA).

Are the rioters then bursting into the chamber thro the windows?

JOANNA.

The windows and doors of this solid edifice rattled and shook at the people's acclamation. My word is given for you: this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a voice have the people when they speak out! It shakes me with astonishment, almost with consternation, while it establishes the throne: what must it be then if it took its course against it!

GAUNT.

Wind; vapour . .

JOANNA.

Which none can wield nor hold. Need I say this to my cousin of Lancaster?

GAUNT.

Rather say, madam, that there is always one star above, which can tranquilize and controul them.

JOANNA.

Go, cousin! another time more sincerity!

GAUNT.

You have this day saved my life from the people:

for I now see my danger better, when it is no longer close before me. My Christ! if ever I forget . .

JOANNA.

Swear not: every man in England hath sworn what you would swear. But, if you abandon my Richard, my brave and beautiful child, may . . Oh! I could never curse, nor wish an evil . . but, if you desert him in the hour of need, you will think of those who have not deserted you, and your own great heart will lie heavy on you, Lancaster!

Am I graver than I ought to be, that you look dejected? Come then, my gentle cousin, lead me to my horse and accompany me home. Richard will embrace us tenderly. Every one is dear to every other upon rising out fresh from peril: affectionately then will he look, sweet boy, upon his mother and his unkle! Never mind how many questions he may ask you, nor how strange ones. His only displeasure, if he has any, will be, that he stood not against the rioters . . or amongst them.

GAUNT.

Older than he have been as fond of mischief, and as fickle in the choice of a party.

I shall tell him that, coming to blows, the assailant is often in the right; that the assailed is always.

# CONVERSATION VI.

## M. VILLÈLE

AND

## M. CORBIÈRE.

# M. VILLÈLE

AND

# M. CORBIÈRE.

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VILLELE.

We are safe: God defends the monarchy. The Giraffe is arrived.

CORBIERE.

The Giraffe!

VILLELE.

The Giraffe, the Giraffe.

CORBIERE.

I pay little attention to these barbarians: they enter not within my department. In what canton of India are his dominions?

VILLELE.

Whose dominions? You are absent, my dear Corbière.

CORBIERE.

No, not at all. I suspected he would be trouble-

some to Pondicherry. I know very well he has agents at Madagascar. A schooner off Cape Verde might ... Let us think of it. We never can trust the English in our neighbourhood. We ought not to have ceded to them so much at the late peace, when we made them come to us in Paris and had them under our thumb. Our trade languishes extremely in those colonies.

VILLELE.

Pardon me: I spoke of the Giraffe, that the bashaw of Egypt has sent over, in homage to his allie and friend, our most august master.

CORBIERE.

Oh! I did not recollect at first that the Egyptians call by that name their old mummies and obelisks . .

VILLELE.

It is no mummy, no obelisk, but a return for the fine frigate ...

CORBIERE.

Very true! very true! these nautical terms always escape me. Why cannot we speak of them in French? why recurr to Dutch, English, Egyptian, and what not?

VILLELE.

The Giraffe is a beast . .

CORBIERE.

I know it: who does not know that? So is

the unicorn: yet we call a ship the *Unicorn*, and on the same principle the *Giraffe*. Have I explained my meaning?

The bashaw, I understand, has given us another frigate, in compensation for that which we equipped in his service. I hope he has remembered that we two sent him our best sailors, sent him powder, artillery, gunners, and as many officers as the Jesuits could persuade to abjure the Christian faith, pro tempore, cum reservatione mentis, et ad certum finem, nempe gloriam dei et suæ ecclesiæ.

VILLELE.

You speak excellent Latin.

CORBIERE.

Ciceronian, Ciceronian: you may find the very words in that great man's commentary, *de Gloria in excelsis*.

Well, well, we must not always be scholars: now to business. The bashaw, I trust, has notified his gratitude, that we ordered the frigate to sail exactly in readiness to sink M. Cochrane.

VILLELE.

We are unlucky in our sinking of Englishmen. Several thousands of them were sunk by us in the late war, as we read plainly in the Moniteur; but they rose up again, being amphibious, and fought like devils. The most imprudent thing that Napoleon ever did, was, to drive them into the sea. He did it fifty times, at the very least, and

they always came out again the stronger for it, and finally dragged him in after them, and gave him such a ducking that he died.

CORBIERE.

You used the word *amphibious*. In my literary recreations, which a close attention to politics renders necessary, I have entered into several discussions upon that word. Originally it is not French, and must be used cautiously, and only in a particular acceptation. It signifies a very fierce animal; such as a crocodile, a dromedary, an ostrich, or a certain serpent of the desart. It may comprehend also, by the figure we call *meta* ... that is, *meta* ... &c. &c. a very stout man, or very-strong minded one. I was formerly at table in company with the late Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and wished him to support my definition, which, as I was not then in the ministry, no one else would. Altho he declined to lend me all the assistence I could have wished, he silenced my opponents, or rather he conciliated all parties, by saying that a man was justly called amphibious who could live equally well and happily in office or out. Upon which I turned to M. Gregoire, and said intelligibly enough, *Let faction be silent; let quibbling cease! Democracy herself has no longer the effrontery to deny that amphibious means strong-minded.* Overcome by authority, he bowed

assent, and declared that neither he nor any one could follow a surer guide, in thought or action, than M. de la Rochefoucauld. The whole party rose up, bending first to M. Gregoire, then to the duke, who, returning the salute, took the old man by the elbow and conducted him to the ladies. I never was less witty with them in my life.

VILLELE.

Be contented: we have stript of their authority, we have deprived of consideration, the two persons that twenty-five millions call the two best in France. As for the word *amphibious*, we will drop it: it is an ugly word, and I should not like it to be applied to me.

CORBIERE.

But these English; I do not discover that they come under the designation, more than other people.

VILLELE.

Not indeed in your sense. I was observing that by sea they usually give us some trouble. Having more money than we, and oaks that are all heart, and copper and iron upon the surface of the ground, they can construct more ships; and, before the war is over, we always teach them how to fight. Besides, they take twenty while we build one.

CORBIERE.

We may laugh at that: it can only last for a time.

Now the Giraffe you were talking of.. there

are some difficulties, some considerations .. I would know more about it.

VILLELE.

The Giraffe is ...

CORBIERE.

I know perfectly well what Giraffes are in general: but this one, being sent by our friend the bashaw, may differ, not perhaps very essentially, but in a leg or two and in the colour.

VILLELE.

The Giraffe is a quadruped, that, according to Buffon and Tite-Live ...

CORBIERE.

O parbleu! now you explane the thing completely. It is the very creature put down in the list with *hippopotamus, rhinoceros, lynx, zebra,* and that other. How considerate and attentive is our friend, Mohamed-Ali! Who could have expected that a brute of a bashaw would have followed our directions so precisely!

VILLELE.

He sees his interests as clearly as we see ours, and knows them to be the same. M. Appony told you truly, that Athens would fall about this time; that England, as we desired of her minister, would refuse to ratify the convention with Russia and us; and that the people of Paris would be frantic at the extinction of the Greeks, unless there came over some odd beast to look at. The

cause of kings triumphs: long live the bashaw and the Giraffe!

CORBIERE.

Let us order a thanksgiving in the churches, on this signal intervention of divine Providence.

VILLELE.

Much obliged as we are to the saints of heaven, for such a declaration of their goodwill in our behalf, we may abstain at present from promulgating a royal ordinance, particularly as the archbishop of Paris, tho a good Frenchman, had a sort of objection to offer up any, for all the hail-storms and all the inundations we have been favored with lately, to the same effect. He was of opinion that there are people who would carp at it, observing that even the discharge of the national guard had made a bustle, in some quarters of Paris, for almost a week. In vain I promised him that I would restore the censorship on printing: I did it: he stil was timid, and recommended that the thanksgiving should be private. He told me that the utmost he could do, was, on his word of honour, both as archbishop and as peer of France, to assure God and his father and mother that we are quite sincere, and would thank him more openly, more loudly, and more munificently, if the king and clergy thought it expedient.

CORBIERE.

That affair of the censorship was opportune.

Every nation is restored to tranquility and independence, yet is open-mouthed for *Lives of Napoleon.*

VILLELE.

Too true: I have seen one, compiled from old gazettes, that completely made the author's fortune. Yet the style is low and ungrammatical, wherever it is his own, and the materials are coarse and undigested. You would not trust a valet de chambre, who possesses so little discernment of the truth, or feels so little desire of it. The author had the effrontery to ask Madame Hortense for documents; and, because she refused them, he blackens the whole house from top to bottom, running first among the gazetteers, and boasting publicly that she complied with his wishes.

CORBIERE.

Scoundrel! Cannot we employ him?

VILLELE.

Peace, peace! He serves us, and is paid by others. The best arrangement possible.

CORBIERE.

We may indirectly guide him to waylay our enemies. All popular writers must have many assistants at the press: without it, who can be popular? Let him call out as many as he wants of these: let them join him at the first whistle, and push down the precipice any one we may point out to him, walking alone and unconcernedly in the

narrower paths of literature, where few people come, and none help.

VILLELE.

The thought is a good one: we will follow it.

Unless we had erected the censorship, fifty hired writers would not have sufficed. Those who hated and detested Napoleon, while he was living and in authority, began to think his death a calamity to the world. We were told of his victories, of his institutions, of his rewards to valour, to agriculture, to manufactures, to letters, to all the fine arts, to worth of every kind. We were asked what genius languished under him, what industry was discouraged, what invention was reprimanded, or what science was proscribed. We were reminded of public festivals to honour the obscurer fathers of the general officers, and of public grief at their funerals. He did great evil: how much greater must that be (people cry) which covers and conceals it, and which lets our France, bending in sadness over the abyss, see now but the titles of her triumphs, and one bright name below them.

CORBIERE.

Galimatias! galimatias!

VILLELE.

So it is. There is no danger of his rising up from the dead before his time. Only one thief ever did that.

CORBIERE.

And it was not to filch or fight, but to eat a good supper in Paradise.

VILLELE.

Which he must have wanted after the work of the day.

CORBIERE.

He died a catholic; he confessed *in articulo*; he prayed.

VILLELE.

Well; we may think at some other time of the worthy thief. Thank God, we have nothing left to apprehend from liberalism or letters.

CORBIERE.

I doubt whether the censorship would not have saved us, even without the Giraffe.

VILLELE.

There never was a question, in ancient days or modern, in which every people of Europe was perfectly agreed, until the Greek cause was agitated. Now what every people wishes, every king must forbid; or where would be distinction? where prerogative? M. Canning, by our advice, has assumed the tone and air of a liberal, in order to make the liberals of England keep the peace, and to torpefy and paralyze the efforts of the rebels. Two or three years ago, an idle visionary, an obscure and ignorant writer, in a work entitled

*Imaginary Conversations*, was hired by some low bookseller, to vilify all the great men of the present age, to magnify all the philosophers and republicans of the past, and to propose the means of erecting Greece into an independent state. Unhappily we find ourselves reduced to adopt the plan of this contemptible author, who writes with as much freedom, and as little care for consequences, as if he could claim the right of entering the cabinet, and held a place under government of three thousand pounds ayear. We have however inserted one paragraph of our own, which totally neutralizes the remainder.

CORBIERE.

I am glad to hear it: what is that?

VILLELE.

Turkey shall admitt only whom she chooses for chief magistrate of Greece. This will reduce the nation to the same condition as Wallachia and Moldavia.

CORBIERE.

But will it not render the Greeks as ready to admitt the Russians?

VILLELE.

Do not look forward. *Sufficient for the day is the evil therof.* Looking forward makes philosophers: looking backward makes dissidents: the good catholic and sound royalist will do neither.

CORBIERE.

There never was any thing so wonderful in policy, as that Russia should have abstained so long from hostilities with Turkey, when every nation in Europe called on her against the oppressor of Greece, the violator of treaties, the persecutor of that religion of which her emperor is the head, the murderer of those patriarchs whom she venerates as saints and martyrs; and when the most ingenious of her enemies could not deny the justice of her cause. The British minister would not have dared to ask from parliament one shilling to oppose it: and in France both royalist and republican have entered into one conspiracy for Greece. The king and his ministers alone are out of it: in all other countries of Europe the minority consists of the same number and the same persons.

VILLELE.

Never were three millions of francs so wisely spent, as the last of ours at Petersburg. How the child Nicolas will stamp and stare! Chateaubriand says of us, in his poetical mood, *Children of Charlemagne and St. Louis, you have broken the spear of Pallas, and plucked her owlet.* Come along, my dear Corbière! we shall sleep soundly after dinner on the cushion stuffed with her feathers.

CORBIERE.

Russia may give us some trouble yet; not

indeed our colleagues the ministers; but Nicolas. He must find them out at last.

VILLELE.

Why did the booby wait to play his rubber til the lights were out? I suspect he will wake in the morning with a cramp in the calf, for having stood so long cross-legged behind our chairs. M. Canning may ratify now, if he will: *our* king will not take it amiss in him; nor *his* neither.

CORBIERE.

We will compliment him in the name of our royal master and in our own. We will speak magnificently of his firmness, his perseverance, his timing of things well.

VILLELE.

He understands jokes and jeers: he himself is a joker and jeerer.

CORBIERE.

Is he? How he will laugh then at the dupes he has made!

VILLELE.

Ah! my dear Corbière! his dupes never shut their eyes but upon full pockets. They are whigs and Scotchmen. Cheat them if you can: be not cheated by them if you can help it. They are lawyers, literators, metaphysicians; but whose metaphysics have always a nucleus of attractive arithmetic in the center. Scotland is the country where every one draws advantage from every wind

that springs up, from every van that turns, and catches his grist from under it. They are fierce with empty stomachs, and confident with full ones. Their tune is always the same, the words alone are different; and even these are thrown backward and forward, and shuttled with such dexterity, they would persuade you they are of the same substance, tendency, and import; and that, if you cannot perceive it, the fault is entirely in your apprehension. Edinburg is the city where a youth practises best the gymnastic exercises of patriotism. Time never fails to render his eye-sight clearer, to knit his joints with sounder logic, to force away in due season the shrivelling blossom from the swelling fruit, and to substitute the real and weighty for the speculative and vain. Somebody of this description, I know not whether Scotch or English, or partaking of both, but whig unequivocally, was called a liar in the House of Commons by his worthy friend M. Canning; and you would really have thought him angry; so admirably did he manage it. Now he swears that M. Canning is the most consistent of men, tho (between ourselves) he has deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.

CORBIERE.

Do you call that inconsistency? I thought you a better casuist. We have him where we wanted

him: could not we make the other his successor, if still living? He was merely called in the chamber of representatives what we are called everywhere but there. Such men should divide the world.

VILLELE.

Keep the world before the fire awhile longer, and its flesh and bones will separate more easily. Let it cool a little in the dish before we touch it with our fingers: others have harder ones and more enterprising, but will never lift so much to the mouth. The pulpit is ours, the pen is ours, the bayonet is ours: we have quashed all that were not: we have only to make England do the same, now she has a liberal for a minister. In that country, if you wrote *dwarf* on the back of a giant he would go for a dwarf.

CORBIERE.

Then the best thing you can do, is, to let people there write for ever. Here indeed they have lost all decency. Persons who do not pay fifty francs ayear in taxes, were setting us right perpetually.

VILLELE.

Always to set one right is very wrong. Patience wears out under it. The indexes of a watch may be turned by key after key, and finger after finger, until at last they are so loose that every thing moves them but the works.

CORBIERE.

My dear Villèle, you grow dull; you reflect; you reason; you make observations. In fine, the Greeks are past hope; the good cause is safe.

VILLELE.

Down comes the Parthenon: down comes the temple of Theseus: down comes the study of Demosthenes.

CORBIERE.

Away with paganism and republicanism! Vive le roi!

VILLELE.

Vive le roi!

# CONVERSATION VII.

## THE LADY LISLE

AND

## ELIZABETH GAUNT.

# THE LADY LISLE

AND

# ELIZABETH GAUNT*.

---

LADY LISLE.

MADAM, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

From the cell of the condemned, we are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it.

Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

* Burnet relates that he heard from William Penn a narrative of this pious woman's last moments, at which the generous founder of American liberty attended.

She placed the faggots round her body with her own hands.

Lady Lisle was not burnt alive, tho sentenced to it, but was only hanged and beheaded.

LADY LISLE.

Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful: you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye: you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion; and again you looked upon me; and tears rolled down your face. Alas! that I should, by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy. Alas! that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

Be comforted: you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears.

I wept because another was so greatly more wretched than myself: I wept at that black attire; at that attire of modesty and of widowhood.

LADY LISLE.

It covers a wounded, almost a broken, heart: an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

In his name let us now rejoice! let us offer our prayers and our thanks at once together! we may yield up our souls perhaps at the same hour.

LADY LISLE.

Is mine so pure? have I bemoaned, as I should have done, the faults I have committed? have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my

God? and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer, I have lost!

Open, O gates of Death!

Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband! O saint and martyr! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle!

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

And cannot you too smile, sweet lady? are not you with him even now? doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory; and begin to partake them.

O! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death, condemn to so great an evil as they thought it and may find it, this innocent and helpless widow!

LADY LISLE.

Blame not *that* jury! blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so: I received in my house a wanderer, who had fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my king had forbidden it. We must bend to the authority of both; but first to the earlier, and most willingly to the better.

Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death, unless the judge had threatened

'em with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terrour made them unanimous: they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

I hope at least the unfortunate man, whom you received in the hour of danger, may avoid his penalty.

LADY LISLE.

Let us hope it.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

I too am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, altho he hath escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

LADY LISLE.

Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to *his* guidance.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

He abandoned that guidance.

LADY LISLE.

Unfortunate! how can money then avail him!

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

It might save him from distress and from despair, from the taunts of the hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

LADY LISLE.

In godliness, O my friend! there cannot be inclemency.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady; and I marvel not at it; for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is austere, often uncompliant and rigid, proner to reprove than to pardon, to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward.

Poor man! I never knew him before: I cannot tell how he shall endure his self-reproach, or whether it will bring him to calmer thoughts hereafter.

LADY LISLE.

I am not a busy idler in curiosity; nor, if I were, is there time enough left me for indulging in it; yet gladly would I learn the history of events, at the first appearance so resembling those in mine.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

The person's name I never may disclose; which would be the worst thing I could betray of the trust he placed in me. He took refuge in my humble dwelling, imploring me in the name of Christ to harbour him for a season. Food and raiment were afforded him unsparingly; yet his

fears made him shiver thro them. Whatever I could urge of prayer and exhortation was not wanting: stil, altho he prayed, he was disquieted. Soon came to my ears the declaration of the king, that his Majesty would rather pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebel. The hope was a faint one: but it *was* a hope; and I gave it him. His thanksgivings were now more ardent, his prayers more humble, and oftener repeated. They did not strengthen his heart: it was unpurified and unprepared for them. Poor creature! he consented with it to betray me; and I am condemned to be burnt alive. Can we believe, can we encourage the hope, that in his weary way thro life he will find those only who will conceal from him the knowledge of this execution? Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so irresolute and infirm a breast.

Let it not move you to weeping.

LADY LISLE.

It does not: oh! it does not.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

What then?

LADY LISLE.

Your saintly tenderness, your heavenly godlike calmness.

ELIZABETH GAUNT.

No, no: abstain! abstain! it was I who grieved:

it was I who doubted. Let us now be firmer: we have both the same rock to rest upon. See! I shed no tears.

I saved his life, an unprofitable and (I fear) a joyless one: he, by God's grace, has thrown open to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ventured to expect it, the avenue of eternal bliss.

LADY LISLE.

O my angel! that strewest with fresh flowers a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous men who have betrayed, and those misguided ones who have persecuted us, be conscious on their deathbeds that we have entered it! and they too will at last find rest.

# CONVERSATION VIII.

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ODYSSEUS, TERSITZA,

ARETÈ,

AND

TRELAWNEY.

# ODYSSEUS, TERSITZA,

# ARETÈ,

AND

# TRELAWNEY.

---

TERSITZA.

BROTHER*! what have I done, that the stranger should liken me to the idols of antiquity? And he looks so gentle and generous all the while! He must in his heart be very spiteful and deceitful.

ODYSSEUS.

Child, strangers do not talk as we do. Be not offended or surprised: he wished to please thee, as young men have desired to please from time immemorial, by calling thee like a goddess.

* Tersitza must be the sister of Odysseus by the mother only; for, according to the account annexed to this Conversation, and given me by one of the family, Andritzo, the father of Odysseus, left a young widow and an only child.

TERSITZA.

That is the thing so strange and rude in him.

*(To Trelawney.)*

Forgive me, O Englishman! these expressions: we Greeks begin to talk Greek again, and speak our minds.

How have I offended you?

TRELAWNEY.

In no way, lady!

TERSITZA.

O yes I have: and now I can tell in what.

ODYSSEUS.

Speak it then; and I will obtain my friend's pardon for it.

TERSITZA.

He ought to know well enough, that it was not my duty to look at him on the road; and that it became me to turn away my face from him when he looked at me. I did so, and always will.

ODYSSEUS.

Thou art more in the wrong then, my dear Tersitza, than he was. Girls should accustom themselves to be looked at, that the faces of men may not terrify them like ghosts, nor draw them forward like magicians; and that by degrees they may observe with calmness the diversity of our natures, and discern at leisure where to place their trust.

TERSITZA.

He has nothing at all about him like a ghost or a magician; tho indeed ghosts whisper and magicians rhime.

TRELAWNEY.

For the love of God! . . .

TERSITZA.

Ghosts never say that, nor magicians neither.

ODYSSEUS.

What was it?

TERSITZA.

He repeated a Kleptic song.

TRELAWNEY.

Tell every thing rather than that!

TERSITZA.

That is the very thing my brother asked of me.

ODYSSEUS.

Canst thou remember any of it?

TERSITZA.

Every line. What nonsense! what childish babble! half the expressions quite wrong.

ODYSSEUS.

Ho! ho! thou didst then listen to them!

TERSITZA.

I was obliged to listen, he spoke so very low . . and . . and . .

ODYSSEUS.

Try to repeat them.

TERSITZA.

Oh, nothing is easier.

Say but you do not hate me, as you flee;
One word bears up the heartless to his lot.
I speak but to the winds! she answers not . .
Not to the winds gives she one word for me!

ODYSSEUS.

I cannot say much for his composition, nor for thy recital, my Tersitza!

TERSITZA.

Are you punished now, vain man?

TRELAWNEY.

I should be, if I could acknowledge the justice of the last remark.

ODYSSEUS.

No mutiny! Now upon thy honour, Trelawney, didst not thou notice how she began with something of derision; and how blank this derision grew at *heartless;* and how *the winds* seemed to have puffed it all away; and into what fragments fell the final verse, and how difficult to put together in any good marching time!

Again to thyself. Candidly I declare it, Klepts sometimes are better poets.

TRELAWNEY.

And poets usually better Klepts, altho I had a

thousand times more to steal from, than ever Parnassus gave before.

ODYSSEUS.

Trelawney! if in generous hearts these sentiments did not excite to higher and firmer, I should discountenance and reprove them . . .

TERSITZA.

Pray do, brother! . . . for I am sure I cannot. But perhaps it would be better not to do it, if you think they will make him firmer: as for higher: O the proud creature! . . he knows it . . the old men seem to have no other son since he has been among us; and, instead of a jingle and clatter such as we used to hear, the earth every day shakes under us with the grounding of arms when he passes . . . Stop him! stop him! I will not hear him.

ODYSSEUS.

I must then reply for him, it seems.

On thy representation of the matter, which I can bring no witness to disprove, a look from him would, with other young persons, be somewhat more than pardonable.

TERSITZA.

Perhaps the custom is different in his country.

TRELAWNEY.

Different indeed it is, O fair ingenuous Tersitza! and you reprove me, it seems, for a fault I committed, and may happen to committ again; but

never without checking myself if it displeases you; never without remembering that I am the guest, and you the sister, of the bravest among men.

ODYSSEUS.

And dost thou take me too for a goddess or a girl? If there are none others as brave, we are lost.

TRELAWNEY.

If there were many, not Greece alone, but the whole world, were safe.

TERSITZA.

Brother! let me come up closer to you . . not on this side . . on the other.

I could kiss the two eyes of that brave and just young man.

ODYSSEUS.

Hush! silly girl!

TERSITZA.

He did not hear me. I never in my whole life took such pains to speak low.

ODYSSEUS.

Take some to say nothing.

TERSITZA.

Oh! oh! what is it? I cannot think . . I have only a few words more to say; but then they are so very requisite, I could not sleep until they passed my lips.

ODYSSEUS.

Has any thing been confided to thee by the

shepherdesses and wanderers on the road, about what they may have noticed or heard in remoter parts, as they fled, or in the neighbourhood, as they tarried?

TERSITZA.

Nothing of that: but I am so very desirous not to be thought like an idol.

TRELAWNEY.

I said *a goddess*, full of life and spirit and grace and loveliness.

TERSITZA.

Gods and goddesses, in all times and places, have been excessively bad people for the most part, so far as ever I could hear or read of them; and the goddess of beauty, the same you mentioned, who ought to be better than the rest, was one of the worst, I think . . altho I am told I have never yet learnt the thousandth part of what she did.

ODYSSEUS.

O thou little prattler! the beautiful may often be unwise.

TERSITZA.

Yes, but not bad.

ODYSSEUS.

Why not that too?

TERSITZA.

Because they know their beauty.

White doves are always very white indeed: and

those great water-birds, to which the angels by God's order have given the same pure appearance, feel a pleasure in possessing it, look at it upon them, curve their necks over it, and lay their heads now along it and now under it, as if it solaced and supported and refreshed them.

ODYSSEUS.

Hast thou lived thirteen years and knowest not yet these birds?

TERSITZA.

I know them very well; tho I never saw but two; and you remember where.

ODYSSEUS.

Not I indeed, child!

TERSITZA.

Have you, who are so many years older, so bad a memory? It is strange you should have forgotten those tall noble beautiful creatures; particularly one of them: think again.

ODYSSEUS.

Where was it? and when?

TERSITZA.

Oh! that now, dear brother, that is quite impossible: all pretense and dissembling! You might perhaps not know exactly *where:* but *when* .. indeed, indeed now, that is quite impossible.

ODYSSEUS.

Remind me a little; give me an idea of it; a circumstance belonging to it.

TERSITZA.

It was in the beginning of spring, only five months ago, while we were sitting, several of us together, on a stone engraven round with goats'-heads, in the ruins of Cheronea.

Now cannot you recollect?

ODYSSEUS.

Not perfectly.

TERSITZA.

You must be very tired with the ride, or heavy with the sunshine, or thinking of other things, or uncommonly dull and fit to think of nothing. Why! it was only four days before our guest joined us. Ho! now you begin to come to yourself again. Well may you smile at having so short a memory. I recollect it the better, because you were rather angry with me for being sorry I could not go to church, there being none to go to; and for saying it was a pity to waste so sweet a morning in the open air, instead of thanking God for it, and singing to him, and adoring him.

ODYSSEUS.

I never am angry with thee, my sweet little sister, and I am sure I could not be for that expression.

TERSITZA.

No, you never are angry with me; but when I am sorry you sometimes say you shall be.

Well; did not the stranger go to church with us the next Sunday, at Athens? and did not I tell you I was quite as happy as if I had been there the Sunday before?

ODYSSEUS.

Nonsense! nonsense! what has that to do with two swans?

TERSITZA.

Now then you can think about 'em, can you! I knew it was only deceit in you: I have found you out.

ODYSSEUS.

The swans appear to have made a deep impression on your imagination.

TERSITZA.

The nobler one came sailing up from the lake, as swiftly and steddily as if some wind had blown him, tho there was not a breath upon the water, and looked as if the place were his own, far and wide, and we were there by his gracious permission. It was only when he rowed among the grass and flowers, covered with cups white and yellow, as tho a feast had been prepared for his reception, that I perceived he had anything underneath to move with. We then heard some low and hoarse voices; and presently came out his mate, slenderer and less beautiful, arranged her plumage, went down a little way, returned again,

sate motionless opposite us, and seemed courting us not to hurt or disturb him. Agatha said that they had their nest there, under the bank: that their voices are not always low and hoarse: that when they are about to die they sing delightfully. I was very glad the poor creatures had many years yet to live; for they certainly had made no progress in their singing. But there are birds perhaps as bad as we are; birds that will learn nothing from those they do not like.

ODYSSEUS.

Come on, come on, my beloved little Tersitza! thou too hast some things to learn; haply some painful ones; and we are near the school-room.

TERSITZA.

The cavern?

ODYSSEUS.

Ay, there are caverns where the water itself ceases to drop, and is liquid no longer. Thou also must grow somewhat harder in this solitary and inaccessible one of ours, my sister!

TERSITZA.

I am sure I cannot; every thing is so beautiful about it; and my dear brother too will be always nigh me. The waters that petrify must meet (as old men tell us) with something hard in their way: I find nothing but pleasure.

ODYSSEUS.

Pleasure itself hardens some hearts.

TERSITZA.

How is that? I think I can guess: I think I have discovered it. Greyhounds are very good creatures, and look gentler than lambs; no animal upon earth is more beautiful: yet they always grow obdurate by the pleasure they take in coursing the hare and antelope. If they would run after nothing, and be contented to stand quiet and be caressed, they would be much better. I am certain they must be happier when they have no others to pursue; and I wish it pleased God to give them sense enough to know it. Have you never seen how they pant? how their hearts beat in their deep breasts? how indifferent and insensible they appear to their best friends, who love them most and who would call them away? They forget their own nature, and even their own names, their cruelty so deafens them.

ODYSSEUS.

Now, Tersitza, stop! Now, Trelawney, look before thee! Dost thou discern the cleft there?

TRELAWNEY.

Distinctly.

ODYSSEUS.

There is the mansion of thy entertainment!

TRELAWNEY.

There is no path to it.

ODYSSEUS.

For enemies none; for friends one rough and dangerous.

TERSITZA.

How shall I ever reach it?

ODYSSEUS.

Dismount.

TERSITZA.

Alas! would you leave me behind? would you send me back? The road grows evener just now: we have passed the worst of it.

TRELAWNEY.

Sir! altho I discover not yet, by what way above ground or below, to enter the cavern, stil, if you will pardon the request of so high and unearned a favour, may my first service be, under your direction, to conduct your sister into it.

ODYSSEUS.

One alone can pass at a time.

TRELAWNEY.

Point out to me but the path: let me explore and clear it.

TERSITZA.

May I follow?

ODYSSEUS.

I must go first.

TERSITZA.

Are there no murderers? Do not go first, my brother! you have many enemies. They would not hurt me, nor a stranger so youthful and so .. so disposed to say something kind and obliging to them.

O Heaven! who are all those other people that laughed when you did?

ODYSSEUS.

To those who laugh heartily, the echo alone returns a laugh as hearty.

Now, silence! be grave, be steddy: follow me, but mind yourselves.

Do not trust the bark upon the two larches. Tho sufficiently rough in appearance to secure the footing, the rain and sun and wind may have loosened it. Step rather on the bars and hurdles nailed across. Well done! bravely done!

TERSITZA.

I can go now by myself.

ODYSSEUS.

Better hold the sash yet. Is it quite tight around thee, Trelawney?

TRELAWNEY.

It should be; for it holds two lives.

ODYSSEUS.

Trelawney! do not glance back! she marches firmly: she looks upon the trees, and chooses her steps. Gently! gently! gently!

Come to me! come to me! let me clasp thee! let me hug thee, and lift thee up, and nestle thee in my beard and on my head, my young daring eaglet!

These few paces have given thee more colour than all the ride.

TERSITZA.

I was not frightened in the least. I will directly walk back, just in the same manner I came, and then return hither, if you think I was.

ODYSSEUS.

I did not say it.

TERSITZA.

You seemed to think it tho. You looked doubtingly.

ODYSSEUS.

Welcome and thanks, Trelawney!

TERSITZA.

I said *thanks* too: but he did not hear me: how could he, when you caught me and threw me up into the air.

TRELAWNEY.

Thanks to the generous Odysseus, to the gracious Tersitza! Health and respect, joy and long life, to both!

ODYSSEUS.

Ho! Leonidas! what art thou about? Why didst not thou wait on the other side until thy sister had passed, and until some one could have led thee?

LEONIDAS.

For fear some one *should* have led me . . or what is worse, and what they wanted to do, should have carried me*.

* Leonidas was some years younger than Tersitza. He lost his life a short time afterward, by running after an

ODYSSEUS.

And at last thou mindest thy antelope more than these dangerous rocks and precipices.

LEONIDAS.

I love my antelope: I do not care about rocks and precipices. Look, brother Odysseus! how she twinkles her large beautiful eyes at the brightness of the snow, catching it thro the tops of the trees, and knowing it is not the sky as well as we do. She was never so near it before: she can never have seen any til now.

I wish I might pick for her a few berries of that mountain-ash: it is only a very little way from the larches we crossed, the two over the chasm: would it bear me? I should stop its waving if I leapt on it.

ODYSSEUS.

Leonidas! thou art so brave a boy, from this hour forward thou art a soldier. And now, being a soldier, thou canst do nothing without orders or leave.

LEONIDAS.

Not gather berries?

ODYSSEUS.

No, not even that.

LEONIDAS.

But am I really a soldier?

antelope in company with his sister: he fell over a precipice on Parnassus.

ODYSSEUS.

Really and truly.

LEONIDAS.

Ah! this is worth an antelope. I could let her be hungry an hour together and hardly mind it...

TERSITZA.

For shame, Leonidas!

LEONIDAS.

That is, if she did not cry after me, letting me know she expected something at my hands.

ODYSSEUS.

Give her to me. I will hold her up while she browzes a little on the birch.

LEONIDAS.

Where is there one?

ODYSSEUS.

There; that old stump, from which so many slender boughs are waving over the cavern.

LEONIDAS.

I had turned my back upon it. At first sight it seems a part of the rock, it has such deep crevices and chinks in it, and so much grey moss, hard as itself, about it. With all its twistings and writhings it cannot keep its ragged coat right around it; but one patch gapes here, another there, and much has fallen in tatters at its feet. Wonderful then it should have the prettiest leaves and branches in the world, with a motion as graceful as a peacock's.

ODYSSEUS.

We must never judge of powers and capacities from appearances and situations. There are men who would make thee wonder more, if thou couldst ever see them and know them. There are those who are not worth a twentieth part of that old stump, those whose brains and whose hearts are dryer than the bark of it, and yet on whose breath there may be healing or there may be pestilence for Greece.

ARETE.

Where is Argyropylus? where may the man be sought? Can he have run away? It was hardly worth his while.

ODYSSEUS.

Whither should he run, and how? He was lamed for life by the last shot he received. Wouldst thou any thing with him, my dear granmother?

ARETE.

I gave into his keeping the two dogs for our best fire. A cruel keen winter it will be, child Odysseus! What a sight of berries, high and low, all the way up, red, yellow, green, orange, black, purple, every sort and size.

TERSITZA.

Granmama, shall I run and look for Argyropylus?

ARETE.

Good girl! let me kiss thee first . . Prythee of what use are these frightful pines and beeches,

and the elders and hollies we left below, without the two dogs! The larches indeed, when their long sprays are dry and yellow, will look like matting upon the floor, and keep the feet warm.

What art waiting for, wench! why art loitering? what art looking for?

TERSITZA.

A kiss, granmama!

ARETE.

Life of me! I had clean forgotten it. Couldst not thou have had that another time, when the dogs are found? Such trifling! These are no times for idleness . . well! there then . . and with it my best blessing; my morning blessing . . and fasting, God knows! Now speed thee, sweet soul!

Hark-ye! See thou dost not come back to me without the dogs and Argyropylus, or some tidings of the same, or I may be fain to whip thee til the blood comes.

I would not hurt her, Christ love her! but things must be in their places, and girls must learn to put 'em there. Son guest! they have no heads nowadays: we must set ours upon 'em to make 'em worth any thing. Alas! she is one of the best, I do believe.

TRELAWNEY.

To me, O princess! the lady Tersitza, child as she is or nearly so, appears the most amiable and the most prudent of her sex.

ARETE.

Yea, yea, son guest! I will make her prudent and amiable: leave her to me. I must say it, I have never seen any young thing like her. But prythee forbear to tell her any such a tale: she might believe thee, and all would go wrong again. One breath of a stranger makes a dimple, where a whole day's breeze of a neighbour makes none. Even granmothers ere now have been unminded by their own granchildren, or postponed to another.

TRELAWNEY.

Prodigious!

ARETE.

True, as I live!

TRELAWNEY.

Then the world must have grown very bad.

ARETE.

In these parts, and God knows how much further, it has not been as it should be for a number of seasons.

TRELAWNEY.

Too surely; I am afraid! every one complains of it.

ARETE.

Ay, son guest! thou art wise I see beyond thy few years, and hast listened all thy lifetime (no doubt) to those who could look back on many.

A Klept sang to me one day what I would sing again to thee . . .

TRELAWNEY.

How delightful it will be to hear it in the long winter nights!

ARETE.

Just now . . .

TRELAWNEY.

The lady Tersitza would run back immediately on hearing it, and would forget her dogs and Argyropylus.

ARETE.

Just now indeed I could not sing it; for altho my voice is as good as ever, my teeth do not second it, being that some twenty of the principal ones have failed me, at the time I want 'em most. But the substance of the song is; that the Seasons used formerly to follow one another in right order; that one day they took it into their heads to dance together; that Jupiter and Juno (thou hast heard of them probably) were angry at their doing it without their permission, and forced them to dance together ever since, whether they will or no. This has a meaning in it which my child Odysseus can explane to thee. The chief signification is, that we are colder now than formerly. What a power of snow hath been lying these forty last summers, or more may-hap, on the top of our Parnassus! We have songs written by old Klepts in my youth, or rather before, about men and women by the dozen, that dwelt upon the very

highest parts of it, singing and harping day and night, without a faggot of furze here or there, or brazier or earthen pot between the legs of the daintiest.

TRELAWNEY.

How could they stand it?

ARETE.

They did however.

TRELAWNEY.

Is the fact quite certain?

ARETE.

Sure as gospel. All poets and songsters agree upon it, even the young ones. Now if any one of this gentry could pick a hole in the coat of a neighbour, he would make it large enough to put his head and grin thro.

TRELAWNEY.

But what has become of the singers and harpers?

ARETE.

Our people call them Muses . . These harpers and singers, pipers and trumpeters, have been called upon by name, and have never answered. I believe the hard seasons have carried them all off; and there was nobody who cared to tend them, while any good could be done.

TRELAWNEY.

I am of the same opinion.

ARETE.

Let us hope to fare better in the cavern.

TRELAWNEY.

Our enemies cannot so easily assail us.

ARETE.

Granson Odysseus then hath chosen prudently.

TRELAWNEY.

No man ever excelled him in prudence or in courage.

ARETE.

Ah son guest! hadst thou seen my husband but for the twinkling of an eye, thou wouldst never have said this. Odysseus is a dutiful child, and hath slain many circumcised dogs, and thrown many more off their scent when they thirsted for our blood and treasure: he doth not want valour nor circumspection . . few have more . . none in Greece, I uphold it . . none upon earth, I will be sworne for it . . . Here he comes. Tush! These are the very things he cannot bear to hear; the only ones that anger or offend him.

ODYSSEUS.

Well, Trelawney! whenever my fair granmother shall have ceased to whisper soft things in thy ear, and the conversation shall have begun to grow a little less interesting, look above and athwart and along! This spacious and airy cavern, dry in all seasons, warm in winter, cool in summer, well supplied with water, well stored with provisions and munition, free from insects and reptiles, inaccessible to traitors, and easily and by few to be

defended against aggressors, has been heretofore the refuge of half-extinguished nations. Thou art my guest, my companion, my friend: I will treat thee now and evermore with the confidence a brave man deserves. Be not offended! The gold of England hath corrupted no few among the most courageous of my countrymen: the gold of England enchases the dagger-hilt that aims at my life.

TRELAWNEY.

Incredible! if we did not know that, even in England, a statesman has been found richer one day, by a million of zecchins, than he was the day before; and this from having signed a treaty. The only life he ever personally aimed at, was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeded in his attempt . . I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.

ODYSSEUS.

The present time is the first thou hast ever heard me complain of thy country . . if this be complaint. I meant it only as a reason for my sojourn here, and for conducting thee so far away from amusements and from action. Those who direct your counsels are themselves no longer free. I will not say they are slaves; but they are bound to such, and must follow them, strait or crookedly. On this condition they are allowed what *they* call

freedom and what *they* call power; the liberty of seizing from others whatever suits their purposes, and the power of stopping inquiry and of punishing complaint.

TERSITZA.

O stranger! is there no prince in Europe who holds it glorious to stand by the cross of his Redeemer?

TRELAWNEY.

In the darkest of former days never was there one such wanting. Nobody now, in the whole confederacy of despots, will trust his neighbour. They act toward one another as if they were mutually known to be the most dishonest men in the world. All of them have seized what is not theirs, and are resolved that none shall recover or retain what is. Liberality is a scoff; a byeword: utility is the phrase in vogue . . a *linsey-woolsy* phrase, picked out from the pack of some rascally hireling Scotchman; some adept in that science which among *them* is called economy, among *us* starvation.

ODYSSEUS.

Glory is utility to kings: it adorns the throne and establishes it.

Well sayest thou never was there wanting, in the worst and most barbarous ages, some generous warlike enthusiastic prince, to be excited by a love of fame and a spirit of enterprise: now for the

first time on record such a character is nowhere in Europe.

TRELAWNEY.

One well-sustained note of a public singer is able to stir and scatter those accumulations of exaction, which would lie motionless and inert as in the mine, at the cries of all Greece, all Christendom, all Nature. The taskmasters for whom we labour, press forward and combine together for no other object than the support of lawless authority.

ODYSSEUS.

All perhaps may not anathematize and persecute us alike: but all alike would crush us. Nations of free men and nations of slaves are equally friendly to us: the rulers of slaves and the rulers of free men are equally our adversaries.

TERSITZA.

Then which are the free? which the slaves?

ODYSSEUS.

Ask those who see better: my vision blends them.

TRELAWNEY.

We can hope nothing from the desire of reputation in our princes, which they cared little for keeping while they had it: any speculation to recover it, is the last idleness and folly they are likely to fall into.

ODYSSEUS.

Alas! too true is it, my friend! and not only in princes, tho in them chiefly, the desire of

reputation, which ought to be the steddiest of desires, is the most erring. Beneficence is nowhere, as she should be and would be, the guide of Glory. In every part of Europe, the name *slave* hath ceased to be associated with pity or with ignominy; and yet the condition of one class of slaves is more pitiable than it ever was, and of the other more ignominious. The appellation is however too honorable for *us: we* are rebels! and England is as much our enemy as if we were rebels to *her*. First she brought about a peace between our murderers and Persia, that they might come against us undivided and unimpeded. She now is desirous of continuing one between them and the emperor of Russia, bound by duties and treaties to protect the ministers of our religion. He hath suffered the ignominy of seeing the most exalted of them, of seeing a patriarch who approached his hundredth year, slaughtered on the most solemn of our festivals, descending from the altar, attired in the vestments of the church. Eternal shame! inexpiable treason to the cause of holiness and of humanity!

Are we rebels? no. The conditions, hard as they were, that held us to the Ottoman, were violated, cast asunder, trampled on, by himself, for centuries. There is no rebellion against lust and rapine: it is our duty, the first of duties, the most sacred. After this great truth, need I re-

mark that many districts never owned the legitimacy, or the existence, of Turkish authority; made no alliance or compact with the invader; nor did any such live within them! Need I remark that not only was the despot unable to protect us from an enemy, without which ability there neither is allegiance nor subjection, but that he was unable to defend us from his own people, the Albanians! The bond was cancelled before; and now his slave tore it and burned it.

A certain force by sea is requisite to constitute the blockade of a single port: and surely a certain force, moral or physical, is requisite to constitute the possession of a whole country. If any nation claimed an island in the South-sea, and never colonized it for many centuries, but only plundered it at longer or shorter intervals, would such an exercise of power be considered by jurists as a right over it?

TRELAWNEY.

Probably: by those jurists who pointed cannon against you, for defending your families from apostasy and violation: by those jurists who sold as slaves the first of you that resisted: by those jurists who carried in their transports barbarians from the deserts of Arabia, of Libya, of Nubia, to exterminate the rest, to inhabit your country, to render it as happy, free, and fertile, as their own: by those jurists who intimidated a weak wavering

autocrat from aiding you, from driving off the vultures that devoured you: by those jurists who pretended to the right of interference when your oppressor would have lost the means of oppression, and who disclamed the right when you appealed to them to exercise it, in the cause of religion, of justice, of mercy; and when you would have rested from war under their flag.

Great God! by what calamity, by what crimes, have we, who gained so much glory in war, lost so much more in peace! Why are we, who could render all Europe free and prosperous, at no expense, by no exertion, without lifting the arm, without raising the voice, why are we hated, scorned, insulted, universally? It is because we ought to do it, can do it, and will not.

ODYSSEUS.

No, Trelawney! it is because you neither will remove the grievances you promised to remove, and openly and repeatedly, as Sicily and Italy bear witness, nor will permitt others to abolish or diminish them, or even to provide against their future accumulation. We required only your neutrality: your national honour had other wants . . Be comforted; be calm! The English by degrees are growing insensible to them.

Believe me, that country will become the most powerful which does the most extensive good.

Nations live and remember, when princes have fallen asleep by the side of their fathers, and dynasties have past away. No princely house was ever grateful long together: a people has a capacious heart, a full one, a sound one, and one that may beat for ages. O! who would empoison and paralyse, who would contract and harden, who would estrange and alienate it!

TERSITZA.

Sad perverseness! why are not other men like you, my dear brother?

TRELAWNEY.

We see nothing, O fair Tersitza! but traces of evil in the world. The sunshine leaves no mark, the lightning leaves it.

Yet, even the devastators of nations, not only among the ancients, but in all modern times until ours, have shewn something of anxiety for fame and reputation.

ODYSSEUS.

Catharine and Frederic sought the friendship and correspondence of every man in Europe who stood eminent in merit and remarkable for genius and attainments. They established societies for the encouragement and furtherance of arts, sciences, and literature in general; and if they made any distinction between the abettors of despotism and the opponents, the distinction was in favour of the latter.

TRELAWNEY.

Despots are now the revolutionists. The learned and liberal are become their aversion and scorn. The present race of princes, throughout the continent of Europe, are the most ignorant and gross barbarians that have appeared contemporaneously since the revival of letters; patrons of jockeys, of fidlers, of singers, of parasites, of pandars, and partakers of their roguery, their frauds, their intemperance, and every other vice; even sharers of their lucre.

ODYSSEUS.

Nevertheless the autocrat of Russia, if he continued to be master of the Ionian Islands, would from policy found a college or two in them, at which the youth of Greece should receive, on easy terms, the instruction necessary for the learned professions. At present they study chiefly at Pisa, and are under no obligations to any Power that politically can assist and protect them. The French are solicitous to draw them to Paris; with what intentions we may easily conceive. Nearly all of them are favorable to France, and averse to England: a bias which might have been easily reversed.

TRELAWNEY.

We fancy that every thing is to be done by money and force; and we use no other means. Much indeed may be effected by them: but the

same means must continue in exercise, or the effect ceases: while means less expensive are equally efficacious and more durable.

On my way hither I visited the Ionian University, projected, founded, and principally endowed, by the most public-spirited and the most literary of our nobility. He was unseconded by the ministry, and thwarted by the governor of the Islands. His lodgings were less habitable, than would be furnished to a journeyman tailor for eighteen pence a week, at the worst ale-house of any country town in England. I will venture to assert that every county-jail furnishes a fraudulent debtor with more convenient accommodation, than the English ministry, in the prodigality of its grants, allowed to the chancellor of the Ionian University. And this was not the treatment of a single year or of two; altho a single one occupies no undefinable or scanty space, in a life too far on its wane, a life of energy and of study. At the same time enormous sums were voted for the barracks and government-house. So preferable are guards to friends! so greatly more important and necessary are soldiers than citizens, force than humanity, subjection than improvement!

Do not hope for any aid or intervention from the ministers of kings. They abandon you from the first moment they sit comfortably in their places. Chateaubriand, who wrote on the

spirit of christianity, and chatters about freedom, no sooner was admitted to office, than he said to the defenders of their constitution and the observers of their oath, *Constantinople has not despotism enough to secure us from your liberty.* He demanded the punishment of death for the authors of seditious writings. When people suffer most they complain loudest; and the same hand that has made them suffer most, will punish most severely their complaints. The clearer the truth is, the more partisans will it collect; and the more partisans it collects, the more dangerous must it be to the proprietors of power. Chateaubriand will never be seditious against any exercise of tyranny, but that which excludes him from the participation of it; and altho he may go far enough to get whipt, he will lift up one ear and scurry off, when the bloodhound takes the turn of the beagle. It is to be hoped he may throw into his *Spirit of Christianity* the lights he secreted from the hall of the jacobins: they were too strong for the baptizers at Nantes and the regenerators at Lyons.

Chateaubriand is called the most liberal of the French privy counsellors, and Canning of the English. Yet, when Chateaubriand was in power, we found the African slave-trade in full vigour under his protection, as we find the European under Canning's. Who would have believed that

England should permitt the Egyptians to carry on the slave-trade against Greece, and should remonstrate with Portugal and France for carrying on theirs against Guinea! Either there is no earnestness, no sincerity, no truth whatever, in this remonstrance; or the king of England is less willing to see the Greeks recover their freedom and independence, than the Blacks read Moses. For we know that our minister must tickle all the humours of his master; and that none was ever readier to do it, with every joint of every finger, than the present. If any proof were wanting of the man's duplicity, after his conduct toward Lord Castlereagh, and indeed toward every one with whom he ever acted, we might adduce his countenance of that A'Court, who betrayed the Neapolitans, by furthering a secret correspondence between the king and his son, and who was the main instrument in undermining the Spanish constitution. That worthy figured formerly among the whigs, and exhibits an admirable specimen of this mischievous and venal faction. Wherever he is sent or maintained, it is for some such purpose as at Madrid and Naples. Be assured that, if ever the English government should pretend to espouse your cause, it will be only to relax your efforts, to unman your navy, and to deliver you up to worse servitude than the past.

Canning would be an imitator of Chateaubriand;

but he has not a fiftieth part of the Frenchman's abilities, whether as an orator, a writer, or a politician. The English nation was never so abased in the eyes of Europe, as when this adventurer, for the sake of support from abroad, sat down quietly and silently at his post, and saw the French army pass the Pyrenees. The French were not recently vanquished, were not bound hand and foot in their metropolis, when England, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, made war against them to break a family alliance, which, if carried into execution, could only eventually and partially, and never militarily, give them possession of Spain. After a war undertaken not for power but principles, so we are told it was, no sooner are the Spaniards become an independent and free people, than the envoy of the king of England aids and assists the king of Spain to break his oath with them, and they look down together from the royal palace, with equal complacency, on the murder and banishment of how much better and how much braver men! With Buonaparte, when every chance was against us, and every government, we contended year after year, that the power of the French might not prevail in Spain. Yet the laws and institutions they introduced were excellent, and the king was liberal, affable, sensible, and humane. We destroy the usurpation of Napoleon; we restore a Bourbon; we promise a free

constitution. Every thing is in our power: what is it we do? We allow a beaten enemy to supplant us: we allow a Bourbon to exert an authority which a Buonaparte did not arrogate or attempt. We give up Spain to France: we give up those who had fought most bravely at our sides, to imprisonment and exile, to tortures and death! We permitt our commerce to be excluded, our merchants to be pillaged, our capitalists to be defrauded, and our allies, or rather our allie, for we have only one left in the universe, to be invaded by the arms of Spain, under the eyes and under the flags of France. Are the Bourbons then a preferable race to the Buonapartes, that we should be so tolerant, so long-suffering, so supine? Are they more honorable, more just, more wise, more brave, more conciliatory? They reign: we have strapt them and cross-barred them in their thrones, and must not ask questions about them: let us ask then a few about the dynasty that is past. Were the Buonapartes the most slothful, were the Buonapartes the most bigoted, were the Buonapartes the most unprincipled, the most ungrateful, of mankind? Were they persecutors, were they perjurers, were they parricidal?

ODYSSEUS.

Do not wait for an answer from me. I wish we had them again at the head of nations, with rather less power and rather more experience.

Kings, taught to walk by priests and to ride by plunderers, will wantonly lay waste all the cultivation that lies before them: and since there are no others, we will try to keep them out of Greece, where a robber the more or the less is no grave matter for consideration; and indeed there is a likelihood of above one the more and above one the worse where this fur is hung out to cover 'em.

We have heard occasionally fine things redd to us from newspapers, in favour of the person thou hast been describing.

TRELAWNEY.

Part of our money goes to pay the people who mislead us, and another part to pay those who enable them to do it, by newspapers, reviews, and magazines.

ODYSSEUS.

Has the sun hurt thy head, Trelawney?

TRELAWNEY.

Not at all: why do you ask me?

ODYSSEUS.

I feard it. Thou saidest, *by newspapers, reviews, and magazines.* What, in the name of God, have military evolutions and stores in common with political writers? Why dost thou laugh, my son?

TRELAWNEY.

We never should laugh at a mistake; and yet it is almost the only thing we do laugh at. Faith!

the reviews and magazines I was speaking of, have nearly as little to do with literature as with war. They are printed sheets, pretending to give an account of new publications: the writers of them are paid to traduce the character, and vilify the productions, of those who think differently from their employers. They are likewise the eulogists of the ministry or the opposition, and are among us what the Albanians are among you; faithful and trusty while you pay them well, but ready at any hour to go over to your enemy, and to be as trusty and faithful to him, if he will pay them better.

ODYSSEUS.

Ho! these I find are the public cryers who extoll your minister for his liberality and wisdom. What can we Greeks expect from him! promises, delays, deception, destitution!

TRELAWNEY.

Let those uphold the cabinet conspirator, who have places or promises or expectations; but let them obtain no more credit for their rectitude, than when they swear to you they believe he expended fourteen thousand pounds at Lisbon, for three months' board and lodging.

ODYSSEUS.

I do not understand how this can be.

TRELAWNEY.

Nor does any man: however, the House of

Commons, at that time composed in great part of stockjobbers, contractors, commissioners, together with some sixfingered patriots, who have since robbed the poor Greeks thro their rags, instituted no inquiry into the impudent and incredible declaration, that, altho he had received fourteen thousand pounds of the public money, he had spent somewhat of his own besides. The wonder is, nobody had the spirit to propose, that so disinterested a patriot should at least be indemnified by the nation, for the few remaining thousands he had generously disbursed in her service. He accepted the office from Castlereagh, whom he had attempted by clandestine means to prove unworthy of the king's confidence. Castlereagh was rejoiced to cover him with eternal contempt, by acceding to his solicitation. In allowing him the money, he had another object: the sudden creation of his own immense fortune was suffered to lie involved in the same obscurity and silence.

ODYSSEUS.

Your ministers fear Russia.

TRELAWNEY.

Then they should connive at the accumulation of her territory. She is weakened by every people she enslaves, because the extremities are weightier than the center. Europe, so far from being threatened by her with any future irruption of barbarians, is preserved from it. She will civilize

her tribes; she cannot amalgamate nor unite them. Were she mistress of Turkey, she would soon loose Poland: and the Turks, being a nobler and more dignified race than the Muscovites, would, under Muscovite discipline, expell them.

TERSITZA.

O those horrid creatures! what makes them noble? what makes them dignified?

ODYSSEUS.

Tersitza! we see few, excepting soldiers and robbers and (what are worse than the one, and no better than the other) merchants. I have lived among those who, altho not the most virtuous of the Turks, are much superior in gravity and decorousness of deportment, to the principal men in Russia or Germany, in Italy or France. Wary and unconfiding, they behave toward all with the winning courtesy of pliant grandeur. Never does a word escape them within the possibility of offending. To those who by their services have merited their favour, they are the most grateful and the most generous of mankind. These are their virtues: we already know too well their vices; of which in our eyes the most grievous and intolerable, is, the desire of holding us in subjection. So long as this is unquenched in them, we are their enemies. If justice or exhaustion should subdue it, rather would I confide in them as allies and friends, than in any other nation under heaven.

TRELAWNEY.

Let us try whether we cannot bring about, by force of arms, this desirable consummation.

I have little respect for the autocrat of Russia; little regard or commiseration for his hordes of slaves; and I confess that I regret none of his conquests, excepting Finland. The others are happier than they were before, and will render more service to freedom and humanity, than they could have done without a temporary subjugation. If Alexander does not succour you, there are two reasons: first, the *secret-service-money* given by England, France, and Austria, to his ministers and confidents; secondly, what naturally flows from it, the allurements of pleasure that have lately been thrown into his way by them, in order to counteract the impressions of policy, to stifle the voice of conscience, to efface the last vestige of honour, and to deaden any fibre in his breast that may respond to the throbbings of his country.

ODYSSEUS.

If, as thou seemedst to say, the empire of the czars being already so vast, a little more added to the extremity of this enormous lever would render it so cumberous that no human arm could support it, policy would not urge the autocrat to extend his dominions any further.

TRELAWNEY.

It surely is a rational and just desire, and

countenanced by the soundest policy, to annex whatever is within the Greek communion, with the sole exception of the land of Greece, which is too far off, and would be too restless, too vulnerable, and greatly more serviceable and much less invidious as an allie. Nothing can excede the levity and impudence of French politicians, who reprehend and condemn this imaginary project, while their court interferes in behalf of the catholic Greeks, and presumes even to threaten the majority of the nation, if these are compelled to perform the duties of citizens. While they were compelled by Turkey to perform the offices of slaves, no threat was heard, no complaint. Russia, having a right by treaty to interfere in favour of her communion, shews more discretion and moderation. She appears to have redd in the astrological section of her almanack, compiled in London and revised in Paris, that conquest will ruin her, and she shrinks back in vacancy with her sword unsheathed.

ODYSSEUS.

Luxury is more likely to enfeeble her; for, barbarous as she is, she is no less dissolute.

TRELAWNEY.

I believe it was never contradicted nor doubted, that every great empire has decayed thro luxury: this theory I suspect to be unfounded. Luxury, if confined to few, can do little mischief to the

people at large; particularly where the population lies scattered: if general, there can be no better proof of the state's flourishing condition, no surer exposition of its tutelary laws. It is only when great interests clash, only when great properties are torne away and insulated from the mass, only when one portion of the citizens has something to compensate it for the loss of country, and the other can sustain no loss whatever, that nations are enslaved and ruined.

We must regulate the index of luxury by the places we are in, and calculate its effects by what it acts on. The Babylonians, the Persians, the Macedonians, the Tartars, were ruined by their conquests. Rome was not subdued on the triclinia of Apicius or Petronius. Her citizens fell away and yielded to the enemy, when no common bond of interest held them together; when they possessed large estates in the provinces, and their money was put out to interest in them. By degrees the chief property of the Roman senators and gentlemen lay out of Italy; which country therefor was deserted by the Genius of Agriculture. Innumerable slaves were employed about their villas and gardens, about their groves and chases, while their tables were supplied from Syria, Pamphylia, Egypt, and Numidia. They were never so respectable, never so formidable, as when they spent many months of the year on their patrimonial estates; small

ones, and thence near enough one to another both for conviviality and for checks.

A man is not the weaker in mind or body for eating a turbot in preference to a roach, or a peacock in preference to a rook: in his social state he is the weaker, and deplorably so indeed, when his interests and affections lie beyond his country, which soon pines away at his indifference.

ODYSSEUS.

Now, Trelawney, turn thy attention a little to thyself: the place begins to render thee melancholic.

Thou camest hither with an ardent and intense desire of doing good: activity is requisite to thee. While the goats are being milked, and such other refreshments are preparing for us as the place affords, let me again exhort thee to consider well, I do not say the danger of remaining with me (for that would only fix thee), but the probability of long inaction. I know my enemies: I am aware of their machinations: I shall defeat them in my own manner, at my own season.

TRELAWNEY.

He by whose courage and conduct more Turks have fallen than by any other chieftain's, may defy them stil. Dismiss me, Odysseus, when I am found unworthy of fighting at your side, or unable to execute the most arduous of your commands.

ODYSSEUS.

Of ability and of zeal thou hast given me many proofs. The memory of thy courage and of thy friendship lies deep within my heart; but without witnesses, without reward: for those who have fought with me may die with me before another year; and England, in the prodigality of her honours, hath none in reserve for the champions of Greece.

Besides . . I am slow to mention it in thy presence . . English officers are accustomed to some conveniences.

TRELAWNEY.

I am no longer one of them. Lieutenants and ensigns all expect to find here, on the morning of their arrival, a new colonel's uniform hanging over the back of the sofa, with a pair of shining boots on the carpet in the center of it, reflecting their equally smooth countenances.

ODYSSEUS.

We have nothing of this: we have only reeds and rushes; for they grow in moist places, where the enemy cannot burn them: and when we lay down our bodies on the field, we press a couch strown over with such spoils as they perhaps would not go into battle for, but the best in my opinion that any one can win . . sound sleep from sound consciences, and, more refreshing than soundest sleep, dreams of victory from hard fighting.

Do not fancy me ungrateful or invidious: it is true, I expected more from the reputation of England for public spirit and enlightened counsels.

TRELAWNEY.

We were dealers and chapmen when we were at the best: we are now gamblers and sharpers; purse-bearers to Ali-Pashaw, purveyors to Ibrahim-Bey, slave-importers and pandars to Turk, Algerine, and Egyptian. Even those who press forward to offer you their gold, filch from you while they offer it; and you will find among these liberal men more roguery and robbery, than among the vilest slaves of the Haram. The spirit of speculation possesses them; of all spirits the most unclean, and the last to be exorcized.

ODYSSEUS.

When I hear an Englishman speak thus of his country, I am only the more inclined to believe in his ardent love for her. He remembers what she has been, he feels what she ought to be, he anticipates what she may be, and he misrepresents what she is. Such is the effect of passion, which has been the most pure and tender, on torne and ulcerated hearts. Indifference is free from it. Be thou, O Trelawney! what the insensible can be without an effort, the generous on some occasions not . . be just.

A Byron has risen from the couch of voluptuousness, and from the stronger fascinations of

poetry, to bring us succour: a Blacquiere has shewn us our duties, and led many to theirs in our behalf...

TRELAWNEY.

For which the one lost in part the admiration he had acquired, and the other will forfeit the promotion he has merited.

TERSITZA.

Do I disturb you grave men by coming back so soon to you? Brother, I know you choose milk: drink this while it is warm and froths. It hums and buzzes as if there were flies upon it; but there are none in the cavern; so you may take a large draught freely.

You, being an Englishman, will preferr wine: here is some, very sweet.

TRELAWNEY.

If Tersitza has proved it.

TERSITZA.

I have indeed. I would not have given it to you if I had not tasted it. We are never quite safe from our enemies.

ODYSSEUS.

My dear Tersitza! it was not very polite in you to offer me the milk before you had presented the wine to our guest.

TERSITZA *(aside to* ODYSSEUS).

Alas! I know it. I cannot be polite to him, tho I wish it above all things, and think of

nothing but of my failure in it. What an effect has a stranger in making one rude and unseemly! You never told me I was so before.

ODYSSEUS.

I never remarked it but in this one instance.

TERSITZA.

Oh! how badly do you see, my brother! or how kind you are!

ODYSSEUS.

Come along with me, child!

Trelawney! I return to thee, when I find that the women have taken their proper places of rest, and want nothing.

TERSITZA.

Brother!

ODYSSEUS.

What wouldst thou have?

TERSITZA.

I would ask something.

ODYSSEUS.

Be discreet, Tersitza! Discreet! thou art always so. Speak at once: I grant it.

TERSITZA.

Grant what?

ODYSSEUS.

What you would ask.

TERSITZA.

Do you really now command that noble youth?

ODYSSEUS.

Is that all?

TERSITZA.

Tell me, tell me! do tell me!

ODYSSEUS.

Yes, my love! He has declared his resolution to obey my orders.

TERSITZA.

Oh! do command him then never more to ride between me and the edge of a precipice . . so terribly high, a brook seems only a long vine-tendril from it, and a fountain a glossy leaf: where the path is not level enough for any but the flattest stones to lie upon it (rounder would roll off) nor broad enough for the surest-footed beast to walk safely, tho quite alone.

ODYSSEUS.

Thoughtless young man! why did he ride there?

TERSITZA.

I asked him myself the same question: he said he rode there to admire the magnificence of the view.

Surely to look down on the peaks of rocks and the summits of pines, is not so pleasant as to lie back and see them one above another, from a tufted knoll of solid sirpolet, where the lavender under it does not prick one's legs, because the roe has lain down and slept on it, and broken its brittle stalks.

Tell him this: remind him the very first time you ride or walk together .. and before you have gone far. He is seven years older than I am, or six at the least, and is not half so considerate and wise in many things.

ODYSSEUS.

I will speak to him now ..

TERSITZA.

Aside then .. for he would be angry if he thought I said any thing about him.

ODYSSEUS.

I will call him then aside.

TERSITZA.

Let me go quite away first.

ODYSSEUS.

Trelawney! my presence is requisite on the eastern coast. The pashaw of Negropont has threatened that, unless I lay down my arms, he will bring such a force against me as shall crush me instantly.

TRELAWNEY.

Threats are useful only to the threatened. The wise man has no will for them, and the strong man no occasion.

ODYSSEUS.

Rightly spoken. Our enemy is only our sentinel when he challenges as the pashaw does. I depart this night. It must be reported, in every quarter of Greece, that I am here.

To thy science I committ the fortification of the cavern, to thy courage its defence. Whatever else is dear to me in the world I entrust to thee with the same confidence .. not last in the precious charge is thy own good name.

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The following short account of Odysseus, is extracted out of one given by a relative, at my request.

Andritzo, the father of Odysseus, was the chief of a village called Maieno, in Roumely, on the channel of Talanda. His property consisted of sheep and goats, and he led a wandering life, on the plains in winter, on the mountains in summer, principally those of Ptson and Parnassus. When he was about twenty years of age, a party of Turks having insulted the females of his family, a fray ensued: he drove them from his house with slaughter, sett it on fire, and took refuge in the mountains. From that moment he became an outlaw, and joined a body of Klepts, then on Parnassus. He was distinguished for sagacity, courage, strength, and activity: qualities which his son Odysseus inherited without diminution. Tradition and Kleptic songs have preserved many extraordinary tales of his prowess. Certain it is, he soon became chieftain of all the Klepts in Roumely, and raised a regular tribute, on the whole territory that extends from the gates of Athens to those of Jannina.

The power of the most ancient sovran families had a similar beginning.

His troops amounted to two thousand, scattered in small parties, and occupying a chain of well fortified posts. For fifteen or sixteen years he repelled all attempts to subdue him; and after Ali Pashaw had in vain tried every strategem

for his destruction, he entered into treaty with him, ceding to him the government of Livadia, together with a part of Roumely. But his hatred of the Turks was too profound to be erased: security, power, dominion, vanished before it; and on the declaration of war by Russia, he and his friend Lambro joined their forces with the Russian, who conferred on Andritzo the rank of general, and that of admiral on Lambro. The admiral had the means of escaping to Russia, when the empress lost sight of power and glory in the lowest sensualities; and the general, after many difficulties and dangers, reached Santa Maura, then in possession of the Venetians, who, after pledging him their protection, gave him up to the Turk. The Russian court, with its usual indifference to human suffering, its usual insensibility to honour, national and personal, and its usual neglect of services no longer necessary to the accomplishment of its projects, forbore to interfere; and this brave man, who had resigned a principality in the hopes of delivering his country, died a slave, in the bagnio at Constantinople. His son however has lived to see the most infamous of men, the Venetian senate, reduced to the same condition. May they never emerge from it! neither they nor their descendents!

Andritzo left a beautiful widow, then only fifteen years of age, with an only son, Odysseus, born at Previsa. Ali Pashaw did not visit the offences of the father on his family. On the contrary, he took them instantly under his protection; and when Odysseus was twelve years old, made him his pipe-bearer, an office of trust, confidence, and distinction. He rose rapidly in preferment, by his fidelity and courage, by his skill and enterprize; and at eighteen, Ali conferred on him the government which his father had holden, and which he himself retained til his death, excepting the short interval between the fall of Ali and the Greek revolution. Odysseus never deserted in any extremity his early friend and patron,

nor relaxed in his efforts to extricate him from the perils of his situation, but boldly broke thro the blockade, and entered the fortress in person, with provisions and reinforcements. On his capitulation, he retired to Ithaca. Here a deputation was sent to him, hailing him as the descendent of their ancient king, and proposing to him in their enthusiasm the means of recovering his inheritance. Early intimation was given him, in this island, of the meditated insurrection of the Greeks. He landed in the gulph of Corinth, and, hastening to the mountains of Parnassus, raised the largest force that appeared in one body on any part of Greece, amounting to five thousand men, most of whom had fought under him for Ali Pashaw. To quiet their consciences for acting against Mahometans, they were encouraged in the belief that he came to revenge the death of their old master; which among the Roumeliots and Albanians is considered a sacred duty. These, the first raised and the best disciplined troops in Greece, were slain for the most-part in the several hard and unequal battles of the first two campaigns; and it had become expedient to prepare some certain place of refuge for those who were remaining. Odysseus then fortified the great cavern in Parnassus. To this place he removed his wife Helena, his mother Acrivè, his sister Tersitza, and her little brother, committing to the courage and honour of Trelawney this sacred charge. Those who dreaded the establishment of a firm and orderly government, poured gold into the hands of Gouras. This leader had been pipe-bearer ten years to Odysseus, had been entrusted by him with the government of Athens, had been saved by him from the death-warrant of Ali; and now he hired ruffians and traitors to strangle him in his sleep. Odysseus perished in the Acropolis. An assassin, an Englishman, aimed likewise at the life of Trelawney, and wounded him with a pistol from behind. After two months of excruciating pain, his wounds growing daily worse, he left

the cavern, appointing an Hungarian, by name Camerone, to the chief command. Second to him was a Turk: so that, if he were removed by assassination, the crime would be fruitless to the perpetrator. After seven months Camerone was murdered; and the Turk, as was intended, admitted into the fortress his own countrymen, rather than the perfidious Gouras, who had already seized on the government of his benefactor.

Odysseus left one son, named Leonidas, born in Parnassus, a short time before his father's death.

By those who knew and lived with this chieftain, he is represented as a man incomparably good in all the relations of social and of private life. He was ardent, and yet patient: he was confident in himself, yet modest toward every one; venturing on such enterprises as seemed impossible to accomplish, and accomplishing them before the wonder at the undertaking had subsided. Appearing in different parts of Greece at nearly the same instant, and spreading the report by his emissaries that he was threatening the positions he perhaps had left behind them, his intentions and movements were unknown and unsuspected. Hence with five thousand men he slew twenty thousand of the enemy, and allowed them no leisure to fortify cities or throw up entrenchments.

Enthusiastic and devoted in friendship, he thought other men sincere as himself, if they ever had shewn or sworn it, ignorant that these alone are dangerous. He had indeed some reason to expect, that ten years of kindness and of confidence, ten years laden with benefits, that rank, dignity, power, wealth, conferred by him on Gouras, would have ensured his fidelity to the last. Ali Tebelen, the most vigilant, acute, intuitive, intelligent, among the political men of our age, warned him in vain against this villain, after he had pleaded for his life and had obtained his suit. *The day will come, Odysseus! when thou wilt wish thy plea had been*

*rejected. Insensible as he is to kindness, and impatient of benefits, how will he bear to owe his life to thee? Never trust him after this.*

By the machinations of Gouras fell the greatest captain of his country, at a time when Eubea was listening to his counsels, and about to rise from her subjection. The blow by which he fell, paralysed the arm of Freedom, and struck off the chief members from the body of Greece, leaving only a few places in the Peloponnese, inhabited by a people of untried courage and doubtful faith.

# CONVERSATION IX.

## CHAUCER, BOCCACCIO,

AND

## PETRARCA.

# CHAUCER, BOCCACCIO,

AND

# PETRARCA.

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PETRARCA.

You have kept your promise like an Englishman, Ser* Geoffreddo. Welcome to Arezzo. This gentleman is Messer Giovanni Boccaccio, of whose unfinished Decameron, which I shewed to you in his manuscript, you expressed so ardently your admiration, when we met at Florence in the spring.

BOCCACCIO.

I was then at Certaldo, my native place, filling up my stories, and have only to regret that my acquaintance, with one so friendly and partial to me, has been formed so late.

How did Rome answer your expectations, Sir?

CHAUCER.

I had passed thro Pisa; of which city the

* *Ser* is commonly used by Boccaccio and others for *Messer*.

*Campo Santo*, now nearly finished, after half a century from its foundation, and the noble street along the Arno*, are incomparably more beautiful than anything in Rome.

PETRARCA.

That is true. I have heard however some of your countrymen declare that Oxford is equal to Pisa, in the solidity, extent, and costliness of its structures.

CHAUCER.

Oxford is indeed the most magnificent of our cities: it would be a very fine one if there were no houses in it.

PETRARCA.

How is that?

CHAUCER.

The miserable lath-and-plaster white-washed houses spoil entirely the effect of the colleges.

BOCCACCIO.

Few persons see any thing in the same point of view. It would gratify me highly, if you would tell me with all the frankness of your character and your country, what struck you most in *the capital of the world*, as the vilest slaves in it call their great open cloaca.

CHAUCER.

After the remains of antiquity, I know not

* The Corso in Rome is now much finer.

whether any thing struck me more forcibly than the superiority of our English churches and monasteries.

BOCCACCIO.

I do not wonder that yours should be richer and better built, altho I never heard before that they are so: for the money that is collected in Rome or elsewhere, by the pontiffs, is employed for the most-part in the aggrandizement of families. Messer Francesco, altho he wears the habit of a churchman, speaks plainer on these subjects than a simple secular, as I am, dare to do.

PETRARCA.

We may however, I trust, preferr the beauty and variety of our scenery, to that of most in the world. Tuscany is less diversified, and less sublime, than many other parts of Italy; yet where does nature smile with more contented gaiety than in the vicinity of Florence. Great part of our sea-coast along the Mediterranean is uninteresting; yet it is beautiful in its whole extent from France to Massa. Afterward there is not a single point of attraction til you arrive at Terracina. The greater part of the way round the peninsula, from Terracina to Pesaro, has its changes of charms: thenceforward all is flat again.

BOCCACCIO.

We cannot travel in the most picturesque and

romantic regions of our Italy, from the want of laws and civilization* in the people.

CHAUCER.

Yet, messer Giovanni, I never journeyed so far thro so enchanting a scenery, as there is almost the whole of the way from Arezzo to Rome, particularly round Terni and Narni and Perugia.

Our master Virgil speaks of dreams that swarm upon the branches of one solitary elm. In this country more than dreams swarm upon every spray and leaf; and every murmur of wood or water comes from and brings with it inspiration. Never shall I forget the hour, when my whole soul was carried away from me by the cataract of Terni, and when all things existing were lost to me in its stupendous waters. The majestic woods that bowed their heads before it; the sun that was veiling his glory, in mild translucent clouds, over the furthest course of the river; the moon that suspended her orb in the very center of it, seemed ministering Powers, themselves in undiminished admiration of the marvel they had been looking on thro unnumbered ages. What are the

* The same is the case at present, and has been so for more than a thousand years, and so it will remain, unless the regenerate Greeks shall invade it after a time, and make it again a Magna Græcia.

works of man in comparison with this! what indeed are the other works of Nature*!

In the approach to the eternal city, she seems to have surrendered much of her wildness, and to have assumed all her stateliness and sedateness, all her awfulness and severity. The vast plain toward the sea abases the soul together with it; while the hills on the left, chiefly those of Tusculum and of Tibur, overshadow and almost overwhelm it with obscure remembrances, some of them descending from the heroic ages, others from an age more miraculous than the heroic, the Herculean infancy of immortal Rome. Soracte comes boldly forward, and stands alone. Round about, on every side, we behold an infinity of baronial castles, many moated and flanked regularly with towers and bastions; many following the direction of the precipitous hills, of which they cover the whole summit. Tracts of land, where formerly stood entire nations, are now the property of some rude baron, descendent of a murderer too formidable for punishment, or of a robber too rich for it: and the ruins of cities, which had sunk in luxury when England was one wide forest, are carted off by a herd of slaves and of buffaloes, to patch up the crevices of a fort or dungeon.

* Niagara was undiscovered; and Chaucer had not visited Bellagio on the Lake of Como . . a situation less striking, but probably the most beautiful in the universe.

BOCCACCIO.

Messer Francesco groans upon this, and wipes his brow.

PETRARCA.

Indeed I do.

Three years ago my fancy and hopes were inflamed, by what I believed to be the proximity of regeneration. Colà Rienzi might have established good and equitable laws: even the Papacy, from hatred of the barons, would have countenanced the enaction of them, hoping at some future time to pervert and subjugate the people as before. The vanity of this tribune, who corresponded with kings and emperors, and found them pliable and ductile, was not only the ruin of himself and of the government he had founded, but threw down, beyond the chance of retrieving it, the Roman name.

Let us converse no more about it. I did my duty; yet our failure afflicts me, and will afflict me until my death. Jubilees, and other such mummeries, are deemed abundant compensations, for lost dignity, lost power, lost independence. We who had any hand in raising up our country from her abject state, are looked on with jealousy by those wretches to whom cowardice and flight alone give the titles and rewards of loyalty, with sneers and scorn by those who share among themselves the emoluments of office, and, lest consolation

be altogether wanting, with somewhat of well-meaning compassion, as weak misguided visionaries, by quiet good creatures, who would have adored us if we had succeded.

The nation that loses her liberty is not aware of her misfortune at the time, any more than the patient is who receives a paralytic stroke. He who first tells either of them what has happened, is repulsed as a simpleton or as a churl.

BOCCACCIO.

When messer Francesco talks about liberty, he talks loud. Let us walk away from the green*, into the cathedral, which the congregation is leaving.

PETRARCA.

Come now, Giovanni, tell us some affecting story, suitable to the gloominess of the place.

BOCCACCIO.

If ser Geoffreddo felt in honest truth any pleasure at reading my Decameron, he owes me a tithe at the least of the stories it contains: for I shall not be so courteous with him as to tell him that one of his invention is worth ten of mine, until I have had all his ten from him; if not now, another time.

* The cathedral of Arezzo stands on a green, in which are pleasant walks, commanding an extensive view.

CHAUCER.

Let life be spared to me, and I will carry the tithe in triumph thro my country, much as may be shedd of the heavier and riper grain by the conveyance and the handling of it; and I will shew Englishmen what the Italians are; how much deeper in thought, intenser in feeling, and richer in imagination than ever formerly: and I will try whether we cannot raise poetry under our fogs, and merriment among our marshes. We must at first throw some litter about it, which those who come after us may remove.

PETRARCA.

Do not threaten, ser Geoffreddo! Englishmen act.

BOCCACCIO.

Messer Francesco is grown melancholic at the spectre of the tribune. Relate to us some amusing tale, either of court or war.

CHAUCER.

It would ill become me, signors, to refuse what I can offer: and truly I am loth to be silent, when a fair occasion is before me, of adverting to those of my countrymen who fought in the battle of Cressy, as did one or two or more of the persons that are the subjects of my narrative.

BOCCACCIO.

Enormous and horrible as was the slaughter of

the French in that fight, and hateful as is war altogether to you and me, Francesco! I do expect from the countenance of ser Geofferi, that he will rather make us merry than sad.

CHAUCER.

I hope I may.. the story not wholly nor principally relating to the battle.

Sir Magnus Lucy is a knight of ample possessions, and of no obscure family, in the shire of Warwick, one of our inland provinces. He was left in his childhood under the guardianship of a mother, who loved him more fondly than discreetly. Besides which disadvantage, there was always wanting in his family the nerve or fluid, or whatever else it may be, on which the intellectual powers are nourished and putt in motion. The good lady Joan would never let him enter the lists at jousts and tournaments, to which indeed he shewed small inclination, nor would she encourage him to practise or learn any martial exercise. He was excused from the wars, under the plea that he was subject to epilepsy; somewhat of which fit, or another, had befallen him in his adolesence, from having eaten too freely of a cold swan, after dinner. To render him justice he had given once an indication of courage. A farmer's son upon his estate, a few years younger than himself, had become a good player at crosstaff. He was invited to Charlecote, the residence

of the Lucies, to exhibit his address in this useful and manly sport. The youth was then about sixteen years old, or rather more, and a neighbour of about the same standing was appointed his antagonist. The sight animated Sir Magnus; who, seeing the game over and both combatants out of breath, called out to Peter Crosby the conqueror, and declared his readiness to engage with him, on these conditions. First, that he should have a helmet on his head with a cushion over it, both of which he sent for ere he made the proposal, and both of which were already brought to him, the one from a buck's horn in the hall, the other from his mother's chair in the parlour: secondly, that his visor should be down: thirdly, that Peter should never aim at his body or arms: fourthly and lastly, for he would not be too particular, that, instead of a cudgel, he should use a bulrush, enwrapt in the doublet and under-coat he had taken off, lest any thing venomous should be sticking to it, as his mother said there might be, from the spittle or spawn of toads, evets, water-snakes, and adders.

Peter scraped back his right foot, leaned forward, and laid his hooked fingers on his brow, not without scratching it . . the multiform signification of humble compliance in our country. John Crosby, the father of Peter, was a merry jocose old man, not a little propense to the mischievous. He had

about him a powder of a sternutatory quality, whether in preparation for some trick among his boon companions, or useful in the catching of chub and bream, as many suspected, is indifferent to my story. This powder he inserted in the head of the bulrush, which he pretended to soften by rubbing, while he instructed his lad in the use and application of it. Peter learned the lesson so well, and delivered it so skilfully, that at the very first blow the powder went into the aperture of the visor, and not only operated on the nostrils, but equally on the two spherical, horny, fish-like eyes above it. Sir Magnus wailed aloud, dropped his cudgel, tore with great effort (for it was well fastened) the pillow from his helmet, and implored the attendents to embrace him, crying, *O Jesu! Jesu! I am in the agonies of death. Receive my spirit!* John Crosby kicked the ancle of the farmer who sat next him on the turf, and whispered, *He must find it first.*

The mischief was attributed to the light and downy particles of the bulrush, detached by the unlucky blow; and John, springing up when he had spoken the words, and seizing it from the hand of his son, laid it lustily about his shoulders, until it fell in dust and filaments, crying, *Scape-grace! scape-grace! born to break thy father's heart in splinters! is it thus thou beginnest thy*

*service to so brave and generous a master? Out of my sight!*

Never was the trick divulged by the friends of Peter until after his death, which happened lately at the battle of Cressy. While Peter was fighting for his king and country, Sir Magnus resolved to display his wealth and splendour in his native land. He had heard of princes and other great men travelling in disguise, and under names not belonging to them. This is easy of imitation: he resolved to try it; altho at first a qualm of conscience came over him, on the part of the Christian name, which his godfathers and godmothers had given him. This however was so distinguishing, that he determined to lay it aside, first asking leave of three saints, paying three groats into the alms-box, saying twelve paternosters within the hour, and making the priest of the parish drunk at supper. He now gave it out by sound of horn, that he should leave Charlecote, and travel *incognito* thro several parts of England. For this purpose he locked up the liveries of his valets, and borrowed for them from his tenantry the dress of yeomanry. Three grooms rode forward in buff habiliments, with three led horses well caparisoned. Before noon he reached a small town called Henley in Arden, as his host at the inn-door told him, adding, when the knight dis-

mounted, that there were scholars who had argued in his hearing, whether the name of Arden were derived from another forest so called in Germany, or from a puissant family which bore it, being earls of Warwick in the reign of Edward the Confessor. *It is the opinion of the abbot of Tewkesbury, and likewise of my very good master, him of Evesham,* said the host, *that the Saxon earls brought over the name with them from their own country, and gave it to the wilder part of their dominions in this of ours.*

*No such family now,* cried the knight. *We have driven them out, bag and baggage, long ago, being braver men than they were.*

A thought however struck him, that the vacant name might cover and befitt him in his expedition; and he ordered his servants to call him Sir Nigel de Arden.

Continuing his march northward, he protested that nothing short of the Trent (if indeed that river were not a fabulous one) should stop him; nay, by the rood, nor even the Trent itself, if there were any bridge over it strong enough to bear a horse caparisoned, or any ford which he could see a herd of oxen, or a score of sheep fit for the butcher, pass across. On the third morning he was more than twentyfive miles from home, near a hamlet we call Bromwicham, where be two or three furnaces, and sundry smiths, able to make a

horse-shoe in time of need, allowing them drink and leisure. He commanded his steward to disburse unto the elder of them one penny of lawful coin, advising the cunning man to look well and soberly at his steed's hoofs, and at those of the other steeds in his company; which being done, and no repairs being necessary, Sir Magnus then proceded to the vicinity of another hamlet called Sutton Colefield, in which country is a well-wooded and well-stocked chase, belonging to my dread master the duke of Lancaster, who often taketh his sport therin. Here, unhappily for the knight, were the keepers of the said chase hunting the red and fallow deer. The horse of the worshipful knight, having a great affection for dogs, and inspirited by the prancing and neighing of those others about him, sprang forward; and relaxed not any great matter of his mettle, before he reached the next forest of Cannock, where the buck that was pursued pierced the thickets and escaped his enemies. In the village of Cannock was the knight, at his extremity, fain to look for other farriery than that which is exercised by the craft in Bromwicham, and upon other flesh than horseflesh, and about parts less horny than hoofs, however hardened be the same parts by untoward bumps and contusions. This farriery was applied by a skilful and discreet leech, while Sir Magnus opened his missal on his bed in the posture of

devotion, and while a priest, who had been called in to comfort him, was looking for the penitential psalms of good king David, the only psalms, he assured Sir Magnus, that had any effect in the removal or alleviation of such sufferings.

When the host at Cannock heard the name of his guest, *Sblood!* cried he to his son, *ride over, Emanuel, to Longcroft, and inform the worshipful youths, Humphrey and Henry, that one of their kinsmen is come over, from the other side of Warwickshire, to visit them, and has lost his way in the forest, thro a love of sport.*

On his road into Rugeley, Emanuel met them together, and told them his errand. They had heard the horn as they were riding out, had joined the hunt, and were now returning home. Indignant at first that any one should take the name of their family, they went on asking more and more questions, and their anger grew calmer as their curiosity increased. Having an abundance of good humour and of joviality in their nature, they agreed to act courteously, and turn the adventure into glee and joyousness. So they went back with Emanuel to his father's at Cannock, and were received by the people of the hamlet with much deference and respect. The attendents of Sir Magnus observed it, and were earnest to see in what manner the adventure would terminate.

*Go,* said Humphrey, *and tell your master, Sir Nigel, that his kinsmen are come to pay their duty to him.* The clergyman who had been reading the penitential psalms, and had afterward said mass, opened the chamber-door for them, and conducted them to Sir Magnus. They began their compliments by telling him that, altho the house at Longcroft was unworthy of their kinsman's reception, in the absence of their father . . . when they were interrupted by the knight, who cried aloud in a clear quaver, *Young gentlemen, I have no relative in these parts: I come from the very end of Warwickshire. Reverend sir priest! I do protest and vow, I have no cognisance of these two young gentlemen.*

As he spoke, the sweat hung upon his brow: the cause of which neither the brothers nor the priest could interpret; but it really was, lest they should have come to dine with him, and perhaps have moreover some retinue in the yard. Disclamed so unceremoniously, Humphrey de Arden*

* The family of Lucy is as fertile in character and incidents to the comic writer, as that of Thyestes or of Edipus to the tragic. I know not whether my cousins the Ardens will be contented with the part assigned to their ancestors; but I think my old schoolfellow Henry and his brother Humphrey would have acknowledged some likeness in themselves to their elder namesakes.

opened a leathern purse, and carefully took out his father's letter. Wherat the alarm of Sir Magnus increased beyond measure, from the uncertainty of its contents, and from the certainty of being discovered as the usurper of a noble and unextinguished name. His terrours however were groundless: the letter was this.

*Son Humphrey,*

*I grieve that the varlet who promised me those three strong horses, and took monies thereupon, hath mortally disappointed me: for verily we have had hard work here, being one against seven or eight*; and, if matters go on in this guise, I must e'en fight afoot ere it be long; they having killed amongst them my brave old Black Jack, who had often winnowed them with his broken wind, which was not broken til they broke it. The drunken fat rogue that now fails me, would rather hunt on Colefield or (if he dare come so near to you) on Cannock, than lead the three good steeds in a halter up Yoxall Lane.*

*Whenever ye find him, stand within law with him, and use whit-leather rather than*

* Such, soon afterward, was the disproportion of numbers at the battle of Cressy.

*Needwood holly, which might provoke the judge; and take the three hale nags, coming hither with them yourselves, and paying him forthwith twentyfive shillings, due unto him on the feast of Saint Barnabas and that other (Saint Jude, as I am now reminded) if ye have so many; if not, mortgage a meadow: and let this serve as a warrant from your loving father*.*

\+ +

*What is that to me?* cried in agony Sir Magnus.

The priest took the letter, and shook his head.

*Sir priest! you see how it stands with us;* said the knight. *Do deliver me from the lion's den and from the young lions!*

*Friend!* said the priest gravely and sternly, *I know the mark of Sir Humphrey: and the hand-writing is my own brother's, who, taking with him in his saddle-bag a goose-pie and twelve strings of black puddings for Sir Humphrey, left his cure at Tamworth but four months ago, and joined the army in France, in order to shrive the wounded. It is my duty to make known unto the sheriff whatever is irregular and mysterious in my parish.*

* The mark of a knight, instead of his name, is not to be wondered at. Out of the thirtysix barons who subscribed the Magna Charta, three only signed with their names.

*O! for the love of Christ! say nothing to the sheriff! I will confess all,* exclamed the knight.

The attendents, and many of the customers and countryfolks, had listened at the door, which was indeed wide-open; and the priest, being now confirmed in his suspicions by the knight's offer to *confess all,* walked slowly thro them, mounted his palfrey, and rode over to the sheriff at Penkridge. The two young gentlemen were delighted on seeing the consternation of Sir Magnus and his company, and encouraged by the familiarity of one amongst them, led him aside, and said, *It will be well and happy for you if you persuade the others of your party to return home speedily. The sheriff is a shrewd severe man, and will surely send every soul of you into Picardy, excepting such as he may gibbet on the common for an ensample.*

*Masters!* replied the Warwickshire wag, *I will return among them, and frighten them into the road: but you two brave lads shall have your horses, and your father his, together with such attendents as you little reckon on. Are ye for the wars?*

*We were going,* said they gaily, *whenever we could raise enough monies from our father's tenantry: for he, much as he desires to have us with him, is very loth to be badly equipt; and would peradventure see us rather slain in battle,*

*or, what he thinks worse, not in it at all, than villainously mounted.*

*Will ye take me?* cried the gallant yeoman.

*Gladly*, answered they both together.

Ralph Roebuck was the name of this brave youngster; and, without another word, he ran among his fellows, and putting his hand above his ear, as our hunters are wont, shouted aloud, *Who's for hanging this fine morning?*

*Ralph!* chimed they together, somewhat languidly, *what dost mean?*

*I mean*, whispered he slowly and distinctly to the nearest, *that the country will be up in half an hour; that the priest is gone for the sheriff; and that if he went for the devil he could fetch him. I never knew a priest at a fault, whatever he winded. Whosoe'er has a horse able to carry him is in luck. In my mind, there will be some heels without a stirrup under them, before to-morrow, kick as they may to find it. I must not however be unfaithful to my master, for whom I have spoken a fair word, and worne a smiling face, in my perils and tribulations, with these stout young gallants. Each to his own bit and bridle: the three led chargers let no man touch, on his life. For the rest, I will be spokesman, in lack of a better. May we meet again in Charlecote, at least half the number we sett out!*

Away they ran, saddled their horses, and rode

off. Ralph, who had lately been put in the stocks by his master, for drinking a cup too much, and for singing a song by no means dissuasive of incontinence, waited, apparently disconsolate, a few paces from the inn. Presently came up a swart, thin, fierce little man, with four others bearing arms. He, observing Ralph, ordered him to *stand*, in the king's name. Ralph had been standing, and stood, with his arms before him, hanging as if they were broken.

*Varlet and villain!* cried the under-sheriff, for such was the little man, *who art thou?*

*May it please your Honour*, answered he submissively, *my name is a real one, and my own, such as it is.*

*And what may it be, sirrah!*

*Ralph Roebuck.*

*Egad!* cried the little man, starting at it, *that too sounds like a feigned one. Ye are all rogues and vagrants. Where are thy fellows?*

*I can answer only for myself, may it please your Worship!* said Ralph.

*Where is thy leader, vagabond!* cried the magistrate, more and more indignant.

*God knows*, answered Ralph dolorously.

*Has he fled with the rest of his gang?*

*God grant he may*, ejaculated Roebuck, *rather than hang on the cursed tree.*

The under-sheriff then ordered his people to

hold Ralph in custody, and went and saluted the two De Ardens, who requested that clemency might be shewn to every one implicated in an offence so slight.

*We must consider of that,* answered the under-sheriff. *Edward à Brockton, the priest of Cannock here, has given me this letter, which he swears is written by his brother William, priest of Tamworth, and marked by your worshipful father.* The young men bowed. *Who is the rogue that defrauded him,* resumed the under-sheriff, *in the three horses, to our lord the king's great detriment and discomfort?*

It was not for them, they replied, to incriminate any one; nor indeed would they knowingly bring any man's blood on their hands, if they could help it.

*The impostor in the house shall be examined,* cried the little man, drawing his forefinger along his lips, for they were foamy. He went into the room, and found the knight in a shower of tears.

*Call my varlets! call my rogues!* cried Sir Magnus, wringing his hands and turning away his face.

*Rogues!* said the under-sheriff, *they are gone off, and in another county, or near upon it; else would I hang them all speedily, as I will thee, by God's pleasure. How many horses hast thou in the stable?*

*Sir! good Sir! gentle Sir! patience a little! let me think awhile!* said the knight.

*Ay, ay, ay! let thee think forsooth!* scornfully and canorously, in well-sustained tenour, hymned the son of Themis. *This paper hath told me.*

*Worthy Sir!* said the knight, *hear reason! hear truth and righteousness and justification by faith! hear a sinner in tribulation, in the shadow of death!*

*Faith! sirrah! thou art very near the substance, if there be any,* interposed the under-sheriff.

*Nay, nay! hold! I beseech you! as I have a soul to be saved . . .*

*Pack it up then! pack it up! I will give it a lift when it is ready.*

*O sir sheriff, sir sheriff! I am disposed to swear on the rood, I am not, and never was, Sir Nigel de Arden.*

At these words the under-sheriff laughed aloud and very bitterly, and said, *Nor I neither;* and, going out of the room, ordered a guard to stand at the door.

Henry then took him by the arm, and said softly, *Gildart! do not be severe with the poor young man below. It is true he is in the secret, which he swears he will not betray, if he dies for it; but he promises us the three horses, without a trial or suit or trouble or delay, and hopes you*

*will allow his poor master to leave the kingdom in peace and safety under his conduct, promising to serve the king, together with us, faithfully in his wars.*

*We could not do better,* answered the under-sheriff, *if we were certain the fellow and his gang would not waylay and murder you on the road.*

*Never fear!* cried Henry. *As we shall have other attendents, and are neither less strong nor (I trust) less courageous than he, we will venture, with your leave and commission.*

This was given in writing. The under-sheriff ordered his guards to bring down the culprit; who came limping and very slow.

*Pity he cannot feign and counterfeit a little better on the spur of the occasion!* said the under-sheriff. *He well answers the description of fat and lazy: as for drunken, it shall not be today, on Cannock ale or Burton beer.*

When the knight had descended the stairs, and saw Ralph Roebuck, he shrieked aloud with surprise and gladness, *O thou good and faithful servant! enter into the joy of thy lord!*

*God's blood!* cried Ralph, *I must enter then into a thing narrower than a weasel's or a wasp's hole. To what evil have you led us!*

*Now you can speak for me!* said the knight.

Ralph shook his head and sighed, *It will not*

*do, master! I am resolved to keep my promise, which you commanded upon first setting out, tho it may cost me limb or life. Master! one word in your ear.*

*No whisperings! no connivences! no plans or projects of escape!* cried the guard. They helped Sir Magnus into his saddle with more than their hands and arms; which, instead of officiousness, he thought an indignity, tho it might be the practise of those parts. The two De Ardens mounted two of the richly caparisoned steeds; the third was led by their servant, who went homeward with those also which they had ridden, for what was necessary, being ordered to rejoin them at Lichfield. Ralph Roebuck sate alert on his own sorrel palfry, a quick and active one, with open transparent nostrils. He would, as became him, have kept behind his master, if the knight had not called him to his side, complaining that the length and roughness of the roads had shaken his saddle so as to make it uneven and uneasy. Many and pressing were the offers of Ralph to set it right: Sir Magnus shook his head, and answered that *man is born to suffering as the sparks fly upward.*

*I could wish, sir,* said Ralph, *if it did not interfere with higher dispensations . . .*

*The very word! Ralph! the very word! thou rememberest it! . . I could not bring it nicely to*

*mind . . several Sundays have passed since we heard it . . Well! what couldst thou wish?*

*That your worship had under you, at this juncture, the cushion of our late good lady Joan, which might serve you now somewhat better than it did at the battle of the bulrush. We all serve best in our places.*

*By our lady! Ralph! I never saw a man so much improved by his travels as thou art. What shall we both be ere we reach home again?*

Ralph persuaded his master how much better it were that his worship did not return too speedily among the cravens and recreants who had deserted him, and who probably would be pursued; and then what a shame and scandal it would be, if such a powerful knight as Sir Magnus should see them dragged from his own hall, and from under his own eyes, to prison. If by any means it could be contrived to prolong the journey a few days, it would be a blessing; and the De Ardens, it might be hoped, would say nothing of the matter to the sheriff. Sir Magnus felt that his importance would be lowered by the seizure of his servants, in his presence, and under his roof; and he had other reasons for wishing to ride leisurely, in which his more active companions quite as little participated. On their urging him to push forward, he complained that his horse had been neglected, and had tasted neither oat nor bean, nor even sweet

meadow-hay at Cannock. His company expressed the utmost solicitude that this neglect should be promptly remedied, and, grieving that the next stage was stil several miles distant, offered, and at the same time exerted, their best services, in bringing the hungry and loitering steed to a trot. Sir Magnus now had his shrewd suspicions, he said, that the saddle had been ill looked to, and doubted whether a nail from behind might not somehow have dropt lower. When he would have cleared up his doubts by the agency of his hand, again the whip, applied to his flinching steed, disturbed the elucidation; and his knuckles, instead of solving the knotty point, only added to its nodosity. At last he cried *Roebuck! Roebuck! gently, softly! If we go on at this rate, in another half-hour I shall be black and bloody, as ever rook was, that dropped ill-fledged from the rookery.*

*The Lord hath well speeded our flight,* said Ralph relenting; *he hath delivered us from our enemies. What miles and miles have we travelled, to all appearance in a few hours!*

*Not many hours indeed,* answered the knight, stil pondering. *What is yon red spire?* added he.

*The tower of Babel,* replied Ralph composedly.

*I cannot well think it,* muttered Sir Magnus in suspense. *They would never have dared to rebuild it, after God's anger therupon.*

It was the spire of Lichfield cathedral.

When they entered the city, they found there some hundreds of French prisoners, taken in the late skirmishes, who were chattering and laughing and boasting of their invincibility. Their sunburnt faces, their meagre bodies, their loud cries, and the violence our surly countrymen expressed at not being understood by them, altho as natives of Lichfield they spoke such good English, removed in part the doubts of Sir Magnus, even before he heard our host cry, *By God! a very Babel!* Later in the evening came some Welshmen, having passed thro Shropshire and Cheshire with mountain sheep, for the fair the next morning. These too were unintelligible in their language, and different from the others. They quarreled with the French, for mocking them, as they thought. Sir Magnus expressed his wonder that an Englishman, which the host was, should be found in such a far country, among the heathen; albeit some of them spoke English, not being able for their hearts and souls to do otherwise, since all the languages in the world were spoken there, as a judgement on the ungodly. He confessed he had always thought Babel was in another place, tho he could not put his finger upon it exactly. Nothing, he added, so clearly proved the real fact, as that the sheep themselves were misbegotten and blackfaced, and several of them altogether tawny,

like a Moor's head he had seen, he told them, in the chancel-window of Saint Mary's at Warwick. *Which reminds me,* said the pious knight, *that the hour of Angelus must be past, and, beside the usual service, I have several forms of thanksgiving to run thro before I break bread again.*

It was allowed him to go alone upstairs for his devotions, in which, ye will have observed, he was very regular. Meanwhile the landlord and his two daughters, two buxom wenches, were admitted into the secret; and it was agreed that at supper all should speak a jargon, by degrees more and more confused, and that at last every imaginable mistake should be made, in executing the orders of the company. The girls entered heartily into the device, and the rosy-faced father gave them hints and directions while the supper was being cooked. Sir Magnus came down, after a time, covered with sweat. He protested that the heat of the climate in these countries was intolerable, particularly in his bedroom: that indeed he had felt it before, in the open air, but only on certain portions of the body, which certain stars have influence upon, and not at all in the face.

The oven had been heated just under the knight's bed, in order to supply loaves for the farmers and drovers the following day.

Supper was now served: bread however was wanting. The knight desired one of the young

women to give him some. She looked at him in astonishment, shrank back, blushed, and hid her face in her apron. The father came forward furiously, and said many words, or rather uttered many sounds, which Sir Magnus could not understand. He requested his attendent Ralph to explane. Ralph made a few attempts at English, and, failing in it, spoke very fluently another tongue. The father and his daughters stared one at another, and brought a bucket of hot water, then a sack of grey peas, then a blackbird in a cage, then a mustard-pot, then a pair of white rabbits, hanging by the ears. Sir Magnus now addressed the other girl. She appeared more willing to comply, and, making a sign at her father, whose back was turned in his anxiety to find what was called for, as if she would be kinder stil when he was out of the way, laid her arm across the neck of the knight, and withdrew it hesitatingly and timidly. At this instant a great dog entered, allured by the smell of the meat. The knight's lips quivered, and the first accents he uttered audibly and distinctly were . . *Seeking whom he may devour.* Then falling on his knees he cried aloud, *O Lord! thy mercies are manifold! I am a sinner.*

The girl trembled from head to foot, ready to burst with the laughter she was suppressing, and kissed her father, and appeared to implore his

pardon. He pushed her back and cried, *Away! I saw thee! I saw thee with these very eyes!* clenching his fist and striking his brow frantically, *I saw thy shadow upon the wall.. No wickedness is hidden.*

*The hand-writing! the hand-writing! that was upon the wall too! perhaps upon this very one,* exclamed the conscience-stricken and aghast Sir Magnus. After a prayer, he protested that, altho indeed his heart was corrupt, as all hearts are, the devil had failed to inflame him universally. Not one knew what he said: Humphrey laughed and nodded assent; Henry offered him baked apples; Ralph brushed his doublet-sleeve.

Before it was light in the morning, the horses were at the door: nobody appeared: no money had been paid or demanded: nevertheless it seemed an inn. They mounted; they mused; they feared to meet each other's eyes: at last Ralph addressed one of the De Ardens in a low voice, but so as to be heard by his master. The two brothers tried each a monosyllable: Ralph shook his head, and they looked despondently. Attempts were renewed at intervals for several miles; when suddenly a distant bell was heard, probably from the cathedral, and Humphrey cried *Matins! matins!* At this moment all spoke English perfectly, and the knight uttered many fervent ejaculations. The others related their sufferings and visions; and when

they had ended, Sir Magnus said, he seemed to hear all night the roaring of a fiery furnace, for all the world like king Nebuchadnezzar's, only that sinful bodies, and not righteous ones, were moved and shoved backward and forward in it, until their bones grated like iron, and until his own teeth chattered so in his head he could hear them no longer.

His conductor was careful to avoid the county of Warwick, lest any one should recognise the knight, little as was the chance of it; for he never had been further from home than at Warwick, and there but twice, the distance being five good miles. On his way toward the coast, he wondered to find the stars so very like those at Charlecote; and some of them seemed to know him and wink at him. He thought indeed here were a good many more of them awake and stirring; because he had been longer out of doors than he had ever been before, at night. Slowly as he would have traveled, if he had been allowed his own way, on the sixth evening from his adventure at Cannock he had come within sight of the coast. To his questions no other answer was returned, than that the times were unquiet; that the roads were infested with robbers, and that the orders of a sheriff were as a king's. On the seventh day, in the afternoon, the travellers descended the narrow holloway that leads into the seaport town of

Hastings. Ralph pointed at some sailors who were stepping into a boat, and cried *Master! what do you think of these?*

*I think, Roebuck,* answered he, after pondering some moments, *that they are like unto those who go down into the great waters.*

The De Ardens were conveying their stores and horses aboard, to lose no time, when Ralph whispered in the ear of the knight, *Sir Knight! do not, for the love of Christ! do not venture with those two dare-devils any further. Let us take only a small boat, just large enough to enter the Avon. There is a short cut hereabouts, if we could find it. For six pieces of gold we may hire as many sailors to hazard their liberties and lives for us, and see us safe at home again.*

The knight hung back and hesitated. *A good blazing kitchen fire is enough for me,* said Ralph. *I care neither for bucks nor partridges. As for spiced ale at christenings and weddings, I may catch a draft of it when it passes. Sack I have heard of.. poor tipple, I doubt, that wants sweetening. But a horn of home-brewed beer, frothing leisurely, and humming lowly its contented tune, is suitable to my taste and condition; and I envy not the great and glorious who have a goose with a capon in his belly on the table.*

The knight answered, *Somehow I do not like to part with my gold; I never saw any in coinage*

*til last Easter*; and it seems so fresh and sunshiny and pleasant, I would keep it to look at in damp weather. Pay the varlets in groats.*

*Sir Knight!* replied Ralph, *do not let them see your store of groats, which are very handy, and sundry of these likewise are quite new.*

*Nobody would pay away new groats that could help it,* sighed Sir Magnus.

*The gold must go, and make room for more,* said Roebuck. The knight answered nothing; but turning round, lest any-body should notice his capacious and well-stored scrip, he drew forth the six pieces, and, after a doubt and a trial with his thumb and finger, whether by reason of their roughness two peradventure might not stick together, and make seven, he placed them in the palm of Roebuck, who took them with equal silence and less uncertainty. Great contentment was manifested by the worshipful knight, that the two De Ardens had left him; and he ate a good dinner, and drank a glass of Rhenish, which he said was *pure sour*, and presently was anxious to go aboard the boat, if it was ready. Ralph conducted him to it and helped him in. The rowers for some time played their parts lustily, and then

* The first gold coined in England came out rather more than a year before this time, that is in 1344; the quantity was small, and probably the circulation not rapid nor extensive.

hoisted sail. Roebuck asked the oldest of them whether the wind was fair. *Passably*, said he; *but unless we look sharp, we may be carried into the Low Countries.*

*I do not see anywhere that short cut, nor that brook which runs into the Avon*, said Sir Magnus. *As for the Low Countries, no fear of them. The water rises before us, and we mount higher and higher every moment, insomuch that I begin to feel as if I was going up in a swing, like that between the elms.*

Shortly old Ocean exacted from him his tribute, which the powerfullest, not of knights only and barons, but of princes and kings must pay him, in his own dominions, bending their heads and stretching out their arms, and acknowledging his supremacy with tears and groans. He now fancied he had been poisoned on shore; and was confirmed in his belief, when Roebuck hummed a tune without any words to it, prodigal and profuse as he was of them on ordinary occasions; and when neither he, nor any of the sailors, would bring him such a trifle, as water-gruel sweetened with clary wine, or camomile-flowers picked with the dew upon them, and simmered in fair spring water and in an earthen pan, or viper-broth with a spoonful of Venice-treacle in it, stirred with the tusk of a wild-boar in the first quarter of the moon . . the only things he asked them for. Soon however

his pains abated; yet he complained that his eye-sight was so affected, he seemed to see nothing but greenish water, like leek-porrage, albeit by his reckoning they must now be very near the brook.

*Methinks,* said he, *we are running after that great white ship yonder.*

*Methinks so too,* answered Ralph . . crying, *How is this?* with apparent anger, to the sailors.

*It cannot be otherwise,* said one of them. *The boat is the brig's own daughter: who can keep them asunder? You might as well hope to hold tight by your teeth a two-month's calf from its dam.*

*Why didst not thou see to that, Ralph?* cried the knight in the bitterness of his soul. *Always rash and imprudent!*

Roebuck attempted to console his master with the display of the honours that would be shewn him aboard the brig, when his quality should be discovered. Then, taking advantage of a shoal of porpoises, that rolled and darted in every direction round the boat, he shewed them to Sir Magnus, who turned pale at seeing them so near him. *Never be frightened at a parcel of bots!* cried Roebuck.

*Bots! what, those vast creatures?*

*Ay, surely,* said one of the sailors; *the sea-horses void them by millions in a moment: you may sometimes see a thousand of them sticking on a single hair of their tails.*

*Do those horses come within sight then?* said Sir Magnus tremulously.

*Only when they are itchy,* answered the mariner; *and then they contrive to slip between a boat and a brig, and crack a couple or three at a time of these troublesome little insects.*

Sir Magnus said something to himself about the wonders of the great deep, and praised God for having kept hitherto such a breed of bots out of his stables. He began to see clearly how fitted every thing is to the place it occupies; and how certainly these creatures were created to be killed between brigs and boats.

Meditations must have their end, tho they reach to Heaven.

Great as had been the consternation of Sir Magnus at the sight of the porpoises, and at the probability that a hair of some stray marine horse, covered over with them, might lie between him and the river, greater stil was it, if possible, at approaching the brig, and discerning the two De Ardens. *What can they want with me?* cried he. *I am resolved not to go home with 'em.*

Roebuck raised his spirits, by swearing that nothing of the kind should happen, while he had a drop of blood in his veins. *Hark! Sir Knight!* said he. *Observe how the two young gentlemen are behaving.*

Gaily indeed did they accost him, and imperiously cried they to the crew, *Make way for Sir Magnus Lucy.*

*Behold, Sir! your glorious name hath already manifested itself,* said Ralph.

A rope-ladder was let down; and the brothers knelt, and inclined their bodies, and offered their hands, to aid him in mounting. *Here are honours paid to my master!* said Roebuck exultingly. Sir Magnus himself was highly gratified with his reception, and resolved to deferr his interrogatory on the course they seemed to be taking. He was startled, at dinner-time, when the captain with strange familiarity entitled him *Sir Mag.* The following words were even more offensive. As the ship rolled somewhat, tho moderately, the trencher of Sir Magnus fell into his lap; and the captain cried, *Nay, nay, Sir Mag! as much into gullet as gullet will hold, but clap nothing below the girdle.* He protested he had no design to secrete any thing. The sailors played and punned, as low men are wont, on his family name: and on his asking what the fellows meant by their impudence, a scholar from Oxford, of whom he inquired it, one who liked the logic of princes better than that of pedants, told him they wished to express by their words and gestures, that he was, in the phrase of Horace, *ad unguem factus.*

*I do not approve of any phrases,* answered he, somewhat proudly, *and pray, Sir, tell them so.*

*Sir!* said Roebuck in his ear, *altho you may be somewhat disappointed in the measure of respect paid to you aboard, you will be compensated on landing.*

Sir Magnus thought hereby that his tenants would surely bring him pullets and chines. As they approached the coast, *I told you, Sir!* exclamed he. *Look at the bonfire on the very edge of the sands! they could not make it nearer you.* A fire was blazing, and there were loud *huzzas* as the ship entered the port.

*I would stil be incog, if possible,* said Sir Magnus, hollowing his cheeks and voice, and recovering to himself a great part of his own estimation. *Give the good men this money; and tell them in future not to burn a serviceable boat for me, in want of brushwood. I will send them a cart-load of it another time, on due application.*

The people were calking a fishing-smack. They took the money, hooted at Sir Magnus, and turned again to their labour.

After the service of the day, the king of England was always pleased to watch the ships coming over, to observe the soldiers debarking, and to learn the names of the knights and esquires who successively crossed the channel. He happened

to be riding at no great distance; and ordered one of his attendents to go and bring him information of the ship and her passengers, particularly as he had seen some stout horses put ashore. This knight was an intimate friend of De Arden the father, and laughed heartily at the adventure, as related by Humphrey. He repeated it to the king, word for word, as nearly as he could. *Marry!* said the king, *three fat horses, with a beanfield (I warrant) in each, are but an inadequate price for such a name. I doubt whether we have another amongst us that was in any degree noble before the Norman conquest. We ourselves might have afforded three decent ones, in recompense for the dominion and property of nearly one whole county, and that county the fairest in England. Let the boys make the knight shew his prowess, as some of his family have done. I observe they ride well, and have the prudence to exercise their horses on their first debarking, lest they grow stiff and lose their appetite. Tell them I shall be glad to hear of them, and then to see them.*

Sir Magnus, the moment he sett foot on shore, was welcomed to land by Roebuck. *No, no! rogue Ralph!* said he, nodding, *I know the Avon when I see it. Here we are . . . None of your mummery, good people,* cried he, somewhat

angrily, when several ragged French, men, women, and children, asked him for charity. *We will have no Babel here, by God's blessing.*

Soon came forward two young knights, and told him it was the king's pleasure he should pitch his tent above *Eu*, on the right of this same river *Brête.*

*Youngsters!* cried he arrogantly, *I shall pitch nothing; neither tent (whatever it may be) nor quoit nor bar. Know ye, I am Sir Magnus Lucy of Charlecote.*

The young knights, unceremoniously as he had treated them, bowed profoundly, and said they bore the king's command, leaving the execution of it to his discretion.

*The king's*, repeated he .. *What have I done? Has that skipping squirrel of an under-sheriff been at the king's ear about me?*

They could not understand him; and, telling him that it would be unbecoming in them to investigate his secrets, made again their obeissance and left him. He then turned toward Ralph; the polar star in every ambiguity of his courses.

*Honoured master, Sir Magnus!* answered Ralph, *let no strife be between us, nor ill blood, that alway maketh ill counsels boil uppermost in the pot . . .*

*Roebuck!* said the knight, surveying him with

silent admiration, *now speakest thou soundly and calmly; for thou hast taken time in the delivery therof, and communed with thyself, before thou didst trust the least trust-worthy of thy members. But I do surmise from thy manner, and from the thing spoken, that thou hast somewhat within thee which thou wouldst utter yet.*

*Worshipful sir!* subjoined Ralph, *altho I do not boast of my services, as who would? yet, truth is truth; I have saved your noble neck from the gallows; forasmuch as you took a name, worshipful sir! which neither king nor father ever gave you, and which belongeth to others rightfully. Now if both the name and the horses had been found at once upon you, a miracle only could have saved you from that bloody-minded under-sheriff. Providential was it for you, sir knight, that those two young gentlemen, whether in mercy they counterfeited the letter . . .*

*No, no, no! the priest's own brother wrote it: the priest deposed to the hand-writing.*

*Then,* said Ralph calmly, lifting up the palms of his hands toward Sir Magnus, *let us praise the Lord!*

*Hei-da! Ralph! why! art even thou grown devout? Verily this is a great mercy; a great deliverance . . I doubt whether the best part of it (praised be the Lord nevertheless!) be not rather*

*for thee, than for such a sinner as I am. For thou hast lost no horse; and yet art touched as if thou hadst lost a stud: thou hast not suffered in the flesh; and yet thy spirit is very contrite.*

*Master!* said Ralph, *only one thing is quite plain to me; which is, that Almighty God decrees that we should render our best services to our country. Your three horses followed you for idle pomp: vanity prompted you to appear what you are not.*

*Very wrong, Ralph!*

*And yet, Sir Magnus, if you had not committed this action, which in your pious and reasonable humility you call very wrong, perhaps three gallant youths (for Sir Magnus Lucy by God's grace shall be the third) had remained at home in that sad idleness, which leaves an unprivileged and tongue-tied old-age. We are now in France..*

*Ralph! Ralph!* said Sir Magnus, *be serious stil. Faith! I can hardly tell when thou art and when thou art not, being so unsteddy a creature.*

*Sir Magnus, I repeat it, we are now in Normandy or Picardy, I know not rightly which, where the king also is, and where it would be unseemly if any English knight were not. The eyes of England and of France are fixt upon us. Here we must all obey, the lofty as well as the humble.*

*Obey! ay, to be sure, Ralph! Thou wilt*

*obey me: thou are not great enough to obey the king: therefor set not thy heart upon it.*

Ralph smiled and replied, *I offered my service to the young De Ardens, which they graciously accepted. As however they have their own servants with them, if you, my honoured master, can trust me, who have more than once deceived you, but never to your injury, I will with their permission continue to serve you, and that right faithfully. Whatever is wanting to the dignity of your appearance is readily purchased in this country, from the many traffickers who follow the camp, and from the great abundance of Normandy. So numerous too are the servants who have lost their masters, you may find as many as your rank requires, or your fortune can maintain. There are handier men among them than I am; and I do not ask of you any place of trust above my betters. Such as I am, either take me, Sir Magnus, or leave me with the two brave lads.*

*Ralph!* answered the knight, *I cannot do without thee; since I am here; as it seems I am!* and he sighed. *About those servants that have lost their masters.. I wish thou couldst have held thy peace.. I would not fain have such unlucky varlets. But some of these masters, let us hope, may be found. Thou dost not mean they are dead; that is, killed!*

*Missing*, said Ralph, consolatorily.

*I thought so: I corrected thee at the time. Now my three horses, the king being here, if thou speakest truth, I can have them up by certiorari at his Bench.*

*They would be apt to leap it, I trow*, replied Ralph, *with such riders upon their backs. Master, be easy about them!*

*Ismael is very powerful: he could carry me anywhere in reason*, said Sir Magnus.

*Do not let the story get wind*, answered his counsellor, *lest we never hear the end of it. I promise you, my worthy master, you shall have Ismael again after the wars.*

*He will have longer teeth, and fewer marks in his mouth, before that time*, said sorrowfully Sir Magnus.

*No bridle can hold him, when he is wilful*, replied Ralph; *and altho peradventure he might carry your Worship clean thro the enemy, once or twice, yet Ismael is not the horse to be pricked and goaded by pikes and arrows, without rearing and plunging, and kicking off helmets by the dozen, nine ells from the ground. Let those Staffordshire lads break him in and bring him home.*

*Tell them so! tell them so!* said Sir Magnus, rubbing his hands, *and find me one very strong and fleet, and very tractable, and that will do*

*anything rather than plunge and rear at being pricked; if such bloody times should ever come over again in the world: for, as I never yet gave any man cause to mock at me, I will do my utmost to make all reverent of me, now I am near the king.* Thus he spoke, being at last well aware that he was indeed in France; altho he was yet perplexed in spirit, in regard to his having been at Babel.

However, some time afterward he was likewise cured of this scepticism; as by degrees men will be on such points, if they seek the truth in humility of spirit. Conversing one day with Roebuck, on past occurrences, he said, after a pause, *Ralph! I have confessed unto thee many things, as thou likewise hast confessed many unto me; the which manner of living and communing was very pleasant to the gentle saints Paul and Timothy. And now I do indeed own that I have seen men, in these parts beyond-sea, and doubt not that there be likewise such in others, who in sundry matters have more of worldly knowledge than I have . . knowledge I speak of, not of understanding. In the vanity of my heart, having at that time seen little, I did imagine and surmise that Babel lay wider of us; albeit I could not upon oath or upon honour say where or whereabout. It pleased the Lord to enlighten me by signs and tokens, and not to leave me for the*

*scorn of the heathen and the derision of the ungodly. Had I minded his word somewhat more, when in my self-sufficiency I thought I had minded little else and knew it off-hand, I should have remembered that we pray every sabbath for the peace of Jerusalem, and of Sion, and of Israel; meaning thereby (as the priest admonisheth the simpler of the congregation) our own country, albeit other names have been given in these latter days to divers parts thereof. By the same token I might have apprehended that Babel lay at no vast distance.*

Roebuck listened demurely, smacking his lips at intervals like a carp out of pond, and looking grave and edified. Tired however with this geographical discursion, burred and briared and braked with homilies, he reminded his master that no time was to be lost in looking for a gallant steed, worthy to bear a knight of distinction. *My father*, said he, *made a song for himself, in readiness at fair or market, when he had a sorry jade to dispose of.*

*Who sells a good nag*
*On his legs may fag*
*Until his heart be weary.*
*Who buys a good nag,*
*And hath groats in his bag,*
*May ride the world over full cheery.*

*Comfortable thoughts, both of 'em!* said Sir Magnus. *I never sold my nags: and I have groats enow .. if nobody do touch the same. Not knowing well the farms about this country, and the day being more windy than I could wish it, and proposing stil to remain for a while incognito, and being somewhat soiled in my apparel by the accidents of the voyage, and furthermore my eyes having been strained thereby a slight matter, it would please me, Roebuck, if thou wentest in search of the charger: the troublesome part of looking at his quarters, and handling him, and disbursing the monies, I myself may, by God's providence, bring unto good issue.*

Ralph accepted the commission, and performed it faithfully and amply. He returned with two powerful chargers, magnificently caparisoned, and told his master that he would grieve to the day of his death if he let either of them slip thro his fingers. Sir Magnus first asked the prices, and then the names of them. He was informed that one was called Rufus, and the other Beauclerc, after two great English kings. Enquiring of Ralph the history of these English kings, and whether he had ever heard of them, and on the confession of Ralph in the negative, he was vexed and discontented, and told Ralph he knew nothing. The owner of the horses was very fluent in the history of the two princes; which nearly lost him

his customer; for the knight shook his head, saying he should be sorry to mount a beast of such an unlucky name as Rufus; above all, in a country where arrows were so rife. As for Beauclerc, he was unexceptionable.

*A horse indeed!* cried Roebuck: *in my mind, sir! Ismael is not fit to hold a candle to him.*

*I would not say so much as that,* gravely and majestically replied the knight: *but this Beauclerc has his points, Roebuck.* Sir Magnus purchased the two horses, and acquired into the bargain the two pages of history appertaining to their names; which, proud as he was of displaying them on all occasions, he managed less dexterously. Before long he heard on all sides the most exalted praises of Humphrey and Henry; and, altho he was by no means invidious, he attributed a large portion of the merit to Ismael, and appealed to Roebuck whether he did not once hear him say that Jacob too would shew himself one day or other. Stimulated by the glory his horses had acquired, horses bred upon his own land, and by the notice they had attracted from our invincible Edward, under two mere striplings of half his weight, he himself within a week or fortnight was totally changed in character. Sloth and inactivity were no longer endurable to him. He exercised his chargers and himself in every practice necessary to the military career; and at last being presented to the king,

Edward said to him that, albeit not being at Westminster, nor having his chancellor at hand, he could not legally enforce the payment of the twenty-five shillings, stil due (he understood) as part of the purchase-money of sundry chargers, nevertheless he would oblige the gallant knight who bought them, to present him on due occasion a pair of spurs for his acquittence.

The ceremony was not performed in the presence of the king, whose affairs required him elsewhere, but in the presence of his glorious son, after the battle of Cressy. Here Sir Magnus was surrounded, and perhaps would have fallen, being stil inexpert in the management of his arms, when suddenly a young soldier, covered with blood, rushed between him and his antagonist, whom he levelled with his battle-axe, and fell exhausted. Sir Magnus had received many bruizes thro his armour, and noticed but little the event; many similar ones, or nearly so, having occurred in the course of the engagement. Soon however that quarter of the field began to shew its herbage again in larger spaces; and at the distant sound of the French trumpets, which was shrill, fitful, and tuneless, the broken ranks of the enemy near him, waved, like a tattered banner in the wind, and melted, and disappeared. Ralph had fought resolutely at his side, and, tho wounded, was little hurt. The knight called him aloud: at his voice

not only Ralph came forward, but the soldier, who had preserved his life, rolled round toward him. Disfigured as he was with blood and bruizes, Ralph knew him again: it was Peter Crosby, of the bulrush. Sir Magnus did not find immediately the words he wanted to accost him: and indeed tho he had become much braver, he had not grown much more courteous, much more generous, or much more humane. He took him however by the hand, thanked him for having saved his life, and hoped to assist in doing him the same good turn.

Roebuck in the meantime washed the several wounds of his former friend and playmate, from a cow's horn containing wine; of which, as he had reserved it only against thirst in battle, few drops were left. Gashes opened from under the gore; which made him wish that he had left it untouched; and he drew in his breath, as if he felt all the pain he awakened.

*Well-meant, Ralph! but prythee give over!* said Crosby patiently. *These singings in my head are no merry-makings.*

*Master! ... if you are there ... I would liefer have lain in Hampton church-yard, among the skittles, or as near them as might be, so as not to spoil the sport: and methinks had it been a score or two of years later, it were none the worse. Howsoever, God's will be done! Greater folks*

*have been eaten here by the dogs. Welladay! and what harm? Dogs at any time are better beasts than worms, and should be served first. They love us and watch us and help us when we are living: the others dont mind us while we are good for any thing. There are chaps too, and feeding in clover, who think much as they do upon that matter.*

*Give me thy hand, Ralph! Tell my father I have done my best. If thou findest a slash or two athwart my back and loins, swear to him, as thou safely mayest do on all the Gospels, that they closed upon me and gave them when I was cutting my way thro . . . aweary with what had been done already . . . to lend my last service . . . to our worthy master.*

Now, messer Francesco, I may call upon you, having seen you long since throw aside your gravity, and at last spring up alert, as tho you would mount for Picardy.

PETRARCA.

A right indeed have you acquired to call upon me, ser Geoffreddo; but you must except from me the produce of our country. Brave men appear amongst us every age almost; yet all of them are apt to look to themselves; none will hazard his life for another; none will trust his best friend. Such is our breed; such it always was. In affairs of love alone have we as great a

variety as you have, and perhaps a greater. I am by nature very forgetful of light occurrences, even of those which much amused me at the time; and if your greyhound, messer Geoffreddo, were not laying his muzzle between my knees, urging my attention, shivering at the cold of this unmatted marble, and treading upon my foot in preference, I doubt whether you would even have heard from me the story I shall now relate to you.

It occurred the year before I left Avignon; the inhabitants of which city, messer Giovanni will certify, are more beautiful than any others in France.

BOCCACCIO.

I have learnt it from report, and believe it readily: so many Italians have resided there so long, and the very flower of Italy; amorous poets, stout abbates, indolent priests, high-fed cardinals, handsome pages, gigantic halbardiers, and crossbow-men for ever at the mark.

PETRARCA.

Pish! pish! let me find my way thro 'em, and come to the couple I have before my eyes, and the spaniel that was the prime mover in the business.

Tenerin de Gisors knew few things in the world; and, if he had known all therin, he would have found nothing so valuable, in his own estimation, as himself. The ladies paid much court

to him, and never seemed so happy as in his presence: this disquieted him.

BOCCACCIO.

How the deuce! he must have been a saint then: which accords but little with his vanity.

PETRARCA.

You might mistake there, Giovanni! The observation does not hold good in all cases, I can assure you.

BOCCACCIO.

Well, go on with him.

PETRARCA.

I do think, Giovanni, you tell a story a great deal more naturally; but I will say plainly what my own eyes have remarked, and will let the peculiarities of men appear as they strike me, whether they are in symmetry with our notions of character, or not.

CHAUCER.

The man of genius may do this: no other will attempt it. He will discover the symmetry, the relations, and the dependencies, of the whole: he will square the strange problematic circle of the human heart.

Pardon my interruption; and indulge us with the tale of Tenerin.

PETRARCA.

He was disquieted, I repeat it, by the gaiety

and familiarity of the young women, who, truly to speak, betray at Avignon no rusticity of reserve. Educated in a house where music and poetry were cultivated, he had been hearing from his earliest days the ditties of broken hearts and desperation: and never had he observed that these invariably were sung under leering eyes, with smiles that turned every word upside-down, and were followed by the clinking of glasses, a hearty supper, and *what not!*

At Avignon, as with us, certain houses entertain certain parties: it is thought unpolite and inconstant ever to go from one into another, I do not mean in the same evening, but in your lifetime; and only the religious can do it without reproach. As bees carry and deposit the fecundating dust of certain plants, so friars and priests the exhilarating tales of beauty, and the hardly less exhilarating of frailty, covering it deeply with pity, and praising the mercy of the Lord, in permitting it for an admonition to others.

There are two sisters in our city (I forgot myself in calling Avignon so) of whom among friends I may speak freely, and may even name them; Cyrilla de la Haye, and Egidia. Cyrilla, the younger, is said to be extremely beautiful: I never saw her; and few besides the family have seen her lately. She is spoken of, among her female friends, as very lively, very modest, fond of

reading and of music: added to which advantages, she is heiress to her uncle the bishop of Carpentras, now invested with the purple. For her fortune, and for the care bestowed on her education, she is indebted to her sister, who, having deceived many respectable young men with hopes of marriage, was herself at last deceived in them, and bore about her an indication that deceived no one. During the three years that her father lived after this too domestic calamity, he confined her in a country-house, leaving her only the liberty of a garden, fenced with high walls. He died at Paris: and the mother, who fondly loved Egidia, went instantly and liberated her, permitting her to return to Avignon, while she herself hid her grief, it is said, with young Gasparin de l'Œuf, in the villa. Egidia was resolved to enjoy the first moments of freedom, and perhaps to shew how little she cared for an unforgiving father. No one however at Avignon, beyond the family, had yet heard any thing of his decease. The evening of her liberation she walked along the banks of the Durance, with her favorite spaniel, which had become fat and unwieldy with his confinement, and with lying all day under the southern wall of the garden, and, having never been combed nor washed, exhibited every sign of dirtiness and decrepitude. To render him smarter, she adorned him again with his rich silver collar, now fitting

him no longer, and hardly by any effort to be clasped about his voluminous neck. He escaped from her, dragging after him the scarlet ribbon, which she had formed into a chain, that it might appear the richer with its festoons about it, and that she might hold the last object of her love the faster. On the banks of the river, he struggled with both paws to disengage the collar, and unhappily one of them passed thro a link of the ribbon. Frightened and half-blind, he ran on his three legs he knew not whither, and tumbled thro some low willows into the Durance. Egidia caught at the end of the ribbon; and, the bank giving way with her, she fell with him. She had, the moment before, looked in vain for assistence to catch her spaniel for her, and had cast a reproachful glance toward the bridge, about a hundred paces off, on which Tenerin de Gisors was leaning, with his arms folded upon the battlement. . . .

*Now*, said he to himself, *one woman at least would die for me. She implored my pity before she committed the rash act . . as such acts are called on other occasions.*

Without stirring a foot, or unfolding an arm, he added pathetically from Ovid,

Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

We will not inquire whether the verses are the more misplaced by the poet*, or were the more misapplied by the reciter. Tenerin now stepped forward, both to preserve his conquest and add solemnity to his triumph. He lost however the opportunity of saving his mistress, and saw her carried to the other side of the river by two stout youths, who placed her with her face downward, that the water might run out of her mouth. He gave them a *livre*, on condition that they should declare he alone had saved the lady: he then quietly walked up to his neck in the stream, turned back again, and assisted (or rather followed) the youths in conveying her to the monastery, near the city-gate.

Here he learned, after many vain inquiries, that the lady was no other than the daughter of Philibert de la Haye. Perpetually had he heard in every conversation the praises of Cyrilla; of her beauty, her temper, her reserve, her accomplishments; and what a lucky thing for her was the false step of her sister, immured for life, and leaving her in sole expectation of a vast inheritance. Hastening homeward, he dressed himself in more gallant trim, and went forthwith to the bishop of Carpentras, then at Avignon, to whom he did not

* Many modern critics have believed them spurious, and some manuscripts are without them.

find admittence, as his lordship had only that morning received intelligence of his brother-in-law's decease. He expressed by letter his gratitude to Divine Providence, for having enabled him to rescue the most lovely of her sex, from the horrours and deplorable consequences of a watery grave; announced his rank, his fortune (not indeed to be mentioned or thought of in comparison with her merits), and entreated the honour of an union with her, if his lordship could recommend or countenance it; since such purity ought never to have been enfolded, if he might say it, in the arms of any man who was not destined to become her husband.

*Ah!* said the bishop when he had perused the letter, *the young man too well knows what has happened: who does not? The holy Father himself hath shed paternal tears upon it. Very providential this falling into the water! this endangering of a sinful life! May it awaken her remorse and repentance, as it hath awakened his pity and compassion! His proceding is liberal and delicate: he could not speak more passionately and more guardedly. He was (now I find) one of her earlier admirers. No reference to others; no reproaches. True love wears well. I do not like this matter to grow too public. I will set out for Carpentras* in*

* Carpentras is about fourteen miles from Avignon.

*another hour, first writing a few lines, directing M. Tenerin to meet me at the palace this evening, as soon as may be convenient. We must forgive the fault of Egidia now she has found a good match; and we may put on mourning for the father, my worthy brother-in-law, next week.*

Such were the cogitations and plans of the bishop, and he carried them at once into execution: for he had little faith in the waters of the Durance, as restorative or conservative of chastity.

Tenerin has been since observed to whistle more often than to sing; and when he begins to warble any of his amatory songs, which seldom happens, the words do not please him as they used to do, and he breaks off abruptly. A friend of his said to him in my presence, *Your ear, Tenerin, has grown correcter and more fastidious, since you walked up to it in the water on the first of August.*

BOCCACCIO.

Francesco! the more I reflect on the story you have related to us, the more plainly do I perceive how natural it is, and this too in the very peculiarity that appeared to me at first as being little so. Unless we make a selection of subjects, unless we observe their highths and distances, unless we give them their angles and shades, we may as well paint with white-wash. We do not want strange

events, so much as those by which we are admitted into the recesses, or carried on amid the operations, of the human mind. We are stimulated by its activity; but we are greatly more pleased at surveying it leisurely in its quiescent state, uncovered and unsuspicious. Few however are capable of describing, or even of remarking it; while strange and unexpected contingences are the commonest pedlary of the markets, and the joint patrimony of the tapsters.

I have drawn so largely from my brain, for the production of a hundred stories, many of which, I confess, are witless and worthless, and very many others, just as ser Geoffreddo saw them, incomplete, that if my memory did not come to my assistence, I should be mistrustful of my imagination.

CHAUCER.

Ungrateful man! the world never found one like it, and could not furnish nor hold another such.

BOCCACCIO.

Are Englishmen so Asiatic in the profusion of compliments and titles?

I know not, Francesco, whether you may deem this cathedral a befitting place for narratives of love.

PETRARCA.

No place is more befitting; since if the love be

holy, no sentiment is essentially so divine; and if unholy, we may pray the more devoutly and effectually in such an audience, for the souls of those who harboured it. Beside which, the coolness of the aisles, and their silence, and their solitariness, at the extremity of the city, would check within us any motive or tendency to lasciviousness and lightness, if the subject should lie that way, and if your spirits should incautiously follow it, my friend Giovanni, as (pardon my sincerity!) they are somewhat too propense.

BOCCACCIO.

My scruples are satisfied and removed.

The air of Naples is not quite so inclement as that of our Arezzo: and there are some who will tell us, if we listen to them, that few places in the world are more favorable and conducive to amorous inclinations. I often heard it while I resided there; and the pulpit gave an echo to the public voice. Strange then it may appear to you, that jealousy should find a place in the connubial state, and after a year or more of marriage. Nevertheless so it happened.

The prince of Policastro was united to a lady of his own rank; and yet he could not be quite so happy as he should have been with her. She brought him a considerable dowery; and I never saw valets more covered with lace, fringes, knots, and every thing else that ought to content the

lordly heart, than I have seen behind the chairs of the prince and the princess of Policastro. Alas! what are all the blessings of this sublunary world, to the lord whose lady has thin lips! The princess was very loving; as much so after the first year as the prince was after the first night. Even this would not content him.

Time, ser Geoffreddo, remembering that Love and he, in some other planet, flew together, and neither left the other behind, is angry to be outstript by him, and challenges him to a trial of speed every day. The tiresome dotard is always distanced, yet always calls hoarsely after him; as if he had ever seen Love turn back again, any more than Love had seen him . . Well! let them settle the matter between themselves.

Would you believe it? the princess could not make her husband in the least the fonder of her by all her assiduities; not even by watching him while he was awake, more assiduously than the tenderest mother ever watched her sleeping infant. Altho, to change her fascinations and enchantments, she called him wretch and villain, he was afterward as wretched and as villanous as if she never had taken half the pains about him.

She had brought with her in her train a certain Jacometta, whom she persuaded to spy the motions of the prince. He was soon aware of it, and, calling her to him, said, *Discreet and fair*

*Jacometta, the princess, you know very well, thinks me inattentive to her, and being unable to fix on any other object of suspicion, she marks out you, and boasts among her friends that she has persuaded a foolish girl to follow and watch me, that she may at last, by the temptation she throws into our way, rid herself of a beauty who in future might give her great uneasiness. Certainly, if my heart could wander, its wanderings would be near home. I do not exactly say I should preferr you to every woman on earth, for reason and gratitude must guide my passion; and, unless where I might expect to find attachment, I shall ever remain indifferent to personal charms. You may relate to your mistress whatever you think proper of this conversation. If you believe a person of your own sex can be more attached and faithful to you than the most circumspect of ours, then repeat the whole. If on the contrary you imagine that I can be hereafter of any use to you, and that it is my interest to keep secret any confidence with which you may honour me, the princess has now enabled us to avoid being circumvented by her. It cannot hurt me: you are young, unsettled, incautious, and unsuspicious.*

Jacometta held down her head in confusion: the prince, taking her by the hand, requested her not to think that he was offended. After a few

more conferences, he persuaded her to let him meet her privately, that he might give her warning if any thing should occurr, and that he might assist her to turn aside the machinations of their enemy. The first time they met, nothing had occurred: he pressed her hand, slipt a valuable ring on one of the fingers, and passed. The second time, nothing very material, nothing but what might be warded off: let the worst happen, the friend who gave him information of the designs laid against her, would receive her and console her. The princess saw with wonder and admiration the earnestness with which Jacometta watched for her. The faithless man could hardly move hand or foot without a motion on the part of her attendent. She had observed him near the chamber-door of Jacometta, and laughed in her heart at the beguiled deceiver. *Do you know, Jacometta, I myself saw him within two paces of your bed-room!*

*I am quite confident it was he, madam!* answered Jacometta: *and I do believe in my conscience he comes every night. Generally I sleep soundly; but once or twice he has awakened me, not knowing very well the passage. Would not it be better, to fasten in the center and in the sides of the corridor five or six or seven sharp swords, with their points toward whoever . .*

*Jacometta! do nothing violently; nothing rashly; nothing without me.*

There was only one thing that Jacometta wished to do without the princess; and certainly she was disposed to do nothing violently or rashly; for she was now in the interest (these holy walls forbid me to speak more explicitly) of Policastro.

*We will be a match for him,* said the princess. *You must leave your room-door open tonight.*

Jacometta fell on her knees, and declared she was honest tho poor . . an exclamation which I dare say, messer Geoffreddo, you have often heard in Italy . . it being the preface to every act of roguery and lubricity, unless from a knight or knight's lady. The princess of Policastro was ignorant of this, and so was Jacometta when she used it. The mistress insisted; the attendent deprecated.

*Simple child! no earthly mischief shall befall you. Tonight you shall sleep in my bed, and I in yours, awaiting the false wretch miscalled my husband.*

Satisfied with the ingenuity of her device, the princess was excessively courteous to the prince at dinner, and indeed throughout the whole day. He on his part was in transports, he said, at her affability and sweet amiable temper. Poor Jacometta really knew not what to do. Scarcely for

one moment could she speak to the prince, that he might be on his guard.

*Do it! do it!* said he, pressing her hand as she passed him, *we must submitt.*

At the proper time he went in his slippers to the bedroom of the princess, and entered the spacious bed . . . which, like the domains of the rich, is never quite spacious enough for them. Jacometta was persuaded to utter no exclamation in the beginning, and was allowed to use whatever violence she pleased at a fitter moment. The princess tossed about in Jacometta's bed, inveying most furiously against her faithless husband; her voice alone was in any degree suppressed. Jacometta too tossed about in the princessis bed, and her voice laboured under hardly less suppression. At last the principal cause of vexation with the jealous wife, was the unreasonable time to which her husband protracted the commission of his infidelity. After two hours or thereabouts, she began to doubt whether he really had ever been unfaithful at all, began to be of opinon that there are many malicious people in the world, and returned to her own chamber. She fancied she heard voices within; and, listening attentively, she distinguished these outcries.

*No resistence, madam! An injured husband claims imperatively his promised bliss; denied him not thro antipathy, not thro hatred, not thro*

*any demerits on his part, but thro unjust and barbarous jealousy. Resist! bite! beat me! Villain.. ravisher.. am I? am I? Excruciated as I am, wronged, robbed of my happiness, of my sacred conjugal rights, may the blessed Virgin never countenance me, never look on me or listen to me, if this is not the last time I ask them, or if ever I accept them tho offered.*

At which, he rushed indignantly from the bed, threw open the door, and pushing aside the princess, cried raving, *Vile treacherous girl! standing there, peeping! half-naked! At your infantine age dare you thus intrude upon the holy mysteries of the marriage-bed?*

Screaming out these words, he ran like one possessed by the devil into his own room, bolted the door with vehemence, slipped into bed, and slept soundly.

The princess was astonished: she asked herself, why did not I do this? why did not I do that? The reason was, she had learnt her own part, but not his. Scarcely had she entered her chamber, when Jacometta fell upon her neck, sobbing aloud, and declaring that nothing but her providential presence could have saved her. She had muffled herself up, she said, folding the bed-cloths about her double and triple, and was several times on the point of calling up the whole household, in her extremity, strict as was her

mistressis charge upon her, to be silent. The princess threw a shower of odoriferous waters over her, and took every care to restore her spirits and to preserve her from a fit, after such exertions and such exhaustion. When she was rather more recovered, she dropped on her knees before her lady, and entreated and implored that, on the renewal of her love in its pristine ardour for the prince, she never would tell him in any moment of tender confidence, that it was she who was in the bed.

The princess was slow to give the promise; for she was very consciencious: at last however she gave it, saying, *The prince my husband has taken a most awful oath, never to renew the moments you apprehend. Our Lady strengthen me to bear my heavy affliction! Her divine favour has cured my agonized breast of its inveterate jealousy.*

She paused for some time; then, drying her tears, for she had shed several, she invited Jacometta to sit upon the bedside with her. Jacometta did so; and the princess, taking her hand, continued; *I hardly know what is passing in my mind, Jacometta! I found it difficult to bear an injury, tho an empty and unreal one; let me try whether the efforts I make will enable me to endure a misfortune . . on the faith of a woman, my dear Jacometta, no unreal nor*

*empty one. Policastro is young: it would be unreasonable in me to desire he should lead the life of an anchorite, and perhaps not quite reasonable in him to expect the miracle of my blood congealing.*

After this narration, messer Francesco walked toward the high altar, and made his genuflexion: the same did messer Giovanni, and, in the act of it, slapped ser Geoffreddo on the shoulder, telling him he might dispense with the ceremony, by reason of his inflexible boots and the buck-skin paling about his loins. Ser Geoffreddo did it nevertheless, and with equal devotion. His two friends then took him between them to the house of messer Francesco, where dinner had been some time waiting.

# CONVERSATION X.

## ALEXANDER

AND

## PRIEST OF HAMMON.

# ALEXANDER

AND

# PRIEST OF HAMMON.

---

ALEXANDER.

To come at once to the point, I am ready to prove that neither Jason nor Bacchus, in their memorable expeditions, did greater service to mankind than I have done, and am about to do.

PRIEST.

Jason fleeced them, and Bacchus made them drunk: thou appearest a proper successor to these worthies.

ALEXANDER.

Such levity on heroes and Gods!

PRIEST.

Heark-ye, Alexander! we priests are privileged.

ALEXANDER.

I too am privileged to speak of my own great actions; if not as liberator of Greece, which thou didst deride most boisterously, at least as the benefactor of Egypt and of Jupiter.

PRIEST.

Here indeed it would be unseemly to laugh; for it is evident on thy royal word that Jupiter is much indebted to thee; and equally evident, from the same authority, that thou wantest nothing from him but his blessing . . unless it be a public acknowledgement that he has been guilty of another act of bastardy, more becoming his black curls than his grey decrepitude.

ALEXANDER.

Amazement! to talk thus of Jupiter!

PRIEST.

Only to those who are in his confidence: a mistress for instance; or a son, as thou art.

ALEXANDER.

Yea, by my head and by my sceptre am I. Nothing is more certain.

PRIEST.

We will discourse upon that presently. Tell me first in what manner thou art or wilt ever be the benefactor of Egypt.

ALEXANDER.

The same exposition will demonstrate that I shall be likewise the benefactor of Jupiter. It is my intention to build a city, in a situation very advantageous for commerce: of course the frequenters of such a mart will continually make offerings to Jupiter.

PRIEST.

For what?

ALEXANDER.

For prosperity.

PRIEST.

Alas! Alexander, the prosperous make few offerings; and Hermes has the dexterity to intercept the greater part of them. In Egypt there are cities enow already: I should say too many: for men prey upon one another when they are penned together close.

ALEXANDER.

There is then no glory in building a magnificent city?

PRIEST.

Great may be the glory . .

ALEXANDER.

Here at least thou art disposed to do me justice.

PRIEST.

I never heard until this hour that among thy other attainments was architecture.

ALEXANDER.

Scornful and insolent man! dost thou take me for an architect?

PRIEST.

I was about to do so; and certainly not in scorn; but to assuage the feeling of it.

ALEXANDER.

How!

PRIEST.

He who devises the plan of a great city, of its streets, its squares, its palaces, its temples, must exercise much reflexion and many kinds of knowledge: and yet those which strike most the vulgar, most even the scientific, require less care, less knowledge, less beneficence, than what are called the viler parts, and are the most obscure and unobserved; the construction of the sewers; the method of exempting the aqueducts from the incroachment of their impurities; the conduct of canals for fresh air in every part of the house, attempering the summer heats; the exclusion of reptiles; and even the protection from insects. The conveniences and comforts of life in these countries, must depend on such matters.

ALEXANDER.

My architect, I doubt not, has considered them maturely.

PRIEST.

Who is he?

ALEXANDER.

I will not tell thee: the whole glory is mine: I gave the orders, and first conceived the idea.

PRIEST.

A hound upon a heap of dust may dream of a

fine city, if he has ever seen one; and a madman in chains may dream of building it, and may even give directions about it.

ALEXANDER.

I will not bear this.

PRIEST.

Were it false, thou couldst bear it; thou wouldst call the bearing of it magnanimity; and wiser men would do the same for centuries. As such wisdom and such greatness are not what I bend my back to measure, do favour me with what thou wert about to say, when thou begannest, *nothing is more certain;* since I presume it must appertain to geometry, of which I am fond.

ALEXANDER.

I did not come hither to make figures upon the sand.

PRIEST.

Fortunate for thee, if the figure thou wilt leave behind thee could be as easily wiped out.

ALEXANDER.

What didst thou say?

PRIEST.

I was musing.

ALEXANDER.

Even the building of cities is in thy sight neither glorious nor commendable.

PRIEST.

Truly, to build them is not among the under-

takings I the most applaud in the powerful; but to destroy them is the very foremost of the excesses I abhorr. All the cities of the earth should rise up against the man who ruins one. Until this sentiment is predominant, the peaceful can have no protection, the virtuous no encouragement, the brave no countenance, the prosperous no security. We priests communicate one with another extensively; and even in these solitudes thy exploits against Thebes have reached and shocked us. What hearts must lie in the bosoms of those, who applaud thee for preserving the mansion of a deceased poet in the general ruin, while the relatives of the greatest patriot that ever drew breath under heaven, of the soldier at whose hospitable hearth thy father learned all that thou knowest and much more, of Epaminondas (dost thou hear me?) were murdered or enslaved. Now begin the demonstration than which *nothing is more certain.*

ALEXANDER.

Nothing is more certain, or what a greater number of witnesses are ready to attest, than that my mother Olympias, who hated Philip, was pregnant of me by a serpent.

PRIEST.

Of what race?

ALEXANDER.

Dragon.

PRIEST.

Thy mother Olympias hated Philip, a well-made man, young, courageous, libidinous, witty; prodigal of splendour, indifferent to wealth, the greatest captain, the most jovial companion, and the most potent monarch, in Europe . .

ALEXANDER.

My father Philip, I would have thee to know... I mean my reputed father . . was also the greatest politician in the world.

PRIEST.

This indeed I am well aware of; but I did not number it among his excellencies in the eyes of a woman: it would have been almost the only reason why she should have preferred the serpent. We live here, O Alexander, in solitude; yet we are not the less curious, but on the contrary the more, to learn what passes in the world around; and, I assure you, neither our records nor those of our brothers in Egypt, ancient as they are, go far enough back, to shew us an instance of any signal politician who was not also a signal cuckold. Thou hast unwittingly thrown in a strong argument in favour of thy divinity. Nevertheless we must ponder upon it.

Olympias then did really fall in love with a serpent! And she was induced . . .

ALEXANDER.

Induced, fool! Do serpents induce people! They coil and climb and subdue them.

PRIEST.

The serpent must have been very dexterous . .

ALEXANDER.

No doubt he was.

PRIEST.

But women have such an abhorrence of serpents, that Olympias would surely have rather run away.

ALEXANDER.

How could she?

PRIEST.

Or called out.

ALEXANDER.

Women never do that, lest somebody should hear them.

PRIEST.

All mortals seem to bear an innate antipathy to this reptile.

ALEXANDER.

Mind! mind what thou sayest, sirrah! do not call my father a reptile.

PRIEST.

Even thou, O Alexander, with all thy fortitude, wouldst experience a shuddering at the sight of a serpent in thy bed-clothes.

ALEXANDER.

Not at all. Besides, I do not hesitate in my belief that on this occasion it was Jupiter himself. The priests in Macedon were unanimous upon it.

PRIEST.

When it happened?

ALEXANDER.

When it happened no one mentioned it, for fear of Philip.

PRIEST.

What would he have done?

ALEXANDER.

He was choleric.

PRIEST.

Would he have made war upon Jupiter?

ALEXANDER.

By my soul! I know not; but I would have done so, in his place. As a son, I am dutiful: as a husband and a king, there is not a thunderbolt in heaven that should deterr me from my rights.

PRIEST.

Did any of the priesthood see the dragon, as he was entering or retreating from the chamber?

ALEXANDER.

Many saw a great light in it.

PRIEST.

He would want one the first time.

ALEXANDER.

This seems like irony: sacred things do not admitt it. What thousands saw nobody should doubt. The sky opened, lightnings flew athwart it, and strange voices were heard.

PRIEST.

Juno's the loudest, I suspect.

ALEXANDER.

Being a king, and the conqueror of kings, let me remind thee, surely I may be treated here with as much deference and solemnity as one priest shews toward another.

PRIEST.

Certainly with no less, O king! Since thou hast insisted that I should devise the best means of persuading the world of this awful verity, thou wilt excuse me, in thy clemency, if my remarks and interrogatories should appear prolix.

ALEXANDER.

Ask any thing; but do not press me: kings are not used to it. I will consign to thee every land from the center to the extremities of Africa; and the Fortunate Isles will I also give to thee, adding those of the Hyperboreans: I wish only the consent of all who officiate in this temple, and their testimony to the world, in declaration of my parentage.

PRIEST.

Many thanks! we have all we want.

ALEXANDER.

I cannot think you are true priests then; and if your oath on the divinity of my descent were not my object, and therefor not to be abandoned,

I should regret that I had offered so very much in advance, and should be provoked to deduct one half of the Fortunate Isles, and the greater part of the Hyperborean.

PRIEST.

Those are exactly the regions, O king, which our moderation would induce us to resign. Africa, we know, is worth little. We are nevertheless as well contented with the almonds, the dates, the figs, the fresh butter, the antelopes, the kids, the young boars, the tortoises, and the quails about us, as we should be if they were brought to us after fifty days' journey thro the desert.

ALEXANDER.

Really now, is it possible that, in a matter so evident, you can find any obstacle or difficulty in proclaming me what I am?

PRIEST.

Our difficulty (slight it must be acknowledged) is this. Our Jupiter is horned.

ALEXANDER.

So was my father . . not indeed while he played the dragon, but before and after.

PRIEST.

The children of Jupiter love one another; this we believe here in Lybia.

ALEXANDER.

And rightly: no affection was ever so strong as that of Castor and Pollux. I myself feel a

genuine love for them, and greater stil for Hercules.

PRIEST.

If thou hadst a brother or sister on earth, Jove-born, thou wouldst embrace the same most ardently.

ALEXANDER.

As becomes my birth and heart.

PRIEST.

O Alexander! may thy godlike race never degenerate!

ALEXANDER.

Now indeed the Powers above do inspire thee.

PRIEST.

Jupiter, I am commanded by him to declare, is verily thy father.

ALEXANDER.

He owns me then! he owns me! What sacrifice worthy of this indulgence can I offer to him?

PRIEST.

An obedient mind, and a camel-load of nard and amomum for his altar.

ALEXANDER.

I smell here the exquisite perfume of benzoin.

PRIEST.

It grows in our vicinity. The nostrils of Jupiter love changes: he is consistent in all parts, being Jupiter. He has other sons and daughters in the

world, begotten by him under the same serpentine form, altho unknown to common mortals.

ALEXANDER.

Indeed!

PRIEST.

I declare it unto thee.

ALEXANDER.

I cannot doubt it then.

PRIEST.

Not all indeed of thy comeliness in form and features, but awful and majestic. It is the will of Jupiter, that, like the Persian monarchs, whose sceptre he hath transferred to thee, thou marryest thy sister.

ALEXANDER.

Willingly. In what land upon earth liveth she whom thou designest for me?

PRIEST.

The Destinies and Jupiter himself have conducted thee, O Alexander, to the place where thy nuptials shall be celebrated.

ALEXANDER.

When did they so?

PRIEST.

Now; at this very hour.

ALEXANDER.

Let me see the bride, if it be lawful to lift up her veil.

PRIEST.

Follow me.

ALEXANDER.

The steps of this cavern are dark and slippery; but it terminates, no doubt, like the Eleusinian, in pure light and refreshing shades.

PRIEST.

Wait here an instant: it will grow lighter.

ALEXANDER.

What do I see yonder?

PRIEST.

Where?

ALEXANDER.

Close under the wall, rising and lowering, regularly and slowly, like a long weed on some still river.

PRIEST.

Thou descriest, O Alexander, the daughter of Jupiter, the watchful virgin, the preserver of our treasures. Without her they would be carried away by the wanderers of the desert; but they fear, as they should do, the daughter of Jupiter.

ALEXANDER.

Hell and Furies! what hast thou been saying? I heard nothing. Daughter of Jupiter!

PRIEST.

Hast thou any fancy for the silent and shy maiden? I will leave you together . . .

ALEXANDER.

Orcus and Erebus!

PRIEST.

Be discreet! restrain your raptures until the rites are celebrated.

ALEXANDER.

Rites! Infernal pest! O horrour! abomination! a vast panting snake!

PRIEST.

Say *dragon*, O king! and beware how thou callest horrid and abominable the truly begotten of our lord thy father.

ALEXANDER.

What means this? inhuman traitor! Open the door again: shew me the way back. Are my conquests to terminate in the jaws of a reptile?

PRIEST.

Do the kings of Macedon call their sisters such unworthy names?

ALEXANDER.

Let me out, I say!

PRIEST.

Inconstant man! I doubt even whether the marriage hath been consummated. Dost thou doubt her worthiness? prove her, prove her. We have certain signs and manifestations that Jupiter begat this powerful creature, thy elder sister . . tho her mother hid her shame and confusion in

the desert, where she stil wanders, and looks with an evil eye on every thing in the form of man. The poorest, vilest, most abject of the sex, holdeth her head no lower than she.

ALEXANDER.

Impostor! liar!

PRIEST.

Do not the sympathies of thy heart inform thee that this solitary queen is of the same lineage as thine?

ALEXANDER.

What temerity! what impudence! what deceit!

PRIEST.

Temerity! how so, Alexander! Surely man cannot claim too near an affinity to his Creator, if he will but obey him, as I know thou certainly wilt in this tender alliance. Impudence and deceit were thy other accusations: how little merited! I only traced the collateral branches of the genealogical tree thou pointedst out to me.

ALEXANDER.

Draw back the bolt: let me pass: stand out of my way. Thy hand upon my shoulder! Were my sword beside me, this monster should lick thy blood.

PRIEST.

Patience! O king! The iron portal is in my hand: if the hinges turn, thy godhead is extinct. No, Alexander, no! It must not be.

ALEXANDER.

Lead me forth then. I swear to silence on this.

PRIEST.

As thou wilt.

ALEXANDER.

I swear to friendship: lead me but out.

PRIEST.

Come; altho I am much interested in the happiness of his two children whom I serve . . .

ALEXANDER.

Persecute me no longer; in the name of Jupiter!

PRIEST.

I can hardly give it up. To have been the maker of such a match! what felicity! what glory! Think once more upon it. There are many who could measure themselves with thee, head to head; let me see the man who will do it with your child at the end of the year, if thou embracest with good heart this daughter of deity.

ALEXANDER.

Enough, my friend! I have deserved it; but we must deceive men, or they will either hate us or despise us.

PRIEST.

Now thou talkest reasonably. I here pronounce thy divorce. Moreover, thou shalt be the son of Hammon in Libya, of Mithras in Persia, of Philip

in Macedon, of Olympian Jove in Greece: but never for the future teach priests new creeds.

ALEXANDER.

How my father Philip would have laughed over his cups at such a story as this!

PRIEST.

Alexander, this shews thee thy folly.

ALEXANDER.

If such is my folly, what is that of others? Thou wilt acknowledge and proclame me the progeny of Jupiter.

PRIEST.

Ay, ay.

ALEXANDER.

People must believe it.

PRIEST.

The only doubt will be, among the shrewder, whether, being so extremely old, and having left off his pilgrimages so many years, he could have given our unworthy world so spirited an ofspring as thou art.

Come and sacrifice.

ALEXANDER.

Priest! I see thou art a man of courage: henceforward we are in confidence; take mine with my hand; give me thine. Confess to me, as the first proof of it, didst thou never shrink back from so voracious and intractable a monster as that accursed snake?

PRIEST.

We caught her young, and fed her on goat's milk, as our Jupiter himself was fed in the caverns of Crete.

ALEXANDER.

Your Jupiter! *that* was another.

PRIEST.

Some people say so: but the same cradle serves for the whole family; the same story will do for them all. As for fearing this young personage in the treasury-vault, we fear her no more, son Alexander, than the priests of Egypt do His Holiness the Crocodile-god. The gods and their pedagogues too are manageable to the hand that feeds them.

ALEXANDER.

Canst thou talk thus?

PRIEST.

Of false gods, not of the true one.

ALEXANDER.

One! are there not many? Some dozens? some hundreds?

PRIEST.

Not in our neighbourhood; praised be Hammon! And plainly to speak, there is nowhere another, let who will have begotten him, whether on cloud or meadow, featherbed or barnfloor, worth a salt locust or a last year's date-fruit.

These are our mysteries, if thou must needs know them; and those of other priesthoods are the like.

Alexander, my boy, do not stand there, with thy arms and thy head aside, pondering. Jupiter the Ram for ever!

ALEXANDER.

Glory to Jupiter the Ram!

# CONVERSATION XI.

## DON FERDINAND

AND

## DON JOHN-MARY-LUIS.

# DON FERDINAND

AND

# DON JOHN-MARY-LUIS*.

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FERDINAND.

My brother and cousin! hem! hem! Before we enter on the concerns of both hemispheres . .

* In the dedication of the third volume to the Liberator, I marked the aggression of an insolent usurper on the territory of his unoffending and unsuspecting neighbours. Not satisfied with a lawless misapplication of the forces which the Brazilians entrusted to him for their defence, the ungrateful and perjured wretch has converted their treasures to his private use, and betrayed the authority and even the title they had the weakness to conferr on him. In our hemisphere this title seems to authorize and sanction all insolence and iniquity: but in America it was granted, as the people vainly and ignorantly thought, for the firmer protection of newly established independence; and it was received with a solemn oath that such should be, and such only, its employment. Surely the nations of America will perceive at last, that no faith or honour, no justice or integrity, is to be expected

JOHN-MARY.

Hei-da! Do not, your Majesty, frown and stamp, crumpling and tearing and biting the paper: it may be a document.

FERDINAND.

Document! it is worse. Why could not the fool of a fellow write at the bottom, or in the margin, what two hemispheres he meant? I have played him a good trick however.

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty dances admirably.

FERDINAND.

Kyrie eleison! kyrie eleison! Gratiæ plena!

I have left a note behind me, whereby I dismiss the rogue. I shall now have a clean new ministry.

either from hostile or from pacific kings; and that, whatever may be their professions or relations to republics, they will watch every occasion, seize every mean, and exert every nerve, to disturb their peace and interrupt their union. The Liberator, in subduing men who with equal perfidy took the crown of Brazil and invaded the provinces of Peru, will perform his duty, as upon every past occasion. He will punish, in the same manner and with the same severity as the Roman Republic would have done, this insurgent against his father and against his country, this out-law of all nations; and, inflicting on him the most awful and tremendous chastisement, will warn and deterr others in like stations, from a crime of such magnitude and moment as the most flagitious of private men never can committ.

JOHN-MARY.

A new one indeed is to be collected in any posada, where there is a pack of cards, or a good appetite, or a siesta nibbled in two by the fleas: but a clean one . . . egad! we must catch the members of it at the baptismal font, and keep them in the swaddling-clothes we find them in.

FERDINAND.

Every day, when I change my shirt I change my ministers. They have not any time to be scoundrels.

JOHN-MARY.

Nor any interest to be honest men.

FERDINAND.

Brother and cousin! no interest will make men honest. Would you believe it? I gave a japan jar of Havanna snuff to one, and a commandery to another: the one sneezed in my face; the other begged his dismissal. I am sorry I gave the snuff and the jar: they were sold and the money spent before night; but the commandery has a friar in the inside, a lawyer on the outside, and a *volunteer of the faith* for sentry.

JOHN-MARY.

It is then in a fair condition to reward a long series of deserving friends.

FERDINAND.

I am now in spirits: I can go on without the paper. A few private matters must precede the public.

JOHN-MARY.

Of course; that is diplomatic.

FERDINAND.

There is a question, my brother and cousin! to which I never could obtain a direct and satisfactory answer. Can you solve it?

JOHN-MARY.

Not easily, don Ferdinand, unless I hear it. I am no Frenchman.

FERDINAND.

My confessor did indeed give me absolution; but he declared that never a girl of low extraction, whose ancestors had neither made war upon the Moors nor been familiars of the Holy Inquisition, could properly be engaged in procuring an episcopacy for any one; that the plea was futile; and that having slept with an anointed king did not authorize such a person to take in hand a higher charge than a canonicate.

JOHN-MARY.

Slept with an anointed king! who? a strumpet?

FERDINAND.

Not so bad as that.

JOHN-MARY.

An unmarried girl! one without alliances! No wonder she overstepped the bounds of decency.

FERDINAND.

Melissa Petit had, conditionally, my royal permission to negotiate for places.

JOHN-MARY.

*Frencher* and *frencher*, every word!

FERDINAND.

She transacted the business thro Macanez, at that time my valet and minister of state, who, to smoothen his scruples, took a most perverse view of the subject, and fancied, with heretical pravity, that, if both king and minister had possession of her, she might without censure from holy mother Church, or any great scandal, creep from canonicates up to bishoprics. I myself caught them in this preliminary function, and, not weighing his motive, laid my stick athwart his shoulders, and bruized her wrist in such a manner that it was useless (I found) for three days. Macanez had the impudence to remind me, that I received the greater part of the money paid into his hands for every appointment, civil and ecclesiastical: on which indiscretion I imprisoned him forthwith, and will detain him for life in my royal fort of Sant-Antonio at Coruña, praying Sant-Antonio to drive out of his memory the sums he has paid me for my share; and never to let him dream of Melissa Petit, without the accompaniment of an ebony staff over the right shoulder, and the divulsion of a good handful of hair.

JOHN-MARY.

The girl is a pluralist by profession, your Majesty by mischance: Macanez has only one

appointment; which however, it appears, is for life. If your Majesty should be graciously pleased to accept his resignation, I doubt not Sant-Antonio would endow him with a peculiar gift of forgetfulness, very desirable in this predicament. His dreams require no spiritual intervention . . Your Majesty is unsatisfied stil.

FERDINAND.

That is not the business.

JOHN-MARY.

What is then?

FERDINAND.

I promised Sant-Antonio I would reward his services with a swine in silver, weighing half a quintal. Now, cannot I make Macanez pay the pig-money?

JOHN-MARY.

Certainly.

FERDINAND.

But when I have taken all he possesses, how can I?

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty must pray again to Sant-Antonio for another miracle.

FERDINAND.

A pretty allie! a pretty counseller! you raise two difficulties where I could find but one. Will he perform it, think you, before I have settled for the first?

JOHN-MARY.

Oh! that *is* indeed the question. Miracles of this kind are not the miracles for our days, my brother! There is ne'er a saint in paradise that will set his shoulder to them. People, one would imagine, begin to have a notion of honour, even in heaven.

FERDINAND.

So much the worse: but let them look to it. We may live to see the morning when neither saint nor saintess shall have pantaloon or petticoat to chine. What a mighty fine figure will their Honours make, when the paultriest cherub in pinfeathers shakes his collopped sides and gilt gamut, putting his hand (if he has one) upon the place! To this another time: we have several more subjects for our royal consideration.

JOHN-MARY.

I condole with your Majesty from the purest sympathy, on the straits to which your catholic and royal household has been reduced, by the intemperance of your vassals. Well do I know what it is to want the necessaries of life. My kitchen, which formerly had been somewhat plenteously supplied, at the expenditure of four thousand dollars aday, was suddenly reduced to three thousand five hundred; and, unless I had sold a box of diamonds, I must have starved. Your Majesty is reported to have always found a solace in the company of your diamonds, such as a

great king of antiquity hath expressed of them (Solomon I think it was), saying, Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

FERDINAND.

What may that mean, my brother and cousin?

JOHN-MARY.

O for shame! to ask a secular what the Bible means! Mary forbid we should ever be such heretics as to enter into scrupulous inquiries. I learnt the words by heart, like the rest my good friars have taught me: the meaning lies with them and upon their consciences. I always slept with my diamonds; and they abstracted my mind from carnal thoughts and irreligious vagaries. I declare upon my holy faith, I would rather cohabit with them, than with the fairest dame of honour in the palace, or even than with my great aunt, if she were living.

FERDINAND.

A great aunt is no light matter: but one may have one's preferences.

Brother and cousin! pray is it true that you hung one of your finest brilliants in the right ear of Saint Sebastian, according to a vow?

JOHN-MARY.

True enough.

FERDINAND.

And is it also a matter of fact that, when you

were about to return to Europe, you snatched it out again, at the risk of tearing the said ear from gristle to tip.

JOHN-MARY.

That also is very true. It bled a little.

FERDINAND.

Only a little ?

JOHN-MARY.

In the night it swelled and looked angry. At matins, the prior could not conceal from me the traces of blood, which appeared the fresher the moment he would have removed it with his hankerchief. However, no sooner had I made an offering of nine thousand crusadoes, than it suffered itself to be wiped quite dry, and, I hope and believe, continues so to this very hour.

FERDINAND.

I should have been afraid.

JOHN-MARY.

And I was: but I never had dedicated it to Saint Sebastian in any regular form; and the moment the blood was dry and the crusadoes accepted, fearing he might on second thoughts shew me some signs of ill will, I devoted it regularly to all the saints in heaven; so that none could fairly claim it for himself; and, if Sebastian had said another word about it, they would have drowned his voice with their clamours.

FERDINAND.

What was it worth?

JOHN-MARY.

Hush! hush! you may raise his curiosity if he should happen to be listening; and, on hearing the estimate, he might slily pluck out an arrow from his side, and play me a spiteful trick with it.

FERDINAND.

Let us converse then rather on the affairs of Europe, in which neither he nor any of the others appear to take the least interest.

And now, my dear brother and brother-in-law, Don John-Mary-Luis, we will read together what the French and Russian ministers have written for us to sign.

JOHN-MARY.

Would it not be better to call a reader?

FERDINAND.

Oh! I can read: you would wonder how well.

JOHN-MARY.

I believe your Majesty: I have heard it asserted so positively and so warmly, that I ceased to doubt it long ago. But the paper is of a whole leaf; and one may fall upon a word here and there rather hard and slippery. Of late years several such have been read to me: I remember one in particular, which the minister or secretary who transcribed it should not have taken just

as he received it from the dancing master; but I suppose he had not had a good siesta.

FERDINAND.

What word is that?

JOHN-MARY.

*False position.*

FERDINAND.

By Saint James! the word *false* among the old Castilians used to draw blood: but the word *position* here is of great service: like a gout cordial it brings down the peccant matter from the head to the feet. Why does your faithful Majesty simper, and pull my button, and ogle and wriggle so?

JOHN-MARY.

Brother and brother-in-law Ferdinand, tell me now, who said that?

FERDINAND.

I said it, and say it still.

JOHN-MARY.

But .. ah you facetious and roguish man! who said it first?

FERDINAND.

I was the very first that said it: I had it direct from Perez Pinalta.

JOHN-MARY.

Viva don Perez! I would have given him a pair of diamond earrings for it, and a fine solitaire in a truss.

FERDINAND.

No exportation of wit, in my lifetime, nor importation neither...there is roguery enough in segars.

JOHN-MARY.

None of my ministers ever say such things, or bring to me those who can.

FERDINAND.

Nor mine neither: I doubt whether they ever go to the barber's, to pick up sharp things. My valet Runez, a barber's boy some years since, on being reproached by one of them about his former occupation, said, *My froth made folks cleanlier; yours only sticks upon yourself and hardens your dirt.* I laughed heartily when his meaning was explaned to me, which (such is my quickness in apprehending wit) was done sooner than a text in the scriptures could be.

Let us now procede to business; for there is a full day's work before us in this paper.

JOHN-MARY.

I am all ear.

FERDINAND.

*His Catholic Majesty, Don Ferdinand the Seventh, king of Spain and of the Indies, &c. &c. &c., and His Faithful Majesty Don John-Mary-Luis, king of the United Kingdoms of Portugal Brasil and Algarve, of Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India* ... What are you counting?

JOHN-MARY.

I think they have missed one.

FERDINAND.

Which?

JOHN-MARY.

I cannot recollect; but, faith! I do verily think one is missing.

FERDINAND.

Look sharp then; for our brothers the Holy Allies may divide it among themselves, as they did Poland. They cut up a kingdom with as little ceremony as an orange, and suck it dry in as little time.

JOHN-MARY.

Ha! ha! ha! your Catholic Majesty has taken another pinch (I see) from the box of don Perez. Why! what a stupendous knave the knave is! Have we reached the end of the *Declaration?*

FERDINAND.

End! look here!

JOHN-MARY.

Mercy on us! surely they have said the principal things.

FERDINAND.

That is likely; but some remonstrances follow. *&c. &c. &c., wishing to maintain the peace of Europe, announce their determination to suppress by force of arms, and by such further means as the Holy Indivisible Trinity has entrusted them*

*with, all secret societies whatever; and their said Majesties, his Catholic and his Faithful, adopting the principles laid down by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, and recognized by every state in Europe as necessary to its order and repose . . .* Your Faithful Majesty snores . . . *are resolved to appoint in the first instance such commissioners as in their wisdom shall seem fit and effectual.*

JOHN-MARY.

What shall we do with 'em? where shall we send them? That requires long consideration. As for appointing, the business is soon done.

FERDINAND.

If your Majesty will listen, you will find that our brothers leave no trouble whatever for us: they tell us what to do, and they do the best part of it themselves . . . *in order to pacify to the glory of God, the loyal and catholic kingdom of Ireland.*

JOHN-MARY.

The Irish are not my people: they would take it very ill to be pacified by me.

FERDINAND.

We must hold out a saving hand to them. The king of Great Britain, whose subjects they are, is invited to assist us.

JOHN-MARY.

Then indeed we may safely.

FERDINAND.

*It having come to the knowledge of their Catholic and Faithful Majesties, that a faction, supported from without by malcontents and heretics, blind men, led astray by their passions, have, contrary to the wishes and interests of the majority . . .*

JOHN-MARY.

Fine writing! very fine writing! His Most Christian Majesty said the very same thing about your Majesty's rebellious subjects; and I presume that for the future it will always form a part of every state-paper, be the subject what it may.

FERDINAND.

*. . . built residences and churches; and, not contented therewith, have used the same for the purpose of disseminating their wild and pernicious doctrines . . .*

JOHN-MARY.

Would you believe it? they are perverse enough, I know not whether there or in England, to say openly that a niece ought not to sleep with her unkle or great-unkle, nor aunt or great-aunt with her nephew. If a man cannot sleep with his own relations, with whom can he? An unkle forsooth is not to ask in marriage his little niece! nay, is rather to make the same proposal to an utter stranger! I do not wonder at hearing that the northern nations went a thousand miles in search

of a country, when they would go the same distance, even now, in search of a wife, rather than take one from their own table and nursery.

FERDINAND.

They are still fierce and barbarous, and wander like wild cats in their amours. Our holy religion has not reclamed them; and even the catholics amongst them are slow to double the threads of consanguinity.

JOHN-MARY.

Prejudices of ignorance! proofs however that, what the wiser amongst them have confessed, is true; namely, that genius can no more ripen in the north than pomegranates can, and that they never will be like us.

FERDINAND.

No fear of that: besides, who is there to teach them? fellows in boots and gilt buttons, hoodless and collarless and bandless, so ignorant that not one in a thousand could sustain a decent thesis on the immaculate conception. They call it philosophical to be incredulous on holy things, and they are the most credulous in the world on profane ones. In the war of the intruder against me, a man of letters (such as theirs are) happened to be, from some silly zeal or idle curiosity, at Santander. It was in the month of August, at mid-day, when the sun would have broiled a bonito in five minutes, and when the cormorants

were sitting fast asleep on the rocks in the harbour, and letting their wings drop lower than their legs, and careless what names the sailors called them for not rising at their approach, that an Englishman hired a lanche and six rowers to conduct him to Santillana.

JOHN-MARY.

The English, frog-hearted as one would fancy them, are desperate for the women. I hope she would not listen to the lewd heretic.

FERDINAND.

Who listen?

JOHN-MARY.

The Señora.

FERDINAND.

What Señora?

JOHN-MARY.

Donna . . . your Majesty did not mention her baptismal name . . . Santillana.

FERDINAND *(aside)*.

O you tiresome old fool of a Majesty! . . . Santillana is the name of a village on the coast . . town I believe it was once . . which a lying Frenchman has fixt upon as the birth-place of one Gil Blas, corrupting all the documents he had found on some such person. This Englishman walked up and down the streets, quite alone: the dogs on the shady side did not give themselves the trouble to bark; the few that growled did it

so indolently as not to arouse the next. The leaves of melons, grapes, and figs, brought thither in the morning and cast from the windows, crackled under-foot. The sailors covered their faces with their sombreros and fell asleep. The only things appearing to move in God's universe, were the swallows and the flies and this Englishman. The very lizards panted for breath, and hardly clung against the wall. The ships upon the sea, as was told me, lay still. It was like the day of judgement between the trumpet and the summons.

JOHN-MARY.

People sweated so!

FERDINAND.

Here the foolish heretic remained some hours, and, the sailors say, returned just as well satisfied as if he had conversed with any one who could have set him right.

I will continue. *It has been resolved that the above deliberation, together with its causes and consequences, be notified to his Majesty the king of Great Britain and Ireland, with a request that he will consider them attentively, and further the resolutions formed theron by their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful. Desirous of avoiding all possible cause of offence to his said Majesty, and of strengthening the ties of amity and interest which reciprocally bind and unite*

*them, and furthermore of manifesting to the world their sincerity, in their adhesion to the principles of the Holy Alliance; and resolved in no instance to depart from their upright and pacific views, their aforesaid Majesties propose to his aforesaid Majesty:*

*That he should proscribe and exterminate the sect of free masons, of which his said Majesty is a member, save and excepting his own sacred person; and that he should annull every oath which he has taken upon that occasion, and others, such being contrary to the principles of good government, as inculcated by the Holy Alliance, the excellence of which Holy Alliance his Britannic Majesty has formally and publicly acknowledged, expressing his regret that the constitution of his kingdom did not at that time allow him to become a member of it.*

JOHN-MARY.

I cannot think he said that.

FERDINAND.

He did tho; or his minister lied.

JOHN-MARY.

He must be a very modest man, to talk of a constitution not *letting*, with an army such as his, all staunch and true to him, and a parliament he can dissolve at his pleasure; in other words, as my ministers teach me, with a parliament every soul of which he can fine to the amount of at

least four thousand pounds for a murmur; such, it has been proved, is the regular price of seats in it, and a wilful minister could make them come dearer to an ill-advised opponent.

FERDINAND.

He is indeed a very modest man, and does not do half the harm he might do.

JOHN-MARY.

Well then, I would not make him bite his own fingers till he cries.

FERDINAND.

He is so good-natured and compliant, that I could bend him at last into biting his toe-nails and saying grace for it.

JOHN-MARY.

O then, I would not.

FERDINAND.

My brother and brother-in-law and cousin, you enter but faint-heartedly into the system of the Holy Alliance. I have more yet for him.

JOHN-MARY.

He may turn upon us; let him lie.

FERDINAND.

Nothing can alter his sweet temper. When his troops had restored my throne to me, I ordered thanks to be rendered to God publicly in all the churches.

JOHN-MARY.

Who would not? I did the same.

FERDINAND.

Not without some discontent and scandal; your Majesty rendered thanks to the Almighty for delivering you from the enemies; I for delivering me from the heretics; and the Almighty did not hear a word from me about the others. His Majesty the king of Great Britain was so pleased at me, that he sent me his congratulations.

JOHN-MARY.

He sent the same to me, who thanked God (it seems) for much less than you thanked him for.

FERDINAND.

Listen. *That his Britannic Majesty will remove the protestants from his kingdom of Ireland, placing them in London or Windsor or Brighton, or anywhere it may please his Majesty, under the eye of the police, so that they may not annoy their catholic brethren; and also that he will be graciously pleased to restore the benefices to the catholic bishops and clergy. Resolved as their Catholic and Faithful Majesties are, never to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, they are resolved nevertheless to send an army of one hundred and twelve thousand men to assist in arranging the ancient church-establishment in Ireland, such as it was in the times of the apostols.*

*The loyalty of the aforesaid Majesties, the*

*Catholic and the Faithful, is too well known in Europe to need any pledge, comment, or illustration; else nothing could evince it more perfectly than this frank and early declaration of their sentiments and resolutions.*

JOHN-MARY.

I do not think he can complain that we are not frank enough. The Holy Allies, like other holy men, wait not for asking: it is only when they are dead that they must be begged and prayed. Well, the paper seems to me a very good paper of the kind; and after your Majesty has signed it, I will do the same.

FERDINAND.

Gently; we are not half thro it yet.

JOHN-MARY.

God has endowed your Majesty with wonderful powers; but I never heard of any man who could read so long together. There are those, it is said, who can get thro a gazette at a sitting; but they have their chocolate or lemonade beside them, and a nice curled wafer to suck them thro: besides, in gazettes they read of festivals and processions; they do not stand upon one leg, like a statue of Fame in a poultry-yard, but keep jogging on pleasantly from one thing to another.

FERDINAND.

I once read a whole hour.

JOHN-MARY.

On what momentous occasion?

FERDINAND.

I had the dysentery and the *Lives of the Martyrs*, and did not like to get up. That reading cured me: I could mark the very place that made me whole.

I will shew you what I can do. *It can hardly be unknown to his Britannic Majesty, that a certain portion of the ultramarine dominions of his Catholic Majesty, to wit, from the fortysecond degree of south latitude to the fortysecond north, is in a state of most unnatural insurrection, and that the kingdom of Brasil too is disturbed. But their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have the honour to announce to their ancient friend and allie the King of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, that a frigate is despached by his Catholic Majesty, and a capuchin by his Faithful, and that the well-disposed cannot doubt of their success. After which their said Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will assist and enable his Britannic Majesty to annull his coronation oath and all others, and to do justice to his loyal people. It being evident that all oaths whatever, made by a king to his subjects, are degrading to the royal dignity, and made therefor involuntarily and compulsorily; yet, willing to second the clemency*

*of his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful declare that they will not oblige or urge his Britannic Majesty to the punishment of any abettors in this nefarious and impious mockery of royalty, and, thro royalty, of faith and religion; and that they will advise on the contrary, and sign their names and affix their seals to a general act of amnesty, excluding therefrom none other than the arch-bishops of Canterbury and York and bishop of London, and such besides as notified their assent to the same unlawful and compulsory act.*

*No officer under the rank of captain shall be molested for the same, unless it can be proved that he drank to the health of the constitutional king, and swore or said that he would die in his defence.*

*Nor shall any magistrate or justice of the peace be punished with death, or exile, or by any thing more than fine and imprisonment, who can be clearly proved to have been ignorant that* constitutional *is different from* arbitrary.

*Nor shall any doctor of medicine, or surgeon, or apothecary, be subject to capital punishment for attending* constitutional *patients, nor be liable to any other inconvenience than suspension from his profession for six months, until he shall have purged himself from so foul an imputation.*

*All degrees, nevertheless, conferred by the*

*universities during the reign of anarchy, shall be null and void; as shall also be all learning (falsely so called) acquired therin; and whoever does not give a full and particular account of what he has read, or heard in lectures, in the whole of that disastrous time, and who does not swear upon the crucifix that he abominates, abhors, and detests it, and that he will forget the whole of it in one calendar-month, is exempted from the provisions contained in this act of grace and amnesty.*

JOHN-MARY.

That is reasonable: I would give them time. The king of Great Britain will see, on casting his enlightened eyes over the world, that it is only in Protestant countries that kings have hitherto been unable to modify or lay aside their oaths, at their good pleasure; and that constitutions extorted by the people (it matters not whether long since or lately), and charts and such-like indiscreetly given, have not been revoked or reconsidered, in all material points.

FERDINAND.

Judiciously remarked, my cousin! a historical fact of the first magnitude!

JOHN-MARY.

I heard it from the minister of France.

FERDINAND.

A principal figure in the revolutionary whirly-

gig: he always sat upon the ostrich and whipt the one before him.

JOHN-MARY.

Now, brother, whom did you hear that from?

FERDINAND.

I forget: it was said of Talleyrand; it will do for another, if you remove the ostrich, and put cock or poney in the place.

JOHN-MARY.

But the king of France always had friends about him . . the gentleman from Gascony, Blacas I think the name is, among the rest.

FERDINAND.

He turned his breeches, bought sleeves quite new, hired running footmen, and was created duke.

JOHN-MARY.

I never heard the word *created* in that sense. Admirable! it means, *to make things out of nothing.*

By what I can see of the paper (if that is the place where your thumb is) I am afraid we are still far from land, and have many tacks to make before we reach the port.

FERDINAND.

Have courage, my brother and cousin, we are half-seas-over.

JOHN-MARY.

Glory be to God!

FERDINAND.

Kyrie eleison!

*If any unfounded jealousy, suggested by crafty and malicious men, for the furtherance of their dark designs, should weigh upon the breast of his Britannic Majesty, as to the foren force about to be employed in the establishment of his plenary and legitimate authority; in order to remove it altogether, it is agreed that an equal number of troops, belonging to his Britannic Majesty, shall be permitted to occupy for the same space of time (in the possessions of his Catholic Majesty) the whole of* Tierra del fuego, *together with the whole* Antarctic Continent, *not however interfering in its ecclesiastical affairs; and, beside these, the whole northern range of* Sierra Nevada: *in the possessions of his Faithful Majesty, the entire kingdoms of Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia; in which his Faithful Majesty shall retain no more troops than he may in his wisdom think necessary for religion, on the day of* Corpus Domini, *the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and John the Baptist. And all the captain-majors, corregidores, judges of the tribunals (excepting the ecclesiastical), and justices of the peace, of his Faithful Majesty, in those countries, are commanded to give their aid, in order to carry this ordinance into effect.*

JOHN-MARY.

Bless my heart and soul! is there another paper still? is that which fell out part of this?

FERDINAND.

No; it is a private one; that is, one written by my own order. It being also for the court of St. James I placed the two together. I think we write better than the Russians and French. The English beat us in style, I hear; but the substance comes to nothing.

JOHN-MARY.

Here however the French and Russians are very polite and conciliatory. I did not imagine that his Imperial Majesty had our holy Catholic religion so much at heart.

FERDINAND.

I assure you, he holds it next to the Turkish; tho he may not seem so. Theirs of the Holy Alliance is the most civil and inviting; but this pleases me best, being plain and argumentative. I will read it after.

JOHN-MARY.

For the love of God, my brother and cousin, read it now, if it were only to break the neck of the cruel long one before us, which, like a serpent in the brakes of Brasil, shews its head where you think its tail must be, and only coils up to stretch itself and spring out again.

FERDINAND.

Any thing to please your Majesty; and I am happy in an opportunity of shewing that we can still maintain our dignity. By holy Martha! I will no more pay my debts than I will keep my oath.

*The undersigned... has the honour.... amity .... good understanding .... good faith...* Ha! here we have it; we are fairly out of the phrases at last, and in the midst of the business ... *not without surprise and concern that the minister of his Britannic Majesty for foren affairs, after declaring (as he was bound to do) that he would not insist on the payment of the loan contracted in the sittings of the Cortes, or of the interest theron, should still insist (if indeed he be in earnest) on the indemnity for British ships detained and confiscated on the coasts of South America.*

*Now the undersigned is commanded by his royal master, to remark that there does indeed appear to be a shadow of justice, in the claims of those Englishmen who advanced him money: for altho the interest was onerous, in proportion to the difficulties of his Majesty, the exhaustion of his treasury, the rebellion in America, and perhaps also in proportion to the false ideas that ignorant and malevolent men entertained of his Catholic Majesty's good faith, so often and so*

*fully proved: yet his Catholic Majesty had sworn to observe, defend, and maintain in all its parts and provisions, the new constitution*; and his Britannic Majesty was officially informed of such oath, and kept a minister at Madrid. Therefor his Britannic Majesty was bound by the precedent of all times and countries (if precedent could be quoted against royal will and pleasure) to insist on the fulfilment of the compact*

* That Ferdinand is a perjurer no less than a parricide, shall be proved from his own written declaration.

In the Proclamation signed by him at Cadiz, September 30, 1823, he says, "I promise a general, complete, and absolute "amnesty of all that is past, without exception. I promise "that the debts, contracted for the nation by the existing "government, shall be ratified. I promise that all generals "and other officers of the army, who have defended the "constitutional system, shall preserve their rank, appointments, and honours."

That he has violated all these promises, is too notorious for any remark.

A rogue may have some urgent reasons for being a rogue; but an honest man can have none for aiding and abetting him in his roguery, nor for countenancing him after it. What then must we think of those princes who reinstated and upheld him? Must we not think them worse, and greatly worse, even than the perjurer and parricide? He, with all his effrontery, does not defend the crime of parricide or of perjury; they do: he would conceal it or palliate it; they cry aloud to the people, *Ye shall endure it; ye shall venerate it, in the person of this image we have raised up before ye.*

*and engagement entered into with British subjects by his Catholic Majesty. Nevertheless his British Majesty did reject most royally the authority of precedent, acknowledging (as became his magnanimity) no authority but God's, and asserted no claim whatever in behalf of his monied subjects.*

*The undersigned then cannot but recommend to his Majesty's minister for foren affairs, to reconsider the matter, and correct his inconsistency. For surely no greater can be imagined than to forego what have always been considered as just claims (but which their Majesties the Holy Allies are resolved to consider and admitt as such no longer) and at the same time to demand an indemnity for ships detained or captured, in places where the navigation of British and all other foren vessels has been declared and acknowledged illicit, and this by the British government, for many ages.*

*The undersigned .... high consideration ....* High, no doubt! for a blunderer whose best argument he has been reducing to dust between his fingers.

JOHN-MARY.

Any two men living would agree upon the justice of this remonstrance: the only doubt would be, whether a debt contracted by your Majesty, the regularity and justice of which was not pro-

tested against, nor one particle excepted, until long after the whole amount was spent, is debt or not; and consequently, whether it ought or not to be discharged; which I consider as a part of the same question.

FERDINAND.

Such reasonings suit much better the tradesmen of Lisbon and Cadiz than monarchs who have quelled rebellions. Do you owe the English any money, my brother? If you do, dont pay them.

JOHN-MARY.

They would force me.

FERDINAND.

Not they truly. What can they do, poor devils, without the ministers?

JOHN-MARY.

To borrow from a people and not to pay, would be as just a cause of war as to seize upon their property by sea or land, in my ports or upon my roads; and greatly more villanous. I ask for assistence in my necessities, and it is given me in reliance on my good faith . . .

FERDINAND.

Brother John-Mary, you reason like a broker. Send the ministers of England a service of plate, and they will furnish you with better logic, and newer, and more kingly. They will besides tell their people, *Rash men! you lent the money at your own risk: we did not advise you.*

JOHN-MARY.

They might as well say, *You sent out ships: we did not advise you: what have we to do with pirates?* Your Majesty pledged your royal word . . .

FERDINAND.

They have it then in pledge: let them do what they will with it: I shall not molest them about the matter.

JOHN-MARY.

You promised to pay principal and interest. The obligation lies the stronger, as the most loyal of your own subjects would not supply a cake of chocolate for your breakfast.

FERDINAND.

If kings are obliged to pay, they are not free. We are answerable to God only. When he plainly tells me, I will do it as becomes a Catholic. Your argument on the ships is idle. The ships pay the king of England the duties of export and import: but he is in truth so little of a king, that he cannot put his hand even into the pouch of a tinker, much less into desks and purses, and take out what he wishes. Why should he care then who helps himself to the money not destined by parliament for his taxes? If I had detained a herring-smack, he would bluster and bully and threaten me with reprisals; but when twenty or thirty of his merchants go to ruin by trusting me,

he thinks as I, and as all other wise men do, and says, *The greater fools they!*

JOHN-MARY.

He had acknowledged your government as it then stood: he is bound in consequence to protect the property of his subjects entrusted to its good faith.

FERDINAND.

Bound! By Saint Jaime! according to your doctrine, we kings are no better than private men. By Christ and the Blessed Virgin! I wont pay. Now then I can't: I should break my vow if I did: and what is a promise to a vow? Is the king of England such a heretic as to push his horn against it? Religion is religion all over the world: vows are sacred at Tunis and at Mecca.

JOHN-MARY.

I should be in some fear of losing my dominions in America, if my son did not swear to them that he would make them independent.

FERDINAND.

I do not well understand how that ensures them.

JOHN-MARY.

They would else rebell. As matters now stand, my beloved son, aided by England, will oblige the people there to pay me several millions of dollars, and will bring over from Germany some thousands of soldiers, under the pretext of agriculture, who shall cut every throat thro which hath passed the

impure seditious cry of *independence*. He seemed at first afraid of this perjury; but I procured him absolution from Rome for it, and sent him at the same time a consecrated rose and a father's blessing.

FERDINAND.

For how long a time are those good?

JOHN-MARY.

The virtue of the consecrated rose is durable in proportion to the money paid for it, and the father's blessing to that obtained by it.

FERDINAND.

If the Brazilians should relapse, your Majesty might employ the English fleet against them, which, taking advantage of the wind and the snuff, could blind them all, without a cannon-shot.

JOHN-MARY.

The English are dexterous engineers at blinding people; but the Brazilians have strong eyes, better in my opinion than the English.

FERDINAND.

If sheer lying is the *manœuvre*, they have the bravest and most experienced flugel-man in Europe, as my ministers tell me.

JOHN-MARY.

God forbid that any man should lie for me, who has not the grace to go to confession after it, to make an oblation, and to take the eucharist!

FERDINAND.

The Holy Alliance and the English ministers (for they enter fully into its spirit) are ready to punish those monied men who have encouraged and supported constitutions, and will leave them to harangue upon their empty coffers. Your Majesty will also see that this absurd claim of indemnity for maritime losses will be dropt and abandoned. I am uncertain only upon the question of the slave-trade, and not very upon that, knowing that the principal friends and supporters of the British minister for foren affairs, are persons connected with slavery and fed upon sugar. On this subject is the following paragraph.

*Their Catholic and Faithful Majesties having been unwarily led into the impracticable scheme of abolishing the trade in negroes, do by their royal will and deed retract the stipulation; it having been proved that his Most Christian Majesty made the same promise with the same solemnity, and that nevertheless the faithful subjects of his Most Christian Majesty never at any former period have exercised the trade so extensively as at present. But in order to obviate all real evil that may arise from the continuation of the trade in negroes, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, declare and protest, that, whenever a slave is dying, the crucifix shall be put to*

*his lips and upon his breast; that every force, moral and physical, shall be employed to make him cry* credo; *and in such a manner that, if unluckily God should not hear it, the cherubs and seraphs in waiting, or some two of them at the least, shall be able to declare it on their words of honour; and finally that extreme unction shall be administered to him in olive oil, when olive oil does not excede seven reals the pound, and, when it does, in such other as Holy Church may decree to be salutary and effectual.*

*Their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, are very far from wishing to wound the feelings of his Britannic Majesty, by any recapitulation of disasters, which may have befallen the arms of his Britannic Majesty: yet the glory of God and of the true religion is all in all with them; and they cannot but intreat his Britannic Majesty, to consider in his royal wisdom, whether the late discomfiture and destruction of his troops on the coast of Africa, by the Ashantees, is not a sufficient proof that the God of armies and Lord of Hosts has animated them to vengeance, for the millions of souls that are lost to his heavenly kingdom, by not being conveyed where the mysteries of the holy catholic religion may be imparted to them. On which contemplation their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, propose that his Britannic Majesty will treat as pirates those who*

*impede or obstruct this salutary traffic; and that, in conjunction with the naval forces of his Most Christian Majesty, a small auxiliary fleet may be always stationed on the African coast, to that purpose and effect; which united fleets however shall be removed, when the whole population of Africa is brought over to the words of everlasting life, and duly obedient, in its ecclesiastical polity and discipline, to the see of Rome. In that predicament, it shall no longer be permitted to export the negroes, who shall be treated with the same lenity as those under the same denomination (from their stubborness) in the European kingdoms of his Catholic Majesty.*

JOHN-MARY.

Such clemency, I am afraid, would irritate the higher clergy and the Apostolical junta: I mean to say, if your Majesty should really treat the negroes of Spain as kindly as the negroes of Cuba and Puerto Rico are treated by their masters.

FERDINAND.

Mere masters are one thing, kings are another. I will consider what befits my crown and dignity, and if I have promised too much, I will issue an ordinance of retractation.

*The aforesaid duties being executed on the coast of Senegal and Guinea, and insurrection being supprest on the continent of America,*

*the maritime powers of Europe are alike all interested in bringing under regular government the rebellious slaves of San Domingo; and the more so, inasmuch as the insurrection there has assumed more settled features, and the slaves committ the cruel mockery of regularity and peace, preserving in civil and domestic life the most exact order, and in political and military the most exemplary decorum and the most perfect discipline. Their affectation of honesty, of industry, and of happiness, under a republican form of government, shews the malice of their hearts, and leaves it doubtful whether they can be brought to reason by any other means than well-concerted force. Nevertheless, if they will resign their visionary laws, together with their fathers and mothers, their wives and children, their houses and plantations, the high contracting parties on the other hand will restore to them the mild dominion of their ancient laws, and their former most affectionate and loving masters. The colonels of regiments shall enjoy the privilege of the whip, and the judges shall be assayers of molasses, wearing a red cuff on the left wrist but without sleeve; wearing an apron of white cotton a full yard in length. None but the principals of the insurrection shall be hanged, and none but the president shall be quartered.*

JOHN-MARY.

I am rejoiced to find that the Holy Allies are become so mild and gracious. There were some prejudices against them in the beginning, particularly as every one of them took from his neighbour as much as he could take, disregarding all similarity in sentiment and all confederacy in action.

FERDINAND.

I never approved of that conduct: I gained nothing. The present paper is greatly more moderate. It breathes a pure spirit of conciliation and love toward God and one's neighbour. Only think that the Russian minister should co-operate with the minister of the most Christian king, in making us say what we are made to say here.

*It is the resolution of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to assist his Britannic Majesty in bringing into the union of spirit and the bond of peace the dissenters of Scotland, and to divide the catholic church (thus happily re-instated throughout the British dominions) into two parts, as elsewhere, the high clergy and the low; convinced as they are (no less than is his Britannic Majesty and his ministers) that both church and state ought to be formed upon the same model, and that two chambers are as necessary to the one as to the other; without which,*

*sufficient lustre and dignity cannot be given to the church triumphant, or sufficient obsequiousness and humility to the main body of suffragans and preachers. Be it however provided and ordered, subject to the approbation and determination of His Holiness the Pope, that no more than fortyfive bishops and eight hundred canons be appointed for the service of the church in Scotland, and leaving it entirely to the wisdom of his Britannic Majesty to assign them their revenues from the bleaching-grounds and manufactories of that kingdom, converting them into suitable episcopal domains, monasteries and convents, to the glory of God and his saints.*

JOHN-MARY.

This is not so explicit as I could wish. In the manufactories, I am told, there are magical lights, called *gas* lights. The fathers and nuns would not wish for these abominations, and the places should be lustrated with sulphur and salt-water. When the tubes for conveying these devilish lights have been cast into the furnace and melted down, I think the mischief arising from them will certainly have ceased. They may be sold for the benefit of the ejected; the religious being sure to find as many pipes for their purposes as they want, from the warm zeal of the faithful.

FERDINAND.

*That there may, in future, be no cause of war*

*or dissension between his Britannic Majesty on the one side, and their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful on the other, it is desirable and earnestly recommended, that his Britannic Majesty be pleased to take some title different from* Britannic; *seeing that, in almanacs and similar publications, it gives a handle to the disaffected to place, as they call it alphabetically, the name, style, title, and dignity, of his Britannic Majesty, before the name, style, title, and dignity, of their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful, to the great scandal of the vassals of their said Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful. In consideration of which (constitution and heresy being uprooted) if there is any star or cross peculiarly agreeable to his Britannic Majesty, it shall forthwith be conveyed to him, with whatever ceremony the said king and his king-at-arms may appoint, just as freely and lovingly as his Britannic Majesty sent the order of the garter to his Faithful Majesty, on his Faithful Majesty most heroically breaking the oath he had taken to his subjects; and just as freely and lovingly as his Majesty the emperor Alexander, autocrat of all the Russias, did also send the order of St. George, to invest therewith his Most Christian Majesty the king of France and Navarre, on his Most Christian Majesty retracting and annulling the principal articles of*

*the Charter he had unadvisedly given to his subjects. Which high-minded and glorious actions, and the honours paid to them, clearly prove that no faith is to be kept any more with subjects than with heretics; it being laid down as incontrovertible, that kings are answerable to God alone for their actions; and that their actions procede from their thoughts; and that their thoughts are instilled into them, as occasion may require, by means of the holy unction at their coronation. If stars and crosses are out of fashion with his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties the Catholic and Faithful will institute each a more magnificent order; and, as the garter is preoccupied, the decoration of such two orders shall be stays or petticoat, on brace or breech-band, at the suggestion of his Britannic Majesty; and his Britannic Majesty shall be the first invested therewith.*

JOHN-MARY.

I am ready. But I do not see so plainly how we can pay such a body of troops as your Majesty was inclined to send over.

FERDINAND.

I did not read a word about the payment: that is provided for: the other means are at hand.

JOHN-MARY.

The business is complex.

FERDINAND.

It would be no state-paper else. Good state-papers can no more be smooth and even, and seen in all points at once, than good fortifications can. I will read, for your satisfaction, one of the supplementary articles.

*His Britannic Majesty is required to furnish nothing more, toward the expedition here amicably proposed, than transports, uniforms, shoes, forage, and pay; which his Britannic Majesty cannot but consider as moderate, when so desirable an object is to be accomplished. That it is eminently so, it is unnecessary to point out to his Majesty, his minister, the Lord of Liverpool, having prepared the minds of his Majesty's loyal and loving subjects for the same, in his declaration before Parliament, that* the troops of his most Christian Majesty, on their entrance into Spain, were universally hailed as deliverers by all conditions of people, and with transports of enthusiastic joy*. *Desirous of blessing the loyal and loving subjects of his Britannic Majesty with the same transports, without any object of ambition or aggrandizement,*

* Either Lord Liverpool deceived the people and parliament, by a falsehood now universally notorious, or the person he employed in Spain as envoy deceived him. The greater part even of the higher nobility were contented with the established order of things; all the commercial, all the agricultural, and (with hardly an exception) all the literary.

*and with a pure ardour for the holy religion and for legitimacy, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have ordered their ministers plenipotentiary to arrange the business with the ministers of his Britannic Majesty, and have appointed each his General (of the Capuchins) to superintend the debarcation of the heretics from the kingdom of Ireland, in two commodious ships, supplied to his Catholic Majesty by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, the bottoms of which ships have been provisionally caulked where the timber is rotten, and the whole peculiarly adapted to the service for which they are appointed.*

JOHN-MARY.

That is humane; one could not do less. But I fancied that the minister of his Britannic Majesty was permitted by the Holy Alliance to speak unfavorably of the crusade against the Constitutionalists.

FERDINAND.

It has been agreed on, at the courts of the Holy Alliance, that no offence shall be taken if

Assassins, smugglers, monks, canons of cathedrals, opposed it. In twenty days, more excesses, more murders, were committed in Aragon alone, than had been committed in the whole of Spain by the Constitutional party in all the years of their government, and under all the injustice and ingratitude, all the spoliation and ignominy, they had endured.

one minister talks in the House of Commons and at taverns like a *liberal* (it being well understood that he is no more of one than I am), provided that the other shall cry down whatever is constitutional and liberal. By these means the popular party is thrown off its guard, and hopes grow up luxuriantly on both sides. Your Majesty is to consider these two men (such are the words of the Russian minister to me) as the hot-water and cold-water ducts of that grand vapour-bath which is to cure all the maladies of kings and nations.

JOHN-MARY.

I am truly happy that your Majesty has given me this explanation: I should otherwise have thought them two most impudent impostors. Fortunate, I ought rather to say, providential is it, that the constitutions are thrown down on the continent of Europe, and that only the form remains in England: yet even the form after a time draws to it and attaches its partisans; as men who have been accustomed to a scolding wife, are just as sorrowful in their widowhood as others, and when they marry a second time, if they happen to light upon a quiet one, think themselves almost widowers still. Stories have been related to me of American tribes, which, altho they were ready to believe any thing, as they said, yet wept over their ugly idols, and could hardly be brought to look at Saint Agnes

and Saint Clara. Who knows whether the king of England himself may not have some such weakness! for, O my brother and cousin! we kings at last are but men; little wiser than others. I would pray to heaven for his conversion to the Catholic faith, without which no good doctrine of any kind can take root and flourish in him. The force of habit and the force of holiness are well illustrated in the history I shall now relate.

Hurtado Palmaseda dos Rios Amargos, archbishop of Evora, always wore a hair-shirt, to the great edification and delight of his diocesans. He had performed so many acts of piety, that at last his niece, donna Sofonisba Debora de Castelmor, and a young gentlewoman who kept her company, donna Tanaquil Elisa de Leite, attempted to persuade him that it no longer was necessary to his salvation. Sometimes, to pacify them, he offered one excuse, sometimes another; such as, *it is cool; it is warm; his soul required it; it held fewer fleas than cambric, and did not stick to the skin so.* In fact, such is the loving kindness of God and of the Blessed Virgin, it really and truly had grown pleasant to him.

FERDINAND.

I should like to hear the end of such a saint. Has your Majesty any small relic of him or his shirt?

JOHN-MARY.

A something of both: but to procede.

He died in the odour of sanctity. Many thought his smell was like a white lily's; many said it had more of the tuberose; and there was one who remarked that, in his mind, rather than tuberose or lily, it resembled in fragrance a certain flower in the island of Japan. As he was a tailor, and had never been a mile out of the city since the hour he was begotten, it was asked of him how he knew any thing about the smell of Japanese flowers. He answered, that he had redd of it: which, as he was a sedentary man, was weighty, if not convincing. Another said that there was no difference whatever between it and the rose of Sharon, a plant of which he had seen formerly in a garden near Valencia, a town belonging to your Majesty; but his brother corrected him, saying, *Lope, it is indeed very like that rose which I remember you once described to me; yet, if you had ever been at Lebanon, as I have, you would have altered your mind, and have declared that such fragrance as this could come only from the wings of Angels, who had settled on the cedars of Lebanon.* Nevertheless there were many of the townsmen, who, in punishment of their worldly-mindedness and curiosity, could smell nothing; not lily, nor rose, nor cedar, nor certify to their consciences aught concerning the

said Japanese flower: and toward night, when the room was most crowded, doubts were entertained by some persons in tolerable repute, whether there was any miraculous scent at all. Nay, it is recorded that some of the clergy leaned over the body and smelt it with all their might, and went away saying nothing.

It pleased God that the instrument of conversion to thousands should be the very worst man amongst them, namely, Tiberio-Maria Somaro.

He had been a soldier in Manilla, and had been seen to leer and wink and lift up his shoulder like an unbeliever, with some other most irreverent and indecent marks of contempt. An aged priest, the last who in his devotion had leant over the body, beheld him with compassion, and taking him gently by the shirt-sleeve (for the weather was hot and he came without his coat) led him in his lightness and incredulity to the bed. He lowered his head indifferently, as if it hung loosely on his neck; and throwing it up wildly, like a horse that one would halter, cried aloud ... I dare hardly repeat the words ... *The *** smells of sandal-wood.*

Out of the mouth of this profane wretch was the Blessed Virgin pleased to bring conviction.

FERDINAND.

If there is no harm in saying it, by her leave,

methinks she chose in her wisdom odd words as well as an odd instrument.

JOHN-MARY.

The miracle is the greater; nor did it end here.

FERDINAND.

For the love of our Lord, my dear brother and cousin, let me hear the rest of it.

JOHN-MARY.

Faith! after what your Majesty has been reading, a miracle comes like a fine fresh oyster after a peppery ragoût.

Altho the Lord and his saints had given the good arch-bishop strength and courage to endure the hair-shirt while he was in health, and even to solace his friends with the assurance, that, as a sinner, it was preferable, in the ease it gave his spirit, to one of linen; yet the skin grows irritable in sickness, which came upon him unexpectedly, confined him to his bed instantly, and carried him off after two days.

FERDINAND.

He might have changed it without sin.

JOHN-MARY.

Ah poor man! he did not. He was seen indeed when death was inevitable and imminent, which at the beginning he had no suspicion of, to attempt to change it; but he would accept no assistence from any one. He could not accomplish his

attempt: no attendent touched him: yet the shirt was changed!

FERDINAND.

Mater amabilis! kyrie eleison! kyrie amabilis! mater eleison!

JOHN-MARY.

My brother and cousin, if I could sing like your Majesty, I would join you.

FERDINAND.

I am in a fine frame of mind! my flesh creeps; my skin tightens on the crown of my head, like a drum in the north-wind on the *prado*. Manifest to me, I pray you, my brother and cousin, the further mercies of the heavenly choir. We must however be upon our guard against false miracles: holy church (vehement against imposture) teaches us that.

JOHN-MARY.

Here was no possibility of imposture.

FERDINAND.

Certainly there could be none: but was the cause tried at Rome?

JOHN-MARY.

Regularly; and when the passions of men had cooled, as usual.

FERDINAND.

How many years had elapsed?

JOHN-MARY.

The ordinary number: about sixty. The Church is never precipitate. I have read the

whole process, with the signature of eight witnesses, some of whom declare that they never saw the others until they met in the bed-chamber of the arch-bishop. I seldom have read such irrefragable proofs . . he tried to strip himself . . he could not . . the chaste man would accept (as I told your Majesty) no assistence to take off his shirt, not even from Donna Sofonisba, his niece, nor from Donna Tanaquil whom he had educated from eleven years of age . . . the room was full of attendents, clerical, medical, familiar.

FERDINAND.

In the presence of so many persons, he need not have been so scrupulously shy and modest as to deny the young ladies the service of stripping him: as well might our queens object to the presence of arch-bishop, chancellor, captain of the guard, and six or seven other hidalgoes, while they are being delivered of Infante or Infanta.

JOHN-MARY.

Such was the mercy of God and of his mother the Blessed Virgin, that, altho they knew and decreed that he must die soon, and saw that his struggles to change his shirt had exhausted him, and must be aware that, if indeed he ever had felt the hair scratch and plague him, it could no longer do it, nevertheless in mercy to the holy man, and for the increase of their glory, they allowed him still his hair-shirt, but the hair

was like the goat's of Angola, softer than silk or satin, and lighter.

FERDINAND.

Gloria deo in excelsis! Ad aquas Babylonis!

JOHN-MARY.

On first reading these facts and the testimonials, I ordered the double miracle to be embroidered in letters of gold, to be inserted in a finely carved frame from Paris, with a rich hanging of damask behind it, and a stout plate-glass before (lest it should be frayed or soiled by the beards of the faithful who might kiss it), and a noble wax-candle on each side, burning day and night.

FERDINAND.

On the compliance of his Britannic Majesty with our wishes, as suggested and manifested to us by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, I myself will be at the expense of a copy, in like letters, frame, and hangings, to be suspended as his Majesty may deem fit, in his chapel, bedroom, or council-chamber.

JOHN-MARY.

And I, for my part, on condition that he becomes a good catholic, and brings over the lost people of England to the true faith, do promise and stipulate upon my royal word, to give a fair fifth of the miraculous shirt immediately, and a fair tenth of the cilice, or of such portion therof, as, by the mercy

of God, shall at any future time be discovered upon earth.

FERDINAND.

Is it expected that part of it may be found again?

JOHN-MARY.

The doctors of my universities have not yet decided, whether it be the subject of transubstantiation or assumption.

FERDINAND.

A most delicate and momentous point, nor hastily to be decided. Has the holy father been consulted upon it?

JOHN-MARY.

My bishops would reserve the initiative to themselves, subject however to his infallible decree.

FERDINAND.

I am resolved to recall the Jesuits. One of their greatest enemies told me a thing of them which fixes my determination: it shews that a Jesuit is worth two other men, even of the best. When it was objected against them, that they professed the strict propriety and sound catholicism of lying, whenever it suited their purposes, he replied, that among other people two negatives make an affirmative, but that among the Jesuits one does.

Now what higher praise can be given them?

and this from the mouth of an adversary! I do not approve of lying, and never lie at all, unless in matters of state and conscience.

JOHN-MARY.

If your Majesty will inform me in your goodness, at what time the disciples of Saint Ignatius take possession of Spain again, I shall receive the intelligence most gratefully. Ever afterward shall I eat only eggs in the shell, drink only water from the spring, and neither take snuff nor wear gloves. What they are as theologians, Mother Church alone can decide; they certainly are deep physicians both in minerals and simples, and save a great deal of bed-making. They are such casters of nativity and such prognosticators of futurity, they can calculate without book to what extent a man shall be griped and cuckolled, and at what hour and into what house the holy sacrament shall be carried before 'em.

FERDINAND.

I wonder how the devil they do it.

JOHN-MARY.

I wonder how kings will let it be done, so many people are frightened.

FERDINAND.

They will never be quiet, unless we give them their own way.

JOHN-MARY.

Will they then?

FERDINAND.

They say they will. They speak humbly and reverentially, and always begin with *Your Majesty*, and your *Catholic Majesty*.

JOHN-MARY.

I wish they may end there. Keep them in their posture of humility, and they can do little harm: let them once rise up from it, and they will be avenged for having ever been in it. So say those who know 'em. When you expose their tricks, and make them refund their robberies, they cry, *The Church is in tribulation:* when they have tied your hands behind you, and scourged you, and eaten your dinner, and emptied your snuff-box, and made your wife and children disavow you, and your people threaten your throat, then forsooth *The Church is triumphant.* For, these rogues are not Matthew nor Mark, nor Barnabas nor Jude, nor James nor Thomas nor Apollos, nor Simon nor Saul nor Peter, but *Church, mother Church, holy Church,* and are identified and indivisible as potted lobsters*.

FERDINAND.

Take care! take care! Is there nothing behind those pictures?

* The power of the clergy, under another Bourbon now reigning, may in part be estimated by the following extract from the sentence of a *royal court* on the bishop of Nancy.

" The royal court of Nancy decrees, that the passages of

JOHN-MARY.

Walls; and walls there shall always be, and many too, between me and Jesuits.

FERDINAND.

My cousin Charles of France says I must have 'em. He tells me they make the most comfortable creatures for confessors: if you say, you have done this or that, they say they have done it too; by God's providence; in order to comfort you: and if the sin requires a scourging, they will invent such a pleasant way of doing it, you would give a *crusado* to be scourged again. Besides, my cousin tells me that he hopes his daughter of Angoulême will bless his kingdom with an heir to the throne, by the intercession of these holy fathers: and who knows but they may do the like by me? My cousin says, *Had they come earlier, France would have been happy.* The other confraternities all did their best, and failed. There may indeed be a reason for that, in the horrible atheism of a constitutional bishop, who, when the royal ordinance was issued for illuminating nine saints in *Nôtre-dame*, in order to obtain so great a blessing,

the *Mandamus* constitute the crime specified in the 201st and 204th articles of the *Penal Code:* that the *Mandamus* alone is sufficient to prove the culpability of the bishop: but, taking into consideration the *high functions* of the bishop of Nancy, the Court declares that for the present there is no *ground* to procede."

said peevishly and profanely, *These things are not to be done with candles'-ends.*

JOHN-MARY.

Oh! there he was wrong! there he betrayed his want of faith and discernment. But I have heard it argued that the exactions and immorality of the clergy, are among the principal causes of disturbances and revolutions.

FERDINAND.

Never believe it. Atheists would decoy you into such persuasion, that they themselves might preach and say masses, and possess tithes.

JOHN-MARY.

Who knows whether they have not succeded in some places, looking just like the worthiest rectors and jolliest monks in Christendom?

FERDINAND.

Here and there one may have crept into the fold, and carried his books with him: but true priests must be better people than any other; else they could not have received the grace of God, to preach his word to the rest: and true monks are better stil; for they have performed more miracles, and have performed them too at the very time when the profane and ignorant would fain have proved them to be the most unworthy; thus returning good for evil, blessings for revilings.

Frey Lope de Hornaches was circumvented by his enemies, while he suffered himself, like

a lamb, to be conducted to a garden-house by Dona Imaculata Floz of Cabeça . . places which your Majesty must know perfectly, as they lie upon the frontier of Alentejo. The enemies, who, your Majesty may suppose from their promptitude, were anciently of some guerilla, caught him inopportunely (as they vainly thought) and led him off (so they scornfully boasted) more lightly accoutered than even partisan-war or vintage-season make requisite, thro the long street of Cabeça, into the posada called the *star of Bethlehem.* Here however they had the humanity to give him the remainder of his dress, on his surrendering the veil of Dona Imaculata, which in his hurry he had mistaken for a part of it; tho a monk's shirt is seldom so very black as that.

JOHN-MARY.

Perhaps Frey Lope's was one of a dun camel's hair.

FERDINAND.

Nothing more likely. I wonder he did not say it: but he wanted no superfluity of arguments or facts: he had better things at hand.

It was Saturday evening.

*I will confound them in their malice and iniquity,* said he to the hostess, who was assisting him in several small arrangements, when the intruders had left the posada. Accordingly, the next morning he mounted the pulpit, and delivered a

discourse on the principles of immorality and infidelity, deriving them from Satan, and tracing them, without once missing their progress, into the lodges of the free-masons and the conventicles of the quakers.

JOHN-MARY.

Quakers! quakers! who are they? brother!

FERDINAND.

Wicked men, that the devil makes quake eternally, but cannot force to take their hats off. They eat and sleep and say their prayers in them.

JOHN-MARY.

God then, without a question, turns his back upon them. Nobody can bear that rudeness. But Frey Lope . . how fared he?

FERDINAND.

*I do not deny,* said he, *that the devil led me yesterday into what you carnal men may very properly call temptation. Why did he so? To the confusion and conversion of sinners; for the saints, the confessors and martyrs, make him work for them, even on festivals, like a turnspit. Now suppose the mortal sin had been committed, to which every man (not under especial grace) is liable, they would intercede and give their suffrages for the sinner, on his confession. By which dispensation, for one bad thing there are two good ones; confession here, and in heaven the offering of those suffrages. We who take upon ourselves*

*the offences of the people, are no better than the people while we are sinning; but while we repeat the words of life in the mass, and God is created at our voice in the midst of them, we no longer are children of the world, but children of righteousness. He who commits sins is one; he who remits them is another. Look at this time-piece!*

Here he produced one, given to him by an abbess of Merida, for sundry works performed on pressing occasions in her convent, he possessing the science of discussing and removing some of the most malignant complaints, more speedily than the oldest physician, and being always on the spot in the spring and fall.

*This time-piece,* he proceeded, *may be inexact by an hour, by two hours, by three hours, in the twenty four; yet I call it regular.* He paused.

*Christians!* added he, *I am rejoiced to observe your humble spirit and pious attention. My words, I doubt not, are strange to your ears; so are many things at first, which afterward are evident and perspicuous. Now this time-piece, altho its movements, in the sum of their day's duration, may be amiss, yet if any of you should be guided by it from hour to hour, whether for labour or rest, he would find that one of them is as long as another: the proportions it marks are then equal and just. So, altho a friar or priest shall be inaccurate in his conduct, which either*

*from human infirmity or for some inscrutable purpose may happen, yet that part of it wherat it is your business to look, is right enough. If the devil take him aside to tempt him, you have no concern at this juncture with him or the devil: wait patiently til he comes back again, and then mind what he has authority to say.*

JOHN-MARY.

My brother! you have surely repeated the whole sermon. What memory! what genius!

FERDINAND.

I had three thousand days indulgence for learning it; and it cost me but a fortnight.

Frey Lope quite confounded the heretical and evil-minded. He hath since proved his innocence, to the satisfaction of the most scrupulous and hard-hearted, by fifty-nine signatures, attesting, on the experience of the subscribers, that the veil of Dona Imaculata has acquired the miraculous virtue of curing weak eyes.

JOHN-MARY.

Hearing at first of the veil, I trembled to think how Frey Lope would come off. Gloria patri!

FERDINAND.

To abash his accusers and turn round upon his persecutors, he has published the whole sermon, whereto is prefixed the title-page of *Truth unveiled, or the Cross erected in Cabeça.* It has been presented to me, upon a white satin cushion

fringed with silver, preceded by the superior of his order, who informed me that no remarks were made after the delivery, but such as,

*That watch is no common-place!*

*That watch strikes home!*

*The lady abbess knew what she was about, when she gave Frey Lope that watch!*

*The saintly woman had her finger upon the index; she foresaw that Frey Lope would make a flaming sword of it.*

*The black veil and bright eyes for ever!*

*Long life to Frey Lope, with his Truth unveiled, and his Cross erected in Cabeça!*

*Death to the negroes, traitors to our king and Frey Lope!*

I was offended at finding my royal name united with a subject's, until the superior informed me that the words Frey Lope did not actually mean Frey Lope, but religion, which has always in good times been identified with the monastic orders.

JOHN-MARY.

That is true, and very profound: in matters of religion we always say one thing and mean another. This I heard with my own ears at Quebuz, in a most unctuous sermon preached by the deacon Joam Salter, who exemplified it by saying that a day signified a year, and sometimes an age, among prophets and debtors, casting an angry glance at

the Visconde Anadia, who confessed to me that he had owed him for some time forty *pesos dueros.*

FERDINAND.

My brother! many contraband things may be conveyed into my dominions thro your Majesty's frontier; among them are books. Irreligious ones of the first order, such as Cyclopedias, Natural Histories, Bibles, and Treatises against the Jesuits, are strictly watched in the territories of Portugal; but latterly there have been others edited of very evil tendency, ridiculing or reviling the functions and characters of princes.

JOHN-MARY.

The Jesuits did that.

FERDINAND.

They deny it.

JOHN-MARY.

We have proofs.

FERDINAND.

They disdain proofs, and manfully reject them.

JOHN-MARY.

The words are plain.

FERDINAND.

So they may appear: they are typical.

JOHN-MARY.

What is *typical?*

FERDINAND.

*Typical* is . . . wait a moment . . . *typical* is . . .

they told me but yesterday . . No! *typical* is having two or more senses.

JOHN-MARY.

Brother! brother! they will not let *us* have any.

FERDINAND.

O yes they will: only allow them their own way: they cannot act conveniently with others: the horse and ox, they inform me, are not made for the same traces.

JOHN-MARY.

I smell poison and gunpowder under their frocks.

FERDINAND.

I smell very different things. Happy those that take protection there! They know what books are, and write enough for the whole world. We have taken more than fifty French, English, American, Duch, Swiss, and other publications, in which I am mentioned as a tyrant, a bigot, a fool, an ingrate, a swindler, a liar, a perjurer, and a parricide. So far was fortunate: but what will you say about my fortune, when I tell your Majesty that I was obliged to hang the valuable servant who discovered and denounced them?

JOHN-MARY.

Could that have been lately? I thought your Majesty had long ago hung every one such.

FERDINAND.

I believe he was the last of the kind; but I could not do less. When he had found these

offensive words against me in every book he opened, and was stil prying more and more, my confessor said it was enough, and asked him why he was not contented with what he had found already, as the other publications had nothing to do with politics or religion. *Father!* answered he, *here are some sixty, in various languages, written in various tempers, by men of various religions, and various political opinions, yet all say the same thing of our gracious lord, don Ferdinand. If now I could find a single volume that speaks about him differently, I have only to lay it up, and the fortune of my children is made, twenty years hence, as possessors of the rarest book in the world: for it is hardly to be imagined that any one else would think of preserving a copy.*

He declares he spoke this in the innocence of his heart: but innocent people, my confessor says, are very thoughtless, and thoughtless people very mischievous; and mischievous people have begun to think at last that religion and government are their own concerns.

The safest method for us would be to prohibit the importation of every volume, the contents of which are not secured and sanctified by the adorable cross in the title-page.

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty would act then like some philosopher I have heard mentioned . . .

FERDINAND.

Like some philosopher! Saints and martyrs! confessors and angels! and Virgin-Mother! defend me from it!

JOHN-MARY.

He was not indeed so much of a philosopher as your Majesty is afraid he was.

FERDINAND.

What did he, then?

JOHN-MARY.

He extinguished his lamp, lest the fleas should find him and bite him in bed.

FERDINAND.

Did he? then he might have been called a philosopher, when *philosopher* signified *wise man.* Until the other day, I only knew that the mischievous sect, who now have taken the name, were the blindest and most ignorant creatures upon earth: I never was informed that they are likewise the most superstitious.

JOHN-MARY.

And are they really?

FERDINAND.

Judge for yourself now. One of them, an Englishman at Turin, had so little grace, and so little tenderness for his own offspring, that he would not carry it to be baptized, either the first day or the second of its birth; saying, as an excuse, that there was no occasion for it at present,

the boy being strong and healthy. However, the proprietor of the lodging, who began to fear that, as the river was overflowing the country, and masses of ice were breaking with violence against the walls of the promenade, his house might be carried away by the divine vengeance, thro the obstinate impiety of his guest, went civilly upstairs, and protested that, unless the infant were carried to church within the hour, he would collect his friends and eject it with its mother from the premises. Her husband being from home, to view the course of the river, in all its terrors, from I forget what palace of our brother of Sardinia, situated on a lofty hill in the vicinity, and the worthy nurse corroborating the conscientious host's importunity, she complied. The infant was baptized. It died four days afterward, of symptoms that resembled a cough and a fever. The heretical parents, in the hardness of their hearts, wept without resignation, and (would you believe it?) were firmly of opinion that the cold water, thrown the more profusely over the creature to wash it from heresy and original sin (wherof heretics have just nine times more than catholics) caused its death! No great wonder, it may be, that the father did so, engulphed as he was in the abyss of philosophy; but the mother, I hear, was as harmless and quiet as any poor ignorant unbeliever can be . . and she also held the same

opinion . . tho the ceremony was performed on Christmas-day! So much for the reasoning faculties of those whom the Lord abandons to their own devices!

Gasparo Pallone, the landlord, gave a supper to his friends and received their congratulations, on his good luck in rescuing a soul that never can relapse, and that will keep up his own against the worst that can happen: and his brother, the muleteer of Biella, who stood sponsor, has thereby washed his hands perfectly of a little murder he committed on a Frenchman some years back, and drinks away, I hope discreetly, the crowns he had laid apart for masses. What a regeneration! Twelve months ago, if any one looked hard at him, he drew his knife and ran into a church: he now never enters one, unless to ask Saint Antonio some favour for his mules. My minister at the Court of Turin informs me that they are grown much fatter; which his neighbours, who have neither faith nor charity, attribute to the easy life they lead with him, now he loiters and spends his money on the roads.

Low ignorant people will indulge their passions and prejudices, altho the skirts of their souls must scorch for it.

JOHN-MARY.

I should like to purchase a share of Timoteo's

ticket for good works, before he draws too hard upon it.

FERDINAND.

I intend to establish a new tax, which every man will pay willingly.

JOHN-MARY.

I never heard of any such.

FERDINAND.

The pope alone has a right over marriages, these being sacraments; therefor I would not dare to think of taxing them: but every man shall pay an impost for sleeping with his wife on the night of his nuptials. The pope would not thwart me in this; particularly as I force every man and woman in my dominions, to purchase of him a *Bula de Confession*, without which they cannot receive absolution on their death-bed, nor leave behind them a valid will, nor preserve their property from confiscation.

O my brother and cousin! my sides will crack with laughing.

JOHN-MARY.

Let me hope not. Unused as they are to such exercise, it may indeed do them harm. Take this horn against it*.

* The Romans and Neapolitans, and many Spaniards and Portuguese, of every rank and condition, carry a piece of coral, amber, steel, or other substance, at their watch-chain or their breast, in the form of a horn, to protect them against

FERDINAND.

I have horns of my own, better than yours. I have the little-toe nail of Saint Jerom, the length of my fore-finger.

JOHN-MARY.

What makes your Majesty so merry?

FERDINAND.

The moment before we met, I signed the capitulation of Torrijo.

JOHN-MARY.

I am glad to hear it. He is reputed to be one of the bravest and most honorable men in Spain ... Dear brother and cousin, what makes you toss up so many pinches of snuff into your nose?

FERDINAND.

To help to make me angry and brave again. I will gibbet that Torrijo.

JOHN-MARY.

The same who capitulated!

FERDINAND.

The very same.

JOHN-MARY.

What has he done since?

*evil eyes* and other such mischief. Whoever meets a monk, the first person met, in the morning, turns the point toward him: even a heretic is not more unauspicious. Some, ashamed of carrying this amulet, turn their forefinger slily, somewhat bent, under the coat-flap or elsewhere. Fortunate, if all their superstitions were thus infantine and innocent!

FERDINAND.

I know nothing more about him. The best of the joke is, the duc d'Angoulême promised to him, and to the other constitutionalists, rank, pay, security. He ought to have known from my rank and character, that his promise was illusory, and that neither another man's promises nor my own are, or ever shall be, binding upon me. Indeed, to tell you a secret, he knew it as well as you do*: but he wanted to purchase the name of pacificator as cheaply as that of hero.

JOHN-MARY.

He could not hope that, nor want it. Every French prince is a hero by acclamation, the hour of his birth, and pacificator of the universe the first squeal he utters. The part of heroism that belongs to the sword is no more d'Angoulême's than it is ours. Until he returned to France he never had mounted a horse.

* The perfidy of Bonaparte on no occasion was so infamous as that of his *most christian* successor in Spain. The duc d'Angoulême was surety for the performance of the treaties and capitulations he entered into with the constitutionalists: all which are violated. He invaded the country, to take the power out of the people's hands . . and the vilest of the populace now possess it entirely. Legitimate government and catholic religion are maintained by a mob of plunderers and assassins, with a fugitive, perjurer, and parricide, at the head of them.

FERDINAND.

Now you talk of horses, do you believe the story the Parisians tell about him?

JOHN-MARY.

What story? If the Parisians tell it, I doubt it before I hear it. I can shew you their gazettes, by which they conquered at Waterloo and Aboukir. There is no instance wherin they have not been victorious: the worst that ever happened to them is, that Fortune has sometimes snatched victory out of their hands, when their enemies have bitten the dust upon the snow or sea, and been utterly annihilated. Sometimes a seventy-four in the disguise of a corvette has pounced upon a frigate or two, which all the courage of Frenchmen could not save from the perfidious islanders, who fed their prisoners eleven weeks on saw-dust and salt-water.

FERDINAND.

I dont believe that neither: and if it were true, it would be but a light matter in heretics. But do you believe, as I was asking you before, that immediately after the restoration, as my cousin d'Angoulême was riding in the *Place de Carousel*, a young officer ran up to him, attempted to drag him off his charger, stopped suddenly, threw himself on his knees, and implored pardon? He would give no reason for an action so extraordinary: such it was peculiarly, in a known and

ardent royalist. However, that his reputation for royalty might not suffer, at last he declared that he fancied his royal highness was under the charger, until, on comparison, he found that the real horse's head had sundry more indications of equinity.

JOHN-MARY.

This comes from such rich housings. There is some advantage, my brother and cousin, in having faces less martial and heroic. Holy Mary! to be taken for a horse! for want of shewing the hind-quarters!

FERDINAND.

I have always done that, for fear of mistakes. Never in my life did I know any thing like myself, out of my own family, excepting a Punchinello at Andujar; and him I ordered to be brought before the council of Castile, for counterfeiting my royal state and dignity. By some negligence or connivence he escaped, and was condemned to be hanged in effigy, as contumacious.

JOHN-MARY.

Might I recommend it to the serious consideration of your Majesty, whether so popular a speaker might not with advantage be included in the amnesty!

FERDINAND.

You mean entrapt and hanged. Amnesty does not signify that; but only confiscation and

imprisonment, with cudgelling and whipping at intervals, such as holidays for example, and the quartering of volunteer dragoons for the remainder of life.

JOHN-MARY.

I should have suggested a place at the council-board, where, seated under your president, he would greatly strengthen the majority.

FERDINAND.

I have another cause for good humour. I have found out an enemy of old Yerequi.

JOHN-MARY.

Who is Yerequi?

FERDINAND.

Do not you know that he was my preceptor?

JOHN-MARY.

Well! he and every body else has an enemy: it is no difficult matter to discover one, provided he is not in the number of our bosom friends. I would not punish this enemy of Senor Yerequi, unless he has offended against the State or the Church. He may indeed have injured a benefactor. Friendships are not sacred things, according to any council that was ever held, or any decretal of the most rigid pope that ever filled the chair of Saint Peter.

FERDINAND.

What! cant you understand? Who talked of punishing a spy and confident? a pious man too,

and one who can groan at the right place in his breviary, like a white bear, and sing *Te Deum*, like a Tyrolean bulfinch, wanting nothing but a pinch of snuff to begin and end with . . and nothing more shall he ever get from me. Yerequi is the scape-goat to punish. He hardly goes beyond the *credo;* and I could see in his face, when I was little more than a child, that he thought I deserved a whipping. I can whip now: and I dare: which is more than he can say.

JOHN-MARY.

Brother Ferdinand! I once heard a remark of an old lady, a relative of ours, at Bemposta, when brother Louis of France lost his head for breaking his word, together with that other little thing which the constitutionalists in their jargon call betraying his country, that a few drops of blood taken from the nether quarters of princes, early in the day, might save them afterward more than they can well spare higher up.

FERDINAND.

Oh! oh! down with that hand from the neck, for the love of Christ! What do you smile at? Put it up again: put it on the very spot: I dont mind a caper for it. I only fancied I was afraid: that is, I only fancied it might make you so; or, at least, rather uncomfortable: for myself I was not in the least.

JOHN-MARY.

A little alarmed; a little bit shocked and shivering; a very very little; I do think, now, brother Ferdinand! and I beg your pardon for my inadvertency.

FERDINAND.

No, by San Iago! no, by San Joseph! no, by San Spiridion! I never felt a moment's fear in my whole life. I have thought it; and others have thought it too: but they lied; the fools and thieves lied: there was nothing in it, as I hope for Paradise.

I will now tell you, my brother and cousin, what I intend to do with bishop Queypo. Take out your hankerchief.. you will laugh until you cry again. It is my plan and order, to have him condemned to six years imprisonment in a monastery, after a year or two of jail. Is not that pleasant?

JOHN-MARY.

It may be just.

FERDINAND.

But is not it laughable?

JOHN-MARY.

How so? laughable things, my cousin and brother, require a good deal of circumspection and inquiry. One would not laugh out all at once, as a mule brays, but rather say a prayer or *credo* between the thing laughed at and the laugh.

FERDINAND.

Do not you know the old viper's age?

JOHN-MARY.

Bishop Queypo's?

FERDINAND.

Bishop Queypo's, yes: but he is not the bishop he was, by a quintal.

JOHN-MARY.

I do not know him: I never heard of him before.

FERDINAND.

O! then no wonder you missed the joke. Eight years imprisonment for a man eighty years old! Laugh now! laugh now! Here is another good thing. People think him very learned and pious, very patient and conscientious: Saez recommends that the younger monks shall be appointed to instruct him in his Christian duties.

JOHN-MARY.

Brother, brother! his master Christ will call him away in the midst of the lesson, and let us hope that he may be found perfect!

FERDINAND.

What! before the six next years of his imprisonment are over? I shall pray against that every night and morning, and spend in the churches ten thousand crowns to cross it. However, if he dies before the term of the sentence is completed, he shall not be buried in his cathedral,

nor with mitre and crosier on his tombstone. But I cannot think Mary and the other saints are so spiteful to me: I fancy I see them with their ears at the door, listening to the constitutional rebel as he says his lesson, and now and then putting him out. I know they will do any thing for me: I have always putt my trust in them.

JOHN-MARY.

Bishops are under the protection of angels.

FERDINAND.

I know that. I have contrived that they shall not approach Señor Queypo.

JOHN-MARY.

Impossible! my dear cousin and brother!

FERDINAND.

Possible enough, and sure enough, tho perhaps they little suspect it.

JOHN-MARY.

Nay, nay, my brother! that laughter . . I beg pardon . . I mean no offence, but surely that laughter is rather too irreverent. Pious men may do many things that others may not; but we must not tempt nor be tempted.

FERDINAND.

'Fore God, he is little temptation for 'em.

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty's genius is great beyond com-

parison, and the mercies God hath shewn you are manifold.

FERDINAND.

Else the rogues would have had me on the gallows. This little bit of lead kept me down on my legs: had they searched me and found it and taken it away, I might have mounted the ladder.

JOHN-MARY.

Is one kiss permitted me on that sacred image?

FERDINAND.

Kiss it; but under the left jaw; this is the part to be guarded.

Now about the angels.

JOHN-MARY.

And the angels too will protect whom they please.

FERDINAND.

Brother and cousin! one word in your ear! Of all the monasteries in my dominions, that to which I have destined old Queypo is the fullest of lice and fleas: the dogs and cats know it, and will not enter, on fishdays or fleshdays: the very martins and swallows scream as they fly past, and never did one of them build her nest under the roof. This I believe is the reason; but I have heard of another. They come from Barbary; and, being Moorish, instinctively shun the purity of our faith.

JOHN-MARY.

I have observed them under the tiles of my convents in great plenty.

FERDINAND.

Your monks are less holy: they wash and comb themselves.

JOHN-MARY.

Malice says it. Sometimes in excessively hot weather they do, and to hear confession in private houses, where an odour too religious might affect the sick, particularly the women.

FERDINAND.

Mere men of the world! men *nostræ generationis!* The women should be accustomed to the odour while they are well.

JOHN-MARY.

Generally they are so: but there are some faint stomachs that want civet even in sanctity.

FERDINAND.

Jades! I wish I had them under lock and key with old Queypo. If the angels, as I was telling you, came within whistle of those walls, they would have nothing else to do for the remainder of the week than to pick one another's wings.

JOHN-MARY.

Brother, I doubt whether the angels are subject to such vermin.

FERDINAND.

In heaven certainly not: but here even Michael,

tho in the act of cutting down a heretic, must put aside his sword and scratch himself. The older angels are too cunning; they know the place: as for the younger, I am secure of them: I have ordered that no change of linen be brought to the wicked wretch: his cloathes have been rotting on his body for several months, and at last they are so full of holes that no decent young angel would turn his eyes towards them*.

An excellent plan has been laid before me for the deportation of all the constitutionalists.

JOHN-MARY.

Deportation! whither?

FERDINAND.

The plan contains nothing about that. Sealed orders may be opened when they are at sea.

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty must provide biscuits and water, in a quantity proportionate to the voyage.

* These cruelties were all committed against Queypo, for having taken the oath of allegiance, which Ferdinand himself took, to the Constitution. On his removal from the jail to the monastery, some women had the compassion and courage to throw a little of their own apparel over his nakedness, and to cover his aged head from the mid-day sun in July.

Francesco de la Torre was sentenced, as an acquaintance of Riego, to carry round his neck the portrait of that general, and to see it burnt under the gallows. His wife was sentenced to the gallies for ten years, as being her husband's accomplice.

FERDINAND.

Not I, not I; the plan has nothing in it of biscuits and water. Besides, is there not water enough in the sea for any number? and let them borrow biscuits from the sailors, on their own credit.

JOHN-MARY.

But the sailors must have enough.

FERDINAND.

So they shall.

JOHN-MARY.

To give or lend?

FERDINAND.

I have nothing to do with the traffic of sailors.

JOHN-MARY.

Unless it pleases God to work a miracle in favour of the constitutionalists, they must perish.

FERDINAND.

In *their* favour! do you know what they have done?

JOHN-MARY.

Unwise things, no doubt: but your Majesty seems to me less happy now, less tranquil, and less safe, than when you joined them.

FERDINAND.

The mule that breaks loose, is less quiet than when he was in the shafts; but he is free.

JOHN-MARY.

My brother! if that word animates even you

so greatly, what wonder if it animated the less intelligent!

FERDINAND.

Again, again I ask you, do you know what they have committed?

JOHN-MARY.

Recently?

FERDINAND.

Within this week.

JOHN-MARY.

Not fully nor exactly.

FERDINAND.

Sacrilege, sacrilege. Robbers have broken into a church at Logrono, and stolen the body of God.

JOHN-MARY.

Ave-Maria! Clamavi de profunditatibus.

I hope they are taken, and the body of our Lord recovered.

FERDINAND.

Recovered, it is true, but after dogs had eaten it.

JOHN-MARY.

Alas! alas! alas! that is not recovered.

FERDINAND.

Brother and cousin, do not be heretical!

JOHN-MARY.

God forbid!

FERDINAND.

The true faith is, that the body of our Lord,

having only passed the diaphragm of dog or other animal, is the Lord's body stil: let it enter the viscera, the long gut I mean, and not even his blessed mother could make it his again.

JOHN-MARY.

I am so full of horror, I want to hear the rest.

FERDINAND.

The thieves were pursued, by monks, women, soldiers, and dogs. Nothing could excede, as was thought, the right spirit of the dogs: they appeared to be angrier than the monks themselves: it was thought that the Lord would glorify himself by these vile animals .. *out of the mouth of babes and sucklings*, and so forth .. I forget the remainder; no matter. Suddenly, when they had fastened on the breech of the heaviest and slowest of the sacrilegious, he who held the holy vessel threw it on the ground, and out fell the body of God! The very dog that was thought the most zealous, left the rogue's breech for it, and would have swallowed it. You know, my cousin and brother, that swallowing the wafer is no easy matter when we begin to learn it. Woe betide the teeth that touch it! but it often sticks to the roof of the mouth; and I have seen a nun who has done penance all her life, because she coughed it out, the first time it entered her lips.

JOHN-MARY.

Did no lightning, nor other judgement, fall upon the dog?

FERDINAND.

On the contrary, it was feared that he might fairly claim eternal life; which would have been a dreadful dispensation; for he is the noisiest dog in Logroño. But the women and monks knew their business. They drove a stake an ell long under his tail, and held him with his head downward, until a surgeon could arrive, who carefully removed his entrails. The host was not found there: on which the bells were rung, tapestry displayed, and cannon fired. It was however in the stomach, whence the creature ejected it from his mouth with fierce convulsions.

JOHN-MARY.

Gloria deo in excelsis!

FERDINAND.

It was discovered enveloped in bile. The priests say that the bile is the dog's bile: the monks, with greater piety, contend that it procedes from the body of our Lord, indignant at such treatment, and that what appeared the most awful visitation was a miracle vouchsafed to the city of Logroño. The people in their consternation see no miracle in an affront producing bile, and pray before it, that in due time it may depart. Their

contrition has begun to produce this effect, and every morning it is somewhat lessened.

JOHN-MARY.

Have the bishops and arch-bishops been consulted?

FERDINAND.

Naturally.

JOHN-MARY.

What can be done?

FERDINAND.

They have ordered two public processions: one, to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty, for the affront of stealing His Divine Majesty's body; the other, to make him forget what the dog did, from beginning to end*; which, as I told you, seems to be accomplishing. I have issued an edict, that every dog of the same family with that most execrable one, be hanged or shot; and that whoever shall be convicted of having in his possession one begotten by, or allied to, paternally

* This is founded on fact, as published in the *Lisbon* Gazette. "On the 4th of July, 1825, the convent of Saint Antony was robbed of the sacred vessel and consecrated wafers. The bishop ordered a public procession, in order to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty," &c.

It must be a very weak mind that fancies Christianity can be injured by these recitals of popish superstition, in which the ideas of divine majesty are quite as absurd as the wildest in the religion of Bramah or of Boodah.

or maternally, the said most execrable, shall be considered as a heretic, infidel, and traitor.

JOHN-MARY.

Let us hope, by the blessing of God's mother and her sweet infant, that affairs will begin, ere long, to go on better in your Majesty's kingdoms.

FERDINAND.

We may indeed hope it; by the blessing of Saint Iago added to the infant's and the Virgin-mother's.. I mean the *mother of the thousand pains*.. none of the rest for me! In token of it, they delivered into my hands two societies of *free-masons*. One was detected with a line upon the table; which line the heretical thieves declared was a fishing-line; altho there was no other sign of it than the hook and horse-hair. The other was heard to take the most tremendous and diabolical of oaths.. I dare not repeat it.. Yes, I will...

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

Now then hear it.

JOHN-MARY.

Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo!

I am prepared, my brother! it can do me no harm.

FERDINAND.

They swore that they would love and help their

brethren, in all dangers and adversities! So! they would love them on the scaffold, and help them (if they could) at the stake. The people tore them to pieces, as cleverly as Andalusian colts could have done it. Here, my brother and cousin, behold the vast superiority of our religion over theirs! The very monks who caught them *in flagrante* ...

JOHN-MARY.

A bad rebellious town! whereabout does it lie?

FERDINAND.

I dont know exactly .. but somewhere southward .. no matter for that .. these charitable monks, who had been ejected from the same place, in the midst of the service, sang the service for the defunct upon them; and (would you believe it?) their wives and daughters ran out of their houses, and called the holy men .. afore God, I think it sinful to say what the women called them. But the Virgin shall be informed of it, word for word, and the sluts shall blush at such foul language. You see, even the women, tho they never heard the oath nor entered the chamber, were infected! old and young! What a serpent is this *free-masonry!*

We shall come at last to the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections. I told father Cyrillo so, and he gave me the best

advice a true vassal and good catholic could give. He said to me, *Sire, will you pardon the frankness of my speech?*

I replied, *Say any thing, father Cyrillo, if you can remove by it my perplexities.*

*May I liken your Majesty to an inferior creature?* added he.

It did not very well please me to be likened to any thing on earth, excepting the rest of our royal family, the Bourbons; yet I answered, for I began to be curious and anxious, *Liken me, liken me; make haste.*

*Then*, said father Cyrillo gravely, *Your Majesty, by such paternal clemency as you would shew, in coming to what your Majesty is graciously pleased to call the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrectons, reminds me of a Negro...*

*Hold! hold!* I exclamed, for I fancied he meant a constitutionalist. He corrected my mistake, and declared he only meant, as his explanation would shew, a poor fellow christian from Porto Ricco. He continued, *The good slave and cook Dias had just returned from the happy country stil under your Majesty's paternal care in the Americas, and was ordered by his master's more experienced servant in the same capacity, Juan of Seville, to prepare the onions for dinner. Dias*

*had seen him begin to peel one, and immediately turned to the same occupation. Now he had lived with an old aunt of his master, whose stomach could not bear onions, and he had never dressed or seen any. He thought he could committ no mistake in the peeling of them, as he had observed the master cook tearing off and throwing aside two or three coats of one. He therefor went on, and coming at last to nothing cried Don Juan! I do not find the onion. In like manner does your Majesty. You must begin with the first peel, throw that into the boiler; then take the second, and throw that in. All are implicated in the conspiracy against your Majesty's beneficent government, excepting those who look after the conspirators; one amongst a thousand.*

I could hardly have imagined, my brother and cousin, the wickedness of my people if father Cyrillo had not demonstrated it. It now came to our knowledge that, altho a great part of the Constitutionalists have no religion, a certain sect is springing up, of zealots and fanatics. Instead of sacrificing a God, five of which can be bought for a farthing, so indulgent is he in letting us both buy and eat him, these unconscionable wretches have nothing less in view than the abolition of our bull-fights, by the sacrifice of our cattle. In the papers of a constitutionalist we found many

axioms and problems; to some of which were written the words, *it seems reasonable;* to others, *not improbable;* to more stil, *query.* But we found one in larger letters, and without any of these notes, signed by a miscreant of the name *Constat.* The words are these.

*Before a long serenity can be hoped for Europe, the black cattle must be sacrificed to the Tempests.*

*Tempests* means *devils,* who often come in them, and to whom the new sect offers sacrifice.

JOHN-MARY.

Very bad! very bad! but devils may be exorcized, and (I believe) from living men rather than from dead ones. If we hang and burn any, the devils will fly into others and escape us. Exorcism makes them so heartily sick, that they have no stomach for any such tenement as they have been ousted from, and have need of their native air again.

FERDINAND.

Do you know, brother don John-Mary, how happy I am above the other princes of the age?

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty is indeed so, apparently.

FERDINAND.

You must know why.

JOHN-MARY.

Among the many causes of exultation . . .

FERDINAND.

Well, well! go on .. why the devil do you stop?

JOHN-MARY.

It would be difficult to hit upon the precise one. Perhaps by your Majesty being the Most Catholic.

FERDINAND.

That only led to it. Surely you know well enough I am the object of a particular prophecy in the Holy Bible. I have a whole prophecy to myself.

First I must inform you, what I understand is believed by every sect of Christians .. if indeed any are to be called Christians who refuse to obey the vicar of Christ ...

JOHN-MARY.

No, no, no. There may be Pelagians, Arians, Protestants, Free-masons; but holy Mother Church, as Canon Bento Pinto da Cunha preached to us in my chapel, is no Amphisbæna.

FERDINAND.

Who is Amphisbæna?

JOHN-MARY.

I could not rightly understand him, whether it was really a single beast with two heads, tugging two ways, one of them where the tail should be ...

FERDINAND.

Nonsense! nonsense!

JOHN-MARY.

He seemed to explane it in this manner: but I fancy he must have meant two creatures of the canine race, pelted in the street for immorality.

FERDINAND.

Ay, ay; there is sense in that: but what has it to do with the prophecy?

JOHN-MARY.

Your Majesty was about to mention a tenet of the Church that every man adhered to.

FERDINAND.

Right! right! Whatever the prophets and doctors and evangelists and disciples said to people, the people took as if it was said to them.

JOHN-MARY.

Certainly.

FERDINAND.

The more fools they for their pains. Nothing was meant as it was spoken: and if it was said to one it was intended for another. The prophets had a sort of squint in their tongues. If they promised any thing good to any one, the simpleton was sure to be disappointed in it: and if they threatened a rogue or a city, the threat fell on other folks a thousand miles off. Now you are prepared in some sort for my prophecy. Many at the time believed our Lord was talking to some people who grudged him a little essence of vanilla,

and who pretended they would have given the three *reals* (the price of it in those days) to the poor, rather than perfume his stockings and pantaloons with it, much as they might want it in that hot country. They did not observe him looking over his shoulder toward me, who was not then born, nor understand him, saying, "The poor ye have always with you."

*Habetis pauperes semper vobiscum.*

JOHN-MARY.

Gloria deo in excelsis!

FERDINAND.

Now I have, in Spain alone, not counting the Americas and Indies, above eight hundred thousand mouths, that must either be filled by alms or stopt by halters.

JOHN-MARY.

Sad alternative!

FERDINAND.

Sad enough for *them:* but shew me another king, in our times, whom God and his blessed mother, and those about them, have thought worthy of a special prophecy. The most favoured of my ancestors never had in their dominions more than half the number, of those who held such tickets of admission to the kingdom of heaven. All orders of monks, all ranks of reli-

gionists, cry *Beati pauperes!* What a number of people have I made eternally happy, without any care or trouble about 'em! and the very best in my dominions . . I mean of laymen. Priests and monks do not require a similar state of probation. They are ready for martyrdom, when their Lord calls them, but would fare reasonably well seven days in the week, in order to work the better in his vineyard. The rest I have made light for the long journey, and almost as ready to undertake it as their spiritual guides. Have I not reason then to be superlatively joyful?

JOHN-MARY.

Certainly, my brother, God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

FERDINAND.

Hold! Have you a dispensation, my brother and cousin, for using the words of the Bible? I would not venture to go beyond Saint Isidore or Saint Augustin.

JOHN-MARY.

They may always be used toward crowned heads. It is generally thought by theologians that the best of them were made expresly for us.

FERDINAND.

Not unlikely. You are deep, my brother, in the dogmatists.

JOHN-MARY.

Discreetly; sufficiently; not much amiss: but I began to doubt whether the said oil of gladness...

FERDINAND.

The devil you did! to doubt about it!

JOHN-MARY.

Whether it is an oil that is likely to *keep*, tho it has been in great demand of late, among the champions of legitimacy. I am afraid some hot weather may affect it.

FERDINAND.

And now, don John-Mary, my brother and cousin, I must come to the point with you, in the most amicable way possible, on your invasion of my territories.

JOHN-MARY.

May it please your Majesty to inform me, what portion of your Majesty's territory has been rashly entered by my troops, without my knowledge?

FERDINAND.

I know not whether your forces, my brother and cousin, have invaded it; but you style yourself king of India. How can this be, when I myself am king of both the Indies? Your Majesty is legitimately, inasmuch as what is founded on usurpation can be legitimate, king of Portugal, Algarve, Brazil, Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia.

JOHN-MARY.

Certainly, my brother, and of India; not of *both* Indies.

FERDINAND.

No, by the mother of God! nor of one.

JOHN-MARY.

Pardon me there, don Ferdinand! this gold piece will prove it. *(Aside.)* He pockets it! No matter!

FERDINAND.

Will you resign it, my dear brother?

JOHN-MARY.

Willingly, willingly! five hundred.

FERDINAND.

What do you mean, my brother and cousin?

JOHN-MARY.

The crusado.

FERDINAND.

What crusado?

JOHN-MARY.

That upon which I shewed your Majesty my arms and rights.

FERDINAND.

Blood of the martyrs! belly and backbone of the confessors! you never shewed me one such in the whole course of your life.

JOHN-MARY.

I intended it then, and will at any time.

FERDINAND.

No shuffling, my brother and cousin! Will you resign my kingdom?

JOHN-MARY.

I will never resign the kingdoms that the Holy Trinity hath placed under my sceptre. My good people of India shall not be deprived of a father by an unworthy cession.

FERDINAND.

Then God and my right! I will fight for it to the last drop of my blood.

JOHN-MARY.

By proxy, as usual, I hope, my brother Ferdinand! Your Majesty has already spilt in this manner the best belonging to you, enough to float more than your fleets, and never soiled frill nor ruffle . . tho you once (to do you justice) had your stocking down at heel from it.

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On the continent men have ceased to dispute about the different forms of government, and are concerned only about the difference in its actual administration. The Spaniards think theirs the very worst; the Lombards and Venetians theirs; the Parmesans doubt; the Modenese dare not do even that, for fear of their wives and confessors. The name of Ferdinand the Seventh, if it happens to be uttered in any part of Italy, is intercepted by that of Francis the First; a personage on every occasion eulogized by our ministry, who

know about as much of the popular opinion in Europe as of the popular opinion in the planet Saturn. Their eulogies are due to him for his union with them in fierce hostility against the liberties of Greece. I will tear out one page from his history, and place it here.

Count Gonfaloniere threw himself at the empressis feet, in Milan, and requested that, having lost in part the use of his limbs, he might be conveyed to the prison of his son, know whether he was dead or living, and, if living, bless him once more, and bear the consolatory tidings to his wife and family. The empress told him, she was unable to influence her husband in political affairs: but she obtained the same condescention from his Imperial Majesty, as she herself had shewn toward the most unfortunate of fathers. He could not but consider his admittence into the presence of Francis as an act of clemency and of kindness; and he began to hope that he might again see the face of a beloved son, if indeed the prison by chance were one of those into which the light of day ever entered.

*O sire! spare the life of my child!* cried he, spreading one hand upon the earth, and raising the other to conceal his tears, *if Heaven and your Majesty have preserved him so long, in pity to my age and infirmity, to my incessant prayers and sorrows. Ten days of existence are now left to me: let him think (for he was ever the most affectionate of children) that his sufferings have not shortened them! It may be a crime in him to love his country too ardently; but he has injured and would injure no one.*

*Your son,* replied his Apostolic Majesty, *is in a better condition than I should have been in, if I had fallen into his power.*

The old man had strength to rise, and courage to turn away. Those inhabitants of Milan who retained some respect for the imperial dignity, ceased to salute the emperor of

Austria; slipped into any house or gateway they found open when they saw his carriage, and forgot by degrees, as they repeated this, the memorable speech of another, *Moriatur ita ut se mori sentiat.*

At his arrival, a few days before, a loyal Frenchman congratulated a loyal Milanese, on the applause his Majesty had received in the theatre: the Milanese replied, *Sta bene; sta bene . . ma siamo poveri, e ci costa gran denaro.— Good! good! but we are poor, and it costs us a great deal of money.*

# CONVERSATION XII.

## MAHOMET

AND

## SERGIUS.

# MAHOMET

AND

# SERGIUS.

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MAHOMET.

THOU knowest, my dear Sergius, that heretofore the bishops of Rome have conferred and counselled on the necessity of depriving the priesthood of marriage, that the brethren may be devoted to them intirely, and insulated from the people.

SERGIUS.

Such a scheme indeed hath been agitated more than once; yet I suspect it can never be carried into execution. If the Roman pontiff should succede in his intentions, the Greek would follow.

MAHOMET.

There hath always been jealousy between them, of each other's weight and authority.

SERGIUS.

It began about dresses and jewels, then flamed

forth upon hymns and eunuchs, again on the comparative number of rich widows and holy virgins, in the convents of East and West. As beauty and embroidery, music and mutilation, are matters of mere taste and opinion, they looked for something to split upon decorously. An iota served: this iota clove many thousand skulls, and found nothing. Latterly they have fought upon surer ground, over the relics of confessors and martyrs, and, in time of truce, have bidden high against each other, for the best odour of sanctity any Jew or Arab would bring them.

MAHOMET.

I myself keep in reserve the thigh-bone of an honest jade of a mule; the fellow of which thigh-bone is inclosed in a glass case at Ancona, as belonging to Saint Eufemia. My saint was rather a wincing one. I should not have liked to put my muzzle quite so near her crupper, in her state of probation, as the faithful do now she is canonized. I introduced oil of sandal-wood, a perfume unknown among the Italians, into both bones. The first, like a fool, I sold for three hundred gold pieces: the remaining one shall bring me, with God's help, five hundred; proving its authenticity by identity of odour, and thus confounding the sceptic and scoffer. If men are wilfully blind, let them remain so; they shall fall into the ditch when there is none to help them.

In vain does the cresset shine from the tower, if the perverse will run upon the shoals and rocks. In vain does the cryer's voice cry *God is great,* if we hang back and budge, and will not lend him even our little finger, to try a portion of his strength theron. But he saith, *I am a sword to the wicked, and a shield to the good, and a mountain-encampment, fed with living waters, to him and him only who placeth his trust in me.* Thus saith the strong and merciful, whose name be praised evermore, thro his servant, the dust of his feet. *Did I not,* saith he, *hide the prophet Jonas three days and three nights in the whale's belly? But my prophet Mahomet, whom I have chosen to be cover and clasp, pumice-stone and thong, to the book of prophecy, hath lain three times three in a locust's.*

SERGIUS.

Quiet! quiet! never say that! The catholics will think either that thou mockest, or that thou surpassest, their impudence; and will stone thee.

MAHOMET.

I will preach where there are no stones big enough.

SERGIUS.

They will crucify thee.

MAHOMET.

I will preach where there are no trees high enough.

SERGIUS.

They will burn thee alive.

MAHOMET.

I will preach where they shall be burnt alive themselves, if they come near me, and without a faggot, a whisp of straw, or a match. They are very humane in the desert: it is only where there are meadows and cornfields, and young nuns and choristers, that the gadfly of persecution pricks them.

SERGIUS.

Thou talkest reasonably again, dropping in thy phraseology from the third heaven of orientalism.

MAHOMET.

Leave me my third heaven: we agreed upon it.

SERGIUS.

We will pick the mule's thigh-bones together.

MAHOMET.

My mule, I promise thee, Sergius, shall carry both of us the first stage on our journey.

Again to business.

If my introduction is somewhat long, it is only that I may smoothen the path to arrangements of great advantage to thee, unoffered and unpremeditated in any former conversation. Altho the Greeks had the earliest and best claim to supremacy, if indeed the Christian dispensation could admitt any (which the first Roman bishops denied), the emperor Mauritius wished the patriarch

of Constantinople to possess it; that something like order might at length be established in his extensive and loose dominions; and that the lust of ecclesiastical power might be controlled by the presence of the imperial. This cost him his life from the pope; who himself did not live long enough to gather the fruits he had engrafted with so skilful and sharp a knife. Popes trip up one another, like children on the icy streets of Cyzicus. Gregory and Sabinian followed in rapid march. Then came Bonifacius. He found on the throne Phocas, the murderer of his emperor and friend. Never were two such men so well met. They upheld one another; and Rome from that time forward has preserved the authority she usurped. She hath always been an auxiliary of the audacious and the unjust; knowing that they pay best and promise most; and that right and equity, peace and honour, want nothing and expect nothing at her hands. Her thunders are composed from chaos; her light from the fragments of civilization and the flames of war. We will take advantage of the weakness that wickedness leaves behind it, and of the hatred and contempt in which papal ambition is holden thro Greece and Asia. I hope the Roman pontiff may at least order the priests to observe celibacy, if he does not subject them to another ceremony, taken, like the greater part of their worship, from the ancient rites of Cybele.

SERGIUS.

An excellent regimen for priests! but it would ruin monachism.

MAHOMET.

So far would be the Greek church from a desire to imitate the Roman, that I am well convinced she would, for contradiction, instantly order both priests and monks to marry. On this principle, in my institutions I am resolved to allow four wives to every man. In order to strengthen the oriental church against the occidental, and that you never may suppose I would take an undue advantage of you, I recommend that you should prove from the Scriptures how every tenth girl belongs to the religious, as clearly as every tenth lamb and wheat-sheaf; and that monks are more religious than priests.

SERGIUS.

Thou canst not prove the former.

MAHOMET.

Nor thou?

SERGIUS.

No.

MAHOMET.

Nor both together?

SERGIUS.

I question it.

MAHOMET.

O thou infidel! the Scriptures contain every thing.

SERGIUS.

I have no mind, friend Mahomet, they should contain this. I will never have ten wives, nor four, nor any: and, if the Ecumenical bishop orders those under his authority to repudiate theirs, certain I am that our church will exhort and command every priest, and perhaps every monk, to take one.

MAHOMET.

Well! what harm?

SERGIUS.

Short-sighted mortal! What harm indeed! If she bids us to have wives of our own, she will shortly come to such a pass that she will bid us to have none *but* our own . . a grievous detriment to the vital interests of the faith.

Mahomet, thou art the heartiest laugher under heaven . . . Prythee let thy beard cover thy throat again . . . There now! thy turban has fallen behind thee . . . Art thou in fits? . . . . By my soul, I will lay this thong across thy loins, if thou tossest and screamest in that manner, to the scandal of the monastery.

MAHOMET.

Words are magical. The blindest and tenderest young saintling, that ever was whelped, could not have whined so pathetically, *A grievous detriment to the vital interests of the faith!*

SERGIUS.

A serious word with thee. There is a time for all things.

MAHOMET.

Let me hear it.

SERGIUS.

Brother Pemphynx, a worthy priest, hath espoused a beautiful creature. O the charms of such a friendship as mine with Pemphynx! I am the confessor of the fair Anatolis. Ah Mahomet! Mahomet! The delight of authority! the diviner power of persuasion! the glory of hearing the appeal, *Now ought I, sweet Sergius?*

MAHOMET.

I discover all her beauty at those words.

SERGIUS.

Perish then those words for ever! Her beauty ought to rest upon my heart, veiled and sacred. No thought should dwell with it, no idea rise from it, but mine.

MAHOMET.

Is she so very beauteous? Why sighest thou and maddenest and starest? Is there any thing strange in the question? I never saw her nor heard of her.

SERGIUS.

Anatolis is a star . . .

MAHOMET.

Bad!

SERGIUS.

Heaven itself . . .

MAHOMET.

Worse and worse . . She must be too much for thee.

SERGIUS.

Peace, profane one! Anatolis is a rose . . .

MAHOMET.

Psha! they all are. God made the rose out of what was left of woman at the creation. The great difference is, we feel the rose's thorns when we gather it; and the other's when we have had it some time.

SERGIUS.

The gales of Paradise breathe from this opening bud.

MAHOMET.

Gales never were given for one, unless that one be of the elect.

SERGIUS.

The mild even-tempered Anatolis is the coyest and most difficult young creature. Pemphynx complained to me about it, a few days after their union.

*Canst thou do nothing with her, brother Sergius? Try, for the love of God! Rouse thyself! rouse thyself! be resolute! be brotherly. Meditation is an excellent thing, but man was also made for action.*

MAHOMET.

In the plains of Damascus I myself am fain to take exercise. A good many gales of Paradise blow about these gardens, and over the banks of these little streams. We have some pleasant spots in Arabia, more in Idumea; but he who possesseth Syria may hold in contempt the possessors of all the earth beside. Love, and enjoy for ever, Anatolis: retain to thy last breath the pleasure of discoursing on her in confidence; and of forbidding thy friend most royally to think about her! Chide him if he mention her; hate him if he ask nothing concerning her: if he smile, detest his impudence; if he look grave, abhorr his insensibility.

Sergius! mayest thou long do thus! Earth can afford thee, Heaven can promise thee, no more.

SERGIUS.

Yet, Mahomet, on cooler thoughts, I am not disposed to resign the power and authority which thou consentedst to obtain for me, and which I am weary of expecting.

MAHOMET.

The patriarch is not dead. Every thing is most promising in Arabia. It is a difficult matter in my country, to persuade the hearers even of our wildest stories that they are but fictions. Where there is such a thirst for the marvellous, it is easier to equip a new religion than a new camel.

We must be daring. In spite of thy advice, I am resolved to prove that I have been up in heaven.

SERGIUS.

Take heed! take heed! they cannot believe that.

MAHOMET.

They will not believe a word of truth, until they believe many a falsehood. I must have witnesses.

SERGIUS.

Here lies the difficulty. Let me send to Rome for them . . indeed to any part of Italy . . it would ruin thee to purchase them here; the rogues are so exorbitant.

MAHOMET.

I will have them unbought; pure, sincere, stedfast. Heat an Arab, and he keeps hot for life. But, my dear Sergius, thou hast lived thy early days in Rome: art thou not fond of that city, so full of allurements?

SERGIUS.

I was very fond of it.

MAHOMET.

Could nothing induce thee to return?

SERGIUS.

Not now: thou knowest the reason.

MAHOMET.

The patriarchate of Constantinople is unworthy of thy ambition, now that the Roman pontiff takes the precedency.

SERGIUS.

By God! he shall take it no longer when I am patriarch.

MAHOMET.

I should rather like, if convenient to Sergius, to extend my empire over the plains of Damascus; chiefly because this empire must be extended by the sword, which is tempered nowhere in such perfection as by the waters of Abbana and Pharphar.

SERGIUS.

I demurr to this.

MAHOMET.

I would engage to give thee in exchange the whole of Europe.

SERGIUS.

Mahomet, thou art ambitious.

MAHOMET.

To serve my friend; otherwise no mortal was ever so far removed from it. I have many other faults; none however which a friend can suffer from, or ought to see.

SERGIUS.

Altho I little doubt that any plausible new religion would subvert the old rottenness that lies accumulated round us, now that people find the priests of Christ assuming the garb and language of despots, with the temper and trade of executioners, yet it may be the labour of years to

penetrate with an army from the center of Arabia into this country.

MAHOMET.

Of two or three at most. I have had visions that promise me Syria.

SERGIUS.

Mahomet, the system I laid down for thee contained no visions.

MAHOMET.

Many spring from it.

SERGIUS.

Thou wouldst alter it, I see.

MAHOMET.

It was too pure: people have fed upon prodigies: they must have them stil. Situate the native of a watery plain upon a mountain, and he will regret the warm comfortable fogs and the low fleeting lights of his marsh.

I would continue on the best terms with my adviser and guide; but verily my entrails yearn for the good people of Damascus.

SERGIUS.

Leave them to me; and, if thy entrails yearn, take a goblet of Cyprus.

MAHOMET.

Let me have but Asia, if I can win it over to the faith.

SERGIUS.

Win it over and welcome, if thou canst.

MAHOMET.

Faith is so strong in me, I can do all things.

SERGIUS.

Do them: leave me Anatolis and the patriarchate, just as they both are now.

MAHOMET.

I begin to imagine and believe, that many of those things which I would have feigned as visions, are realities.

SERGIUS.

Thou wilt succede the better for thinking it.

MAHOMET.

God guides us mysteriously and changes us miraculously.

SERGIUS.

He doth indeed, if he hath made a religionist of thee.

MAHOMET.

*God, he is God, and Mahomet is his prophet*.. by the Eternal! those words are divine.

SERGIUS.

They will be so, by the Eternal! if they only win thee some three or four stout cities in Arabia, and deliver into thy hands, with some rich caravan, about as many (or rather more) unbelieving girls, ready and ripe for conversion and ablution, with faces a whit nearer in colour to the snow than to the sands; such as Paphlagonia and Armenia send us, by the blessing of the Lord.

MAHOMET.

Hitherto, when I dreamed that thou madest to me any cession of territory, for the plantation of the faith, thou didst give me thy blessing, and cede it.

SERGIUS.

And thou didst to me in like manner: but now thy dreams cover nation after nation, let us agree, my friend Mahomet, to dream no more. Lie on thy left side, man, on thy noble camel-hair couch, white and black, like a zebra, as thou boastest in thy poetry, and never turn thy face again toward Syria.

MAHOMET.

This seems, my friend, like a threat.

SERGIUS.

Say rather, like divination.

MAHOMET.

By God! I can divine better than thou canst.

SERGIUS.

Contentment is better than divination or visions. Thou wert born and educated in Arabia: and nothing can transcend the description thou hast given me of thy native country.

MAHOMET.

All native countries are most beautiful; yet we want something from them which they will not give us. Our first quarrels of any seriousness are

with them; as the first screams and struggles of infants, the first tearing of robes and sobs of anger, are against their mothers.

Delightful is it to bathe in the *moonsea* on the sands, and to listen to tales of genii in the tent: but then in Arabia the anxious heart is thrown into fierce and desperate commotion, by the accursed veil that separates beauty from us. There we never see the blade of that sweet herbage rise day after day into light and loveliness, never see the blossom expand, but receive it unselected, unsolicited, and unwon. Happy the land, where the youthful are without veils, the aged without suspicion; where the antelope may look to what restingplace she listeth, and bend her slender foot to the fountain that most invites her.

Odoriferous gales! whether of Deban or of Dafar, if ye bring only fragrance with you, carry it to the thoughtless and light-hearted! carry it to the drinker of wine, to the feaster and the dancer at the feast. If ye never have played about the beloved of my youth, if ye bring me no intelligence of her, pass on! away with you!

SERGIUS.

We may be with the girl we love in many places; so many, that we lose the recollection.

MAHOMET.

Is that possible? Then you do not sit very near her.

SERGIUS.

Yes, and touch her.

MAHOMET.

A young girl? beautiful? affectionate? before marriage? Do not nod, but tell me unequivocally.

SERGIUS.

I say it.

MAHOMET.

Sergius, thy whole religion, in all its incredibilities, containeth none like this.

SERGIUS.

Believe me; I am not preaching. Certainly we have much the advantage here; but thou mayest order things after our manner.

MAHOMET.

I shall grow old before this change can take place: besides I must have a revelation for it.

SERGIUS.

And why not?

MAHOMET.

Alas! it is not worth my while. However, I am hale enough yet to make another visit to Damascus.

SERGIUS.

As a friend, I hope, not as a prophet.

MAHOMET.

God's will be done.

SERGIUS.

If thou, in despite of thy faith, shouldst yet

happen to fail in thy enterprise, come into our brotherhood: if, in despite of thy rashness, thou shouldst succede in it, thy friend Sergius follows thy standard, and brings over to thee nine-tenths of the church establishment. But do not omitt the Houris: quote Solomon; celebrate his wisdom and concubines; damn his idolatry of wood and stone when he had flesh and blood to idolize; grant sherbet and coffee, opium and divorces. Remember . . . .

Hark! the bell rings! Put on thy slippers, come along with me . . . curtesy to the Virgin . . . dip thy finger in the font, and chaunt the litany.

MAHOMET.

I never sang a note in my whole life.

SERGIUS.

What matters that? Courage! strike up among us.

MAHOMET.

I hate singing: it is fit only for madmen and drunkards, and the weakest and pettiest of the birds. Besides, I tell thee again, I cannot. Are there not reasons enough?

SERGIUS.

By no means. Didst thou not say, faith is so strong in thee, thou canst do all things?

MAHOMET.

Yes; but I must have the will first: even God must will before he does any thing: I am only his

Prophet. Why dost thou laugh? why dost thou shew thy teeth, lifting and lowering them, like to the dog that biteth off his fleas? No ridicule! I deserve it not. My potency is known to thee, altho not to its whole extent. Know then, I have cut the moon asunder with my scimetar.

SERGIUS.

Who, in the name of the Prophet (this I think is the way we are to speak?) will ever believe such an audacious lie?

MAHOMET.

Universally will the chosen of the Most High believe it, altho the grunters and snorers in thy stie eschew it. I have in readiness a miracle so much greater, that every face in Arabia will sink as deep in the sand before it, as the tortoise when she is laying her eggs.

SERGIUS.

I do not understand thee.

MAHOMET.

It is something to cut asunder the moon: but I have already done incalculably more; as thou thyself, O Sergius, shalt acknowledge.

SERGIUS.

Speak, and plainly.. for, upon my soul! I know not when thou art in earnest and when otherwise; and almost do I suspect that, in the illusions of

hope and in the transports of ambition, thou sometimes givest credence to thine own devices.

MAHOMET.

Be thou my judge in this matter. Under an oath to secrecy, I have shewn to Labid, son of Rabiah, what I intend for the first chapter of my Koran; and he cried before me, and is ready to cry before the people, *O Mahomet! son of Abdallah, son of Achem, son of Motalib, thou art a greater poet than I am.*

SERGIUS.

Begone upon thy mission this instant! Miracles like others have been performed everywhere; like this, never upon earth. A poet, good or bad, to acknowledge a superior! Methinks I see the pope already in adoration at thy feet, and hear the patriarchs calling thee father. I myself am half a convert. Hie thee homeward: God speed thee!

---

The story of Sergius, the Nestorian monk, assisting Mahomet in the compilation of the Koran, is often repeated, on the authority of Zonaras. Gibbon has deemed it unworthy of notice. Sergius was only the assistent of Mahomet in the same manner as the rest of the churchmen. The impostor of Rome was the truest allie to the impostor of Mecca; who found more wickedness committed under the garb of Christianity, more ambition, more malice, more

poisonings and stabbings, than any other religion had experienced amongst its leaders, not only in the same period of time, but in the whole course of its existence. So, within two centuries, reckoning from his first appearance as a prophet, half the Christians in the world, and nearly all who were not coerced by the armies of princes in submission to the pope, abandoned their religion and adopted Mahomet's; which the potentates of Europe seem now resolved to protect and further, by aiding and abetting in the extermination of the Greeks.

It is much to be doubted whether the change will in the end be beneficial, tho perhaps the public mind may never be better prepared for it than at present. I am not in the secrets of the Holy Alliance; but it appears to me highly probable, that their resolution to exchange the Christian religion for the Mahometan (if indeed they have formed any such) is founded on their observing that, while the former leaves no sign whatever of its existence on people in general, the latter goes at least skin-deep in all. Stil the affair, being a weighty one, should be reconsidered.

# CONVERSATION XIII.

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## KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLES,

## M. PEEL, M. CROKER,

AND

## INTERPRETER.

KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLES,

M. PEEL, M. CROKER,

AND

INTERPRETER.

---

KING.

I RECEIVE with satisfaction the royal sons of my brother the king of England, whose noble nature and high exploits have filled the whole space between him and me, and are become as familiar to my people as fish and breadfruit.

PEEL.

Sire, we dispose indeed of his family and of his subjects universally; but we are not the sons of our most gracious king, illustrious as are our families and the titles with which we are invested.

CROKER.

Blood and hounds! Why tell the fool that we are not his sons?

KING.

You are then the high priest?

PEEL.

Not exactly that neither, Sire; but I make him do and say what I order. I dictate the forms of prayer, tell him when to use them, when not to use them: if he dies I appoint a successor.

KING *to* CROKER.

And pray, mighty lord, by what appellation am I to address your Celestiality?

CROKER.

I am principal of the Admiralty.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

What is Admiralty?

INTERPRETER.

All the ships and captains and admirals.

PEEL.

His Majesty seems faint.

CROKER.

He stares at me like a stuck pig.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

I cannot, with my ideas of propriety, fall down before him, but any thing short of that. Would he permitt me to take his hand?

INTERPRETER.

I cannot answer for him. Time was, he would have been ready to take mine.. with a dollar in it.

KING.

The other high lord governs the king's family and people; but this governs the king and the air and the waters and the world. Dog, dost grin?

INTERPRETER.

I will tell your Majesty another time how mistaken you are.

KING.

No other times for me. Tell me now: ceremony does not allow me to wait. I must know, as other kings do, the men I deal with.

INTERPRETER.

Ah sire! your former mistake was nothing to this. As other kings do! One must cross seas to find them: they lie among coral, and cloathe in feathers, or are in buff.

KING.

High and mighty, land-and-sea-and-sky lords, in order to render you the honours due to your rank and dignity, I, a stranger to you . . .

PEEL.

Sire, we are come only to announce to your Majesty the pleasure his Majesty the king of England will experience on receiving your Majesty at his court.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

Is it the custom of the land to interrupt a person who is speaking?

INTERPRETER.

It is the custom all over Europe, excepting Turkey, where manners are far more decorous.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

How do they do in their parliament?

INTERPRETER.

The same thing perpetually, unless the orator has something to give them. In that case there is no other interruption than applause; and the wit of a college-scout, a mail-coach-driver, or a quack's assistent upon a cart, is the finest in the world.

KING.

Man, that is not the Sandwich tongue: I do not understand half the words.

*To* PEEL.

Tell your king, O king's-family-and-people-feeder, that I forerun his wishes, and will be present at his court tomorrow.

PEEL.

Dear Croker, do inform him, for upon my soul I have not the face, that he must pull off that devilish odd dress of his, and order a court one.

CROKER.

What have I to do with plucking and trussing the creature? Tell him yourself; it lies within your office.

PEEL.

Sire, I am sorry to announce to your Majesty that your Majesty cannot be received in any but a court-dress.

KING.

Oh! I know it, I know it well: I have brought with me fifty court-dresses.

PEEL.

Permitt me to explane, sire: I mean to say, the court-dress of the court of England.

KING.

I have not one.

PEEL.

I will send a tailor to your Majesty.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

What is that?

INTERPRETER.

One who makes court-dresses.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

In truth no king was ever received with more hospitality, kindness, and distinction, than I am. All the first dignitaries of the state attend me. The court-tailor holds, I suppose, the third rank in the kingdom.

INTERPRETER.

There are some between, not many. He however is next to the king himself, or rather his copartner, in conferring distinctions. Without him the greatest and highest would be where I am; and many a breech is an unkicked one because it has silk about it.

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

No wonder. The English laws, as captains have told me, talking about wives and such things, make you pay for the damage you do. A judge looks at the hole you have made in the

woman; an innkeeper at that in bread and cheese; and both make you pay accordingly. But perhaps I have misunderstood you: perhaps the silk is a charm too against anger and thunder.

CROKER.

What a bore! I am out of all patience.

PEEL.

I am sorry that your Majesty should experience any thing like delay or disappointment; but the etiquette of our court requires a strict compliance with custom, in matters of dress.

KING.

Pray, how many dresses has your king?

CROKER.

Dont answer the rascal. These barbarians are always inquisitive.

PEEL.

Sire, I cannot exactly tell your Majesty how many his Majesty has, not having the honour to preside over his wardrobe; but of course on gala-days he always wears a new one.

KING.

Gala-days I suppose are the days when he wrestles and tears his cloathes. For in this cold climate I can well imagine the richer may wrestle drest. But your king must have many suits. I am sensible of his affability and liberality, and shall be quite contented with such distinction as it may please his Majesty to conferr on me; but

among men of equal rank, unequal as the power may be, treaties may be formed, compacts settled . . .

CROKER.

A slice of Sandwich, I trust, may come to us thereby; ay, Bob!

KING *to* INTERPRETER.

The great whale, the admiral-feeder, the navy-flint, is prouder and fiercer than the wizard-feeder and prayer-pointer, disposer of the king's family and subjects while dry-shod and upon the dirt. The latter is the civiler, but, if features tell me any thing, smooth and hard.

INTERPRETER.

The one looks as if he would pick a quarrel, and the other as if he would pick a . . . but your Majesty does not wear them.

KING.

Pick-a! pick-a! pick-a! what dost mean, word-eater-and-voider?

INTERPRETER.

Your Majesty's fine language does not supply me with the word, and if I made an adequate sign of it I might be hanged.

KING.

My language is the richest in the world, and the very best. I have two or three words for one thing.

INTERPRETER.

Sire, we have twenty. *Roguery*, for instance. We box the compass and come quite round to *honesty* and *honour;* but some writers (not many indeed) make a distinction, and put an *s* to the latter.

KING.

We kings are very nice upon higher points, but not upon these. There are in my islands some men who understand all sorts of words, native or imported: I take them as they come. If people are good, let them be easy in speech and free in action: let every one roast his fish as he likes, and catch it as he can.

CROKER.

Your Majesty was saying something of treaties and compacts. If I can serve your Majesty in the interpretation of your royal wishes, you may command me.

KING.

I have an interpreter here I can trust better.

CROKER *to* INTERPRETER.

He never said that, you villain! He has good manners.

INTERPRETER.

Learn them then, Mister Croker, and do not wait for Lieutenant White to propose to you again an excursion thro the window, for telling

him to "*moderate his impertinent vulgar Irish,*" when the gentleman had spoken most respectfully, under a sense of injury, and when in his father's house yours would not have had the assurance to be seated.

CROKER.

Sir, I remember no such occurrence.

INTERPRETER.

Wonderful indeed! Such occurrences are the only ones that usually make a deep impression on such people. The lieutenant held up a fist, not made to crack a Croker, or any thing of the kind, under him or upon him, but able to split a cocoa-nut on a pincushion. Not remember it indeed!

CROKER.

Peel, have you no prison, no treadmill, for such scoundrels? We are here upon the king's service.

PEEL.

In England tho.

KING.

I request of that minister's Celestiality, that he will not light his match where there is no gun. What faces these Europeans have! they can fire them when they please. The Great Spirit has, in his wisdom, appointed all things for the countries in which they exist. What a blessing in these cold climates, where water is turned into dust and rock, and the feathers that fall from heaven's birds and winged geniusses are colder than sea-shells,

that the higher and nobler part at least of the inhabitants can conjure up into their eyes, and between their cheeks, such a quantity of flame and heat.

PEEL.

Was that for us?

INTERPRETER.

No, Sir.

PEEL.

If your Sandwichian Majesty is graciously disposed to enter into any treaty with his Britannic Majesty, my royal master, I am empowered by his aforesaid, to wit, his Britannic Majesty, to receive, consider, and lay it before his said Majesty, for his Majesty's further consideration, by and with the advice of his *privy Counsel.*

KING.

The very thing for his privy Counsel. His Majesty sticks a new and brighter and loftier plume in my hair, at every word of your discourse with me. On the court-day I would decorate his Majesty with a noble dress, suitable to his dignity, with my own hands, declaring upon my royal word that I have worne the same dress twenty times on the greatest ceremonies of religion and state, and that I slept in the lower part of it the night of my nuptials. Now I request from his Majesty, I being a less powerful king, a dress which his Majesty shall have worne only twice or

thrice on public festivities, and once only in dalliance with some favorite; and that his royal hands shall invest me with nothing more of it, than that part which the most active man in the world could not leap into by himself, and which no other nations than the most civilized and ingenious have discovered the means of putting on: this being the principal, if not the only distinction between the polished and the rude. After the surmounting of such a difficulty in science, I do not wonder that you can count the stars, and measure their sizes and distances, which I think I could do myself, if I had leisure and they would wait for me.

CROKER.

Does the beast quizz us? he looks in earnest.

PEEL.

He really is serious, and expects an answer.

Sire, I will communicate to his Majesty the heads of your Majesty's communication, and I entertain no doubt that his Majesty will most graciously pay that attention which is due to so ancient and faithful an allie, and which is conservative of the harmony that happily exists between the two nations.

# CONVERSATION XIV.

## WILLIAM WALLACE

AND

## KING EDWARD I.

# WILLIAM WALLACE

AND

# KING EDWARD I.

---

EDWARD.

WHOM seest thou here?

WALLACE.

The king of England.

EDWARD.

And thou abasest not thy head before the majesty of the sceptre!

WALLACE.

I do.

EDWARD.

I marked it not.

WALLACE.

God beheld it when I did it; and he knoweth, as dost thou, king Edward, how devoutly in my heart's strength I fought for it.

EDWARD.

Robber! for what sceptre? who commissioned thee?

WALLACE.

My country.

EDWARD.

Thou liest: there is no country where there is no king.

WALLACE.

Sir, it were unbecoming to ask in this palace, why there is no king in my country.

EDWARD.

To spare thy modesty then, I will inform thee . . . because the kingdom is mine. Thou hast rebelled against me: thou hast presumed even to carry arms against both of those nobles, Bruce and Cummin, who contended for the Scottish throne, and with somewhat indeed of lawyers' likelihood.

WALLACE.

They placed the Scottish throne under the English.

EDWARD.

Audacious churl! is it not meet?

WALLACE.

In Scotland we think otherwise.

EDWARD.

Rebels do, subverters of order, low ignorant knaves, without any stake in the country. It has pleased God to bless my arms: what further manifestation of our just claims demandest thou? Silence becomes thee.

WALLACE.

Where God is named. What is now to the right bank of a river, is to the left when we have crossed it and look round.

EDWARD.

Thou wouldst be witty truly! Who was wittiest, thou or I, when thy companion Mentethe delivered thee into my hands?

WALLACE.

Unworthy companions are not the peculiar curse of private men. I chose not Mentethe for his treachery, nor rewarded him for it. Sir, I have contended with you face to face; but would not here. Your glory eclipses mine, if this be glory.

EDWARD.

So thou wouldst place thyself on a level with princes.

WALLACE.

Willingly, if they attacked my country; and above them.

EDWARD.

Dost thou remember the Carron-side, when your army was beaten and dispersed?

WALLACE.

By the defection of Cummin and the arrogance of Stuart.

EDWARD.

Recollectest thou the colloquy that Bruce condescended to hold with thee across the river?

WALLACE.

I do, Sir. Why would not he, being your soldier, and fighting loyally against his native land, pass the water, and exterminate an army so beaten and dispersed? The saddle-skirts might have been rather the stiffer on the morrow, but he would have hung them up and never felt them. Why not finish the business at once?

EDWARD.

He wished to persuade thee, loose reviler, that thy resistence was useless.

WALLACE.

He might have made himself heard better, if he had come across.

EDWARD.

No trifling; no arguing with me; no remarks here, caitif! Thou canst not any longer be ignorant that he hath slain his competitor, Cummin; that my troops surround him; and that he perhaps may now repent the levity of his reproaches against thee. I may myself have said a hasty word or two . . but thou hast nettled me. My anger soon passes . . I never punish in an enemy any thing else than obstinacy. I did not counsel the accusations and malignant taunts of Bruce.

WALLACE.

Sir, I do not bear them in mind.

EDWARD.

No!

WALLACE.

Indeed I neither do nor would.

EDWARD.

Dull wretch! I should never forget such. I can make allowances; I am a king. I would flay him alive for half of them, and make him swallow back the other half without his skin.

WALLACE.

Few have a right to punish, all to pardon.

EDWARD.

I perceive thou hast at last some glimmering of shame; and adversity makes thee very christian-like.

WALLACE.

Adversity then, in exercising her power, loses her name and features. King Edward, thou hast raised me among men. Without thy banners and cross-bows in array against me, I had sunk into utter forgetfulness. Thanks to thee for placing me, eternally, where no strength of mine could otherwise have borne me! Thanks to thee for bathing my spirit in deep thoughts, in refreshing calm, in sacred stilness! This, O king, is the bath for knighthood: after this it may feast, and hear bold and sweet voices, and mount to its repose.

I thought it hard to be seized and bound and betrayed, by those in whom I trusted. I grieved that a valiant soldier (such is Mentethe) should

act so. Unhappy! he must now avoid all men's discourses. 'Twill pierce his heart to hear the censures of the disloyal: 'twill dry up its innermost drop to hear the praises of the honest: two friends can never more embrace in his presence, but he shall curse them in the bitterness of his soul, and his sword shall spring up to cleave them. *Alas!* will he say to himself, *is it thus! was it thus when I drew it for my country!*

EDWARD.

Think now of other matters: think, what I suggested, of thy own reproaches, which, no doubt, thou deemest unmerited.

WALLACE.

I have none to make myself.

EDWARD.

Be it so: I did not talk about that any longer.

WALLACE.

What others then can touch me, or reach me?

EDWARD.

Such as Bruce's.

WALLACE.

Reproaches they were not: for none were ever cast against me. Taunts they were, not unmingled with invitations.

EDWARD.

The same invitations, and much greater, I now repeat. Thou shalt govern Scotland for me.

WALLACE.

Scotland, Sir, shall be governed for none: she is old enough to stand by herself, and to stand upright: the blows she hath received have not broken her loins.

EDWARD.

Come, come, Wallace! thou hast sense and spirit . . confess to me fairly that, if thou wert at liberty, thou wouldst gladly make Bruce regret his ill treatment of thee.

WALLACE.

Well then, I do confess it.

EDWARD.

Something would I myself hazard . . not too much . . but prudently and handsomely . . tell me now plainly, for I love plain speaking and every thing free and open, in what manner thou wouldst set about it; and perhaps, God willing, I may provide the means.

WALLACE.

Sir, you certainly would not: it little suits your temper and disposition.

EDWARD.

Faith! not so little as thou supposest. Magnanimity and long-suffering have grown upon me, and well become me; but they have not produced all the good I might have expected from them. Joyfully as I would try them again, at any proper

opportunity, there is nothing I am not bound to do, in dearness to my people, to rid myself of an enemy.

In my mind, no expressions could be more insulting than Bruce's, when he accused thee, a low and vulgar man, (how canst thou help that?) of wishing to possess the crown.

WALLACE.

He was right.

EDWARD.

How! astonishment! Thou wouldst then have usurped the sovranty!

WALLACE.

I possessed a greater power by war than peace could ever give me; yet I invited and exhorted the legitimate heir of the throne to fight for it and receive it. If there is any satisfaction or gratification in being the envy of men, I had enough and greatly more than enough of it, when even those I love envied me: what would have been my portion of it, had I possessed that which never should have been mine!

EDWARD.

Why then sayest thou that Bruce was right?

WALLACE.

He judged, as most men do, from his own feelings. Many have possessed crowns; some have deserved them: I have done neither.

EDWARD.

Return to Scotland; bring me Bruce's head back; and rule the kingdom as viceroy.

WALLACE.

I would rather make him rue his words against me, and hear him.

EDWARD.

Thou shalt.

WALLACE.

Believe me, Sir, you would repent of your permission.

EDWARD.

No, by the saints!

WALLACE.

You would indeed, Sir.

EDWARD.

Go, and try me . . Do not hesitate . . I see thou art half inclined. I may never make the same offer again.

WALLACE.

I will not go.

EDWARD.

Weak wavering man! hath imprisonment in one day or two wrought such a change in thee?

WALLACE.

Slavery soon does it: but I am, and will ever be, unchanged.

EDWARD.

It was not well, nor by my order, that thou

wert dragged along the road, barefooted and bareheaded, while it snowed throughout all the journey.

WALLACE.

Certainly, Sir, you did not order it to snow from the latter days of December til the middle of January; but whatever else was done, if my guard spake the truth . . .

EDWARD.

He lied, he lied, he lied . . .

WALLACE.

. . . or the warrant he shewed me is authentic, was done according to your royal order.

EDWARD.

What! are my officers turned into constables! base varlets! It must have seemed hard, Wallace.

WALLACE.

Not that indeed; for I went barefooted in my youth, and have mostly been bareheaded when I have not been in battle. But to be thrust and shoven into the court-yard, to shiver under the pent-house from which the wind had blown the thatch, while the blazing fire within made the snow upon the opposite roof redden like the dawn; to wax faint, ahungered and athirst, when, within arm's length of me, men pushed the full cup away, and would drink no more; to that I had never been accustomed in my country. The dogs, honester and kinder folks than most, but

rather dull in the love of hospitality, unless in the beginning some pains are taken with them by their masters, tore my scant gear; and then your soldiers felt their contempt more natural and easy. The poor curs had done for them what their betters could not do; and the bolder of the company looked hard in my face, to see if I were really the same man.

EDWARD.

O the rude rogues! That was too bad.

WALLACE.

The worst was this. Children and women, fathers and sons, came running down the hills, some sinking knee-deep in the incrusted snow, others tripping lightly over it, to celebrate the nativity of our blessed Lord. They intreated, and the good priest likewise, that I might be led forth into the church, and might kneel down amidst them.

*Off*, cried the guard, *would ye plead for Wallace the traitor?* I saw them tremble, for it was treason in them, and then came my grief upon me, and bore hard. They lifted up their eyes to heaven; and it gave me strength.

EDWARD.

Thou shalt not, I swear to thee, march back in such plight.

WALLACE.

I will not, I swear to thee, march a traitor.

EDWARD.

Right! right! I can trust thee . . . more than half already. Bruce is the traitor; the worst of the two; he raises the country against me: go; encompass him, entrap him, quell him.

Sweet-heart! thou hast a rare fancy, a youth's love at first sight, for thy chains, unwilling to barter them for liberty, for country, for revenge, for honour.

WALLACE.

The two latter are very dear to me: for the two former I have often shedd my blood, and, if more is wanting, take it. My heart is no better than a wooden cup, whose homely liquor a royal hand would cast away indifferently. There once were those who pledged it! where are they? Forgive my repining, O God! Enough, if they are not here.

EDWARD.

Nay, nay, Wallace! thou wrongest me. Thou art a brave man. I do not like to see those irons about thy wrists: they are too broad and tight: they have bruised thee cruelly.

WALLACE.

Methinks there was no necessity to have hammered the rivets on quite so hard. And the fellow who did it, needed not to look over his shoulder so often while he was about it, telling the people, *This is Wallace.* Wrist or iron he and his hammer cared not.

EDWARD.

I am mightily taken with the fancy of seeing thee mortify Bruce. Thou shalt do it: let me have thy plan.

WALLACE.

Sir, I have none worthy of your royal participation.

EDWARD.

Thou formest the best possible in one moment, and executest them in another.

WALLACE.

Peradventure the only one I could devise and execute, in this contingency, might not please you.

EDWARD.

It would, beyond measure, I promise thee: set about it instantly: I must enjoy it before I rest. Tell it me, tell it me.

WALLACE.

Must I?

EDWARD.

Thou must: I am faint with waiting.

WALLACE.

I would go unto him bare-headed: I would kiss his hand.

EDWARD.

Nothing can be better.. wary, provident, deep..

WALLACE.

I would lead him before the altar, if my intreaty could do it..

EDWARD.

No, no, no! . . . unless in case of necessity.

WALLACE.

I would adjure him by the Lord of Hosts, the preserver of Scotland . . .

EDWARD.

No harm in that . . .

WALLACE.

. . . to pity his country . .

EDWARD.

Ay; it would vex him to reflect on what a state it is in at present.

WALLACE.

. . . and to proclame a traitor to his king and God every Scotchman who abandons or despairs of her.

EDWARD.

What is this? why would it hurt him? I comprehend not half the strategem. How! thy limbs swell huger, thy stature higher . . . thou scornest, thou scoffest, thou defyest me! . . a prisoner! a bondman! By the Holy Ghost! the hurdle shall creak under thee tomorrow.

WALLACE.

Tomorrow!

EDWARD.

Tomorrow; I repeat it.

WALLACE.

So soon?

EDWARD.

Yea, by the rood! no later.

WALLACE.

King Edward, I never thought to thank thee.

EDWARD.

What audacious insurgent pride! what villanous loftiness! By all the saints of heaven! every town in England shall have a fair sight of thee, more or less; hand or foot, brisket or buttock, heart or liver.

WALLACE.

They should have seen me, King of England, to greater advantage, if thy sword alone had been against me.

EDWARD.

Tomorrow thy tongue, I trow, shall wag less bravely, tho it have a good spear to support it. I will render thee a terrour to thy riotous gang. The raven shall take a text from thee and preach over thee, and merry Carlisle shall ring the bells after the service.

WALLACE.

Thou needest not send branch nor bough nor cutting to Carlisle: that city, from autumn to spring, hath beheld the tree nod in its glory, and feared lest it sweep her walls.

EDWARD.

Sirrah! where I am, mark me, there is but one greater.

WALLACE.

Thou hast endeavoured to make another, and wilt almost accomplish it.

EDWARD.

Guards! away with him . . . A traitor's doom awaits thee.

WALLACE.

Because I would not be one.

EDWARD.

Laughter too! and lewd mockery!

Carry him back to prison: cord him! pinion him! cart him!

WALLACE.

Thou followest me to death, less willingly, and slower.

# CONVERSATION XV.

## DIOGENES

AND

## PLATO.

# DIOGENES

AND

# PLATO*.

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DIOGENES.

STOP! stop! come hither! Why lookest thou so scornfully and askance upon me?

PLATO.

Let me go! loose me! I am resolved to pass.

* Diogenes Laertius, biographer of the Cynic, is among the most inelegant and most stupid writers of antiquity; yet his book is highly valuable for the anecdotes it preserves. No philosopher, or other man, more abounded in shrewd wit than the philosopher of Sinope, whose opinions have been somewhat misunderstood, and whose memory hath suffered much injustice. One Diocles, and afterward Eubulides, mention him (it appears) as having been expelled from Sinope, together with his father, for counterfeiting money: and his biographer tells us that he has recorded it of himself. His words have led astray these authors. He says that he *marked* false money. An equivoke was ever the darling of Diogenes; and, by the marking of false money, he means only that he exposed the fallacies of pretenders to virtue and

DIOGENES.

Nay then, by Jupiter and this tub! thou leavest three good ells of Milesian cloth behind thee. Whither wouldst thou amble?

PLATO.

I am not obliged in courtesy to tell you.

DIOGENES.

Upon whose errand? Answer me directly.

philosophy. Had he been exiled for the crime of forgery, Alexander of Macedon, we may well suppose, would not have visited him, would not have desired him to ask any favour he chose, would not have declared that, if he were not Alexander, he would fain have been Diogenes. Wise men may think forgery no very heinous crime, but all must think it an act of dishonesty; and kings (whose moral scale is nowhere an exact one) would be likely to hold it in greater reprobation than any thing but treason and insurrection. Had the accusation been true, or credited, or even made at the time, the Athenians would not have tolerated so long his residence amongst them, severe as he was on their manners, and peculiarly contemptuous and contumelious toward the chief orators and philosophers in the city; Plato for instance and Demosthenes. Here however I must animadvert on the inaccuracy, of attributing to him the reply, when somebody asked him what he thought of Socrates, as having seen him, *that he thought him a madman.* Diogenes was but twelve years old at the death of Socrates, and did not leave Sinope til long after. The answer, I conceive, originated from the description that Plato, in many of his dialogues, had given of his master. Among the faults of Plato, he ridiculed his affectation of new words, unnecessary in themselves, and

PLATO.

Upon my own.

DIOGENES.

O! then I will hold thee yet awhile. If it were upon another's, it might be a hardship to a good citizen, tho not to a good philosopher.

PLATO.

That can be no impediment to my release: you do not think me one.

inelegant; for instance, his coinage of τραπεζότης and κυαθότης; which Plato defended very frigidly, telling him that, altho he had eyes to see a cup and a table, he had not understanding for *cuppeity* and *tableity* . . and it indeed must be an uncommon one. Among his hearers was Phocion: a fact which alone would set aside the tale of his adversaries, a thousand times repeated by their inconsiderate readers, about his public indulgence in certain actions, which no magistrature in the world would tolerate.

Late in life he was taken by pirates, and sold to Xeniades the Corinthian, whose children he educated, and who declared that a good genius had entered his house in Diogenes. Here he died; so placidly and calmly, that the friends who usually visited him, found him extinct, his head covered with his cowl. A contest arose, to whom among his intimates and disciples should be allowed the honour of supplying the expenses of his funeral: nor was it settled til the fathers of his auditors, and the leaders of the people, met together, and agreed to bury him at the public charge, near the gate of the Isthmus, as the most remarkable spot in their dominions, or indeed in Greece, by the assemblage of whose bravest inhabitants it was made glorious, and sacred by the games in honour of her gods.

DIOGENES.

No, by my father Jove!

PLATO.

Your father!

DIOGENES.

Why not? Thou shouldst be the last man to doubt it. Hast not thou declared it irrational to refuse our belief to those who assert that they are begotten by the gods, tho the assertion (these are thy words) be unfounded on reason or probability? In me there is a chance of it: wheras in the generation of such people as thou art fondest of frequenting, who clame it loudly, there are always too many competitors to leave it probable.

PLATO.

Those who speak against the great, do not usually speak from morality, but from envy.

DIOGENES.

Thou hast a glimpse of the truth in this place; but as thou hast already shewn thy ignorance in attempting to prove to me what a *man* is, ill can I expect to learn from thee what is a *great man*.

PLATO.

No doubt your experience and intercourse will afford me the information.

DIOGENES.

Attend, and take it. The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the

iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.

PLATO.

Excuse my interruption. In the beginning of your definition I fancied that you were designating your own person, as most people do in describing what is admirable; now I find that you have some other in contemplation.

DIOGENES.

I thank thee for allowing me what perhaps I *do* possess, but what I was not then thinking of; as is often the case with rich possessors: in fact, the latter part of the description suits me as well as any portion of the former.

PLATO.

You may call together the best company, by using your hands in the call, as you did with me; otherwise I am not sure that you would succede in it.

DIOGENES.

My thoughts are my company: I can bring them together, select them, detain them, dismiss them. Imbecile and vicious men cannot do any

of these things. Their thoughts are scattered, vague, uncertain, cumbersome; and the worst stick to them the longest; many indeed by choice, the greater part by necessity, and accompanied, some by weak wishes, others by vain remorse.

PLATO.

Is there nothing of greatness, O Diogenes! in shewing how cities and communities may be governed best, how morals may be kept the purest, and power become the most stabil?

DIOGENES.

*Something* of greatness does not constitute the great man. Let me however see him who hath done what thou sayest. He must be the most universal and the most indefatigable traveler, he must also be the oldest creature, upon earth.

PLATO.

How so?

DIOGENES.

Because he must know perfectly the climate, the soil, the situation, the peculiarities of the races, and of their neighbours: he must have sounded their harbours, he must have measured the quantity of their arable land and pasture, of their woods and mountains: he must have ascertained whether there are fisheries on their coasts, and even what winds are prevalent*. On these

* Parts of knowledge, which are now general, but were formerly very rare, and united in none perhaps.

causes, with some others, depend the bodily strength, the numbers, the wealth, the wants, the capacities, of the people.

PLATO.

Such are low thoughts.

DIOGENES.

The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges: the eagle himself would be starved, if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground, and the plants that bear it require ventilation and lopping. Were this not to be done in thy garden, every walk and alley, every plot and border, would be covered with runners and roots, with boughs and suckers. We want no poets or logicians or metaphysicians to govern us: we want practical men, honest men, continent men, unambitious men, fearful to solicit a trust, slow to accept, and resolute never to betray one. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers: they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.

Philosophers are absurd from many causes, but principally from the desire of making distinctions and of saying much. They constitute four distinct virtues: fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice. Now a man may be a very bad one, and yet possess three out of the four. Every cut-throat

must, if he has been a cut-throat on many occasions, have more fortitude and more prudence than the greater part of those whom we consider as the best men. And what cruel wretches, both executioners and judges, have been strictly just! how little have they cared what gentleness, what generosity, what genius, their sentence hath removed from the earth! Temperance and beneficence contain all other virtues. Take them home, Plato, split them, expound them; do what thou wilt with them, if thou but use them.

Before I gave thee this lesson, which is a better than thou ever gavest any one, and easier to remember, thou wert accusing me of invidiousness and malice, against those whom thou callest the great, meaning to say the powerful. Thy imagination, I am well aware, had taken its flight toward Sicily. There thou seekest thy great man, as earnestly and undoubtingly as Ceres sought her Persephone. Faith! honest Plato, I have no reason to envy thy worthy friend Dionysius. Look at my nose! A lad seven or eight years old threw an apple at me yesterday, while I was gazing at the clouds, and gave me nose enough for two moderate men. Instead of such a godsend, what should I have thought of my fortune if, after living all my lifetime among golden vases, rougher than my hand with their emeralds and rubies, their engravings and embosments, among Parian

caryatides and porphyry sphynxes, among philosophers with rings upon their fingers and linen next their skin, and among singing boys and dancing girls, to whom alone you speak intelligibly . . I ask thee again, what should I in reason have thought of my fortune, if, after these facilities and superfluities, I had at last been pelted out of my house, not by one young rogue, but by thousands of all ages, and not with an apple (I wish I could say a rotten one) but with pebbles and broken pots, and, to crown my deserts, had been compelled to become the teacher of so promising a generation! Great men forsooth! thou knowest at last who they are.

PLATO.

There are great men of various kinds.

DIOGENES.

No, by my beard, are there not.

PLATO.

What! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialecticians?

DIOGENES.

Who denied it? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

PLATO.

On seeing the exercise of power, a child cannot doubt who is powerful, more or less; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea or

the earth, or certain things upon each of them, such as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses . . .

DIOGENES.

Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering, like a serpent's, in the midst of luxuriance and rankness. Did never this reflexion of thine warn thee that, in human life, the precipices and abysses would be much further from our admiration, if we were less inconsiderate, selfish, and vile. I will not however stop thee long, for thou wert going on quite consistently. As thy great men are fighters and wranglers, so thy mighty things upon the earth and sea are troublesome and intractable incumbrances. Thou perceivedst not what was greater in the former case, neither art thou aware what is greater in this. Didst thou feel the gentle air that passed us?

PLATO.

I did not, just then.

DIOGENES.

That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful not only than all the creatures that breathe and live by it; not only than all the oaks of the forest, which it rears in an age and shatters in a moment; not only than all the monsters of the sea, but than the sea itself, which it tosses up

into foam, and breaks against every rock in its vast circumference; for it carries in its bosom, with perfect calm and composure, the incontrolable ocean and the peopled earth, like an atom of a feather.

To the world's turmoils and pageantries is attracted, not only the admiration of the populace, but the zeal of the orator, the enthusiasm of the poet, the investigation of the historian, and the contemplation of the philosopher: yet how silent and invisible are they in the depths of air! Do I say in those depths and deserts? no; I say at the distance of a swallow's flight; at the distance she rises above us, ere a sentence brief as this could be uttered.

What are its mines and mountains? Fragments wielded up and dislocated by the expansion of water from below; the most part reduced to mud, the rest to splinters. Afterward sprang up fire in many places, and again tore and mangled the mutilated carcase, and stil growls over it.

What are its cities and ramparts and moles and monuments? Segments of a fragment, which one man puts together and another throws down. Here we stumble upon thy great ones at their work. Shew me now, if thou canst, in history, three great warriors or three great statesmen, who have acted otherwise than spiteful children.

PLATO.

I will begin to look for them in history, when I have discovered the same number in the philosophers or the poets: for a prudent man searches in his own garden after the plant he wants, before he casts his eyes over the stalls in Kenkrea or Keramicus.

Returning to your observation on the potency of the air, I am not ignorant nor unmindful of it. May I venture to express my opinion to you, Diogenes! that the earlier discoverers and distributers of wisdom, which wisdom lies amongst us in ruins and remnants, partly distorted and partly concealed by theological allegory, meant by Jupiter the air in its agitated state, by Juno the air in its quiescent. These are the great agents, and therefor called the king and queen of the gods. Jupiter is denominated by Homer *the compeller of clouds:* Juno receives them, and remits them in showers to plants and animals.

I may trust you, I hope, O Diogenes!

DIOGENES.

Thou mayest lower the gods in my presence, as safely as men in the presence of Timon.

PLATO.

I would not lower them: I would exalt them.

DIOGENES.

More foolish and presumptuous stil!

PLATO.

Fair words, O Sinopean! I protest to you, my aim is truth.

DIOGENES.

I cannot shew thee where of a certainty thou mayest always find it; but I will tell thee what it is. Truth is a point; the subtilest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worne away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it, and likely to draw blood, perhaps the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it. Let us away from this narrow lane skirted with hemlock, and pursue our road again thro the wind and dust, toward the *great* man and the *powerful.* Him I would call the powerful one, who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man, I was going on to shew thee, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have that intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others.

PLATO.

Socrates then was your great man.

DIOGENES.

He was indeed; nor can all thou hast attributed to him ever make me think the contrary. I wish he could have kept a little more at home, and have thought it as well worth his while to converse with his own children as with others.

PLATO.

He knew himself born for the benefit of the human race.

DIOGENES.

Those who are born for the benefit of the human race, go but little into it: those who are born for its curse, are crowded.

PLATO.

It was requisite to dispell the mists of ignorance and error.

DIOGENES.

Has he done it? What doubt has he cleared? what fact has he elucidated? Altho I was but twelve years old, and resident in another city, when he died, I have taken some pains in my inquiries about him, from persons of less vanity and less perverseness than his disciples. He did not leave behind him any true philosopher amongst them; any who followed his mode of argumentation, his subjects of disquisition, or his course of life; any who would subdue the malignant passions or coerce the looser; any who would abstain from calumny or from cavil; any who would devote his days to the glory of his country, or, what is easier and perhaps wiser, to his own well-founded contentment and well-merited repose. Xenophon offered up sacrifices, believed in oracles, consulted soothsayers, turned pale at a jay, and was dysenteric at a magpie.

PLATO.

He had courage at least.

DIOGENES.

His courage was of so strange a quality, that he was ready, if jay or magpie did not cross him, to fight for Spartan or Persian. Plato, whom thou esteemest much more, and knowest somewhat less, careth as little for portents and omens as doth Diogenes. What he would have done for a Persian I cannot say: certain I am that he would have no more fought for a Spartan than he would for his own father: yet he mortally hates the man who hath a kinder muse or a better milliner, or a seat rather nearer to the minion of a king. So much for the two disciples of Socrates who have acquired the greatest celebrity!

PLATO.

I cannot be accused of deserting my country in the hour of danger.

DIOGENES.

Better hadst thou done it, than praise the tyrant Critias, the cruelest of the thirty who condemned thy master. In one hour, in the hour when that friend was dying, when young and old were weeping over him, where *then* wert thou?

PLATO.

Sick at home.

DIOGENES.

Sick! how long? of what malady? in such

torments, or in such debility, that it would have cost thee thy life to have been carried to the prison? or hadst thou no litter; no slaves to bear it; no footboy to inquire the way to the public prison, to the cell of Socrates? The medicine he took could never have made thy heart colder, or thy legs more inactive and torpid in their movement toward a friend. Shame upon thee! scorn! everlasting reprobation!

PLATO.

Diogenes! if you will argue or discourse with me, I will endure your asperity for the sake of your acuteness: but it appears to me a more philosophical thing to avoid what is insulting and vexatious, than to breast and brave it.

DIOGENES.

Thou hast spoken well.

PLATO.

It belongs to the vulgar, not to us, to fly from a man's opinions to his actions, and to stab him in his own house for having received no wound in the school. One merit you will allow me: I always keep my temper; which you seldom do.

DIOGENES.

Is mine a bad or a good one?

PLATO.

Now must I speak sincerely?

DIOGENES.

Dost thou, a philosopher, ask such a question

of me, a philosopher? Ay, sincerely . . or not at all.

PLATO.

Sincerely as you could wish, I must declare then, your temper is the worst in the world.

DIOGENES.

I am very much in the right, therefor, not to keep it. Because thou sayest the most malicious things the most placidly, thou thinkest or pretendest thou art sincere.

PLATO.

Certainly those who are most the masters of their resentments are likely to speak less erroneously than the passionate and morose.

DIOGENES.

If they would, they might: but the moderate are not usually the most sincere: for the same circumspection which makes them moderate, makes them likewise retentive of what could give offense: they are also timid in regard to fortune and favour, and hazard little. There is no mass of sincerity in any place: what there is, must be picked up patiently, a grain or two at a time; and the season for it is after a storm, after the overflowing of banks and bursting of mounds, and sweeping away of landmarks. Men will always hold something back: they must be shaken and loosened a little, to make them let go what is deepest in them, and weightiest and purest.

PLATO.

Shaking and loosening as much about you as was requisite for the occasion, it became you to shew me where, and in what manner, I had made Socrates appear less sagacious and less eloquent than he was: it became you likewise to consider the great difficulty of finding new thoughts and new expressions for those who had more of them than any other men, and to represent them in all the brilliancy of their wit and in all the majesty of their genius. I do not assert that I have done it; but if I have not, what man has? what man has come so nigh to it? He who could bring Socrates, or Solon, or Diogenes, thro a dialogue, without disparagement, is much nearer in his intellectual powers to them, than any other is near to him.

DIOGENES.

Let Diogenes alone, and Socrates, and Solon. None of the three ever occupied his hours in tinging and curling the tarnished plumes of prostitute Philosophy, or deemed any thing worth his attention, care, or notice, that did not make men brave and independent. As thou callest on me, to shew thee where and in what manner thou hast misrepresented thy teacher, and as thou seemest to set an equal value on eloquence and on reasoning, I shall attend to thee awhile on each of these matters; first requesting of thee whether the

axiom is Socratic, that it is never becoming to get drunk*, *unless* in the solemnities of Bacchus?

PLATO.

This god was the discoverer of the vine and of its uses.

DIOGENES.

Is drunkenness one of its uses, or the discovery of a god? If Minerva or Jupiter hath given us reason, we should sacrifice our reason with more propriety to Jupiter or Minerva. To Bacchus is due a libation of wine; the same being his gift, as thou preachest.

Another and a graver question.

Did Socrates teach thee that *slaves are to be scourged, and by no means admonished as tho they were the children of the master?*

PLATO.

He did not argue upon government.

DIOGENES.

He argued upon humanity, wheron all government is founded: whatever is beside it, is usurpation.

PLATO.

Are slaves then never to be scourged, whatever be their transgressions and enormities?

DIOGENES.

Whatever they be, they are less than his who reduced them to their condition.

* Dialogue VI. on the Laws.

PLATO.

What! tho they murder his whole family?

DIOGENES.

Ay, and poison the public fountain of the city. What am I saying? and to whom? Horrible as is this crime, and next in atrocity to parricide, thou deemest it a lighter one than stealing a fig or grape. The stealer of these is scourged by thee; the sentence on the poisoner is to cleanse out the receptacle*. There is however a kind of poisoning, which, to do thee justice, comes before thee with all its horrors, and which thou wouldst punish capitally, even in such a sacred personage as an aruspex or diviner: I mean the poisoning by incantation. I, my whole family, my whole race, my whole city, may bite the dust in agony, from a truss of henbane in the well . . and little harm done forsooth! Let an idle fool set an image of me in wax before the fire, and whistle and caper to it, and purr and pray, and chaunt a hymn to Hecate while it melts, intreating and imploring her that I may melt as easily . . and thou wouldst, in thy equity and holiness, strangle him at the first stave of his psalmody.

PLATO.

If this is an absurdity, can you find another?

DIOGENES.

Truly, in reading thy book, I doubted at first,

* Dialogue VIII.

and for a long continuance, whether thou couldst have been serious; and whether it were not rather a satire on those busy-bodies who are incessantly intermeddling in other people's affairs. It was only on the protestation of thy intimate friends that I believed thee to have written it in earnest. As for thy question, it is idle to stoop and pick out absurdities from a mass of inconsistency and injustice: but another and another I could throw in, and another and another afterward, from any page in the volume. Two bare staring falsehoods lift their beaks one upon the other, like spring frogs. Thou sayest that no punishment, decreed by the laws, tendeth to evil. What! not if immoderate? not if partial? Why then repeal any penal statute, while the subject of its animadversion exists? In prisons, the less criminal are placed among the more criminal; the inexperienced in vice together with the hardened in it. This is part of the punishment, tho it precedes the sentence: nay, it is often inflicted on those whom the judges acquitt: the law, by allowing it, does it.

The next is, that he who is punished by the laws is the better for it, or however the less depraved. What! if anteriorly to the sentence he lives and converses with worse men, some of whom console him by deadening the sense of shame, others by removing the apprehension of

punishment? Many laws as certainly make men bad, as bad men make many laws: yet, under thy regimen, they take us from the bosom of the nurse, turn the meat about upon the platter, pull the bed-cloathes off, make us sleep when we would wake, and wake when we would sleep, and never cease to rummage and twitch us, until they see us safe landed at the grave. We can do nothing (but be poisoned) with impunity. What is worst of all, we must marry certain relatives and connexions, be they distorted, blear-eyed, toothless, carbuncled, with hair (if any) eclipsing the reddest torch of Hymen, and with a hide outrivalling in colour and pleats his trimmest saffron robe. At the mention of this indeed, friend Plato! even thou, altho resolved to stand out of harm's way, beginnest to make a wry mouth, and findest it difficult to pucker and purse it up again, without an astringent store of moral sentences.

PLATO.

Farewell.

DIOGENES.

Ha! ha! thou hast cried *wolf* til thou hearest him. Answer me now one question. In punishing a robbery, wouldst thou punish him who steals every thing from one who wants every thing, less severely than him who steals little from one who wants nothing?

PLATO.

No: in this place the iniquity is manifest: not a problem in geometry is plainer.

DIOGENES.

Thou liedst then . . . in thy sleep perhaps . . . but thou liedst. Differing in one page from what was laid down by thee in another*, thou wouldst punish what is called *sacrilege* with death. The magistrates ought to provide that the temples be watched so well, and guarded so effectually, as never to be liable to thefts. The gods, we must suppose, cannot do it by themselves: for, to admitt the contrary, we must admitt their indifference to the possession of goods and chatels: an impiety so great, that sacrilege itself drops into atoms under it. He however who robs from the gods, be the amount what it may, robs from the rich; robs from those who can want nothing, altho, like the other rich, they are mightily vindictive against petty plunderers. But he who steals from a poor widow a loaf of bread, may deprive her of every thing she has in the world; perhaps, if she be bedridden or paralytic, of life itself.

I am weary of this digression on the inequality of punishments; let us come up to the object of them. It is not, O Plato! an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought

* Books IX. and X.

to be inflicted publicly, for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment, is, to shew the rabble how bravely it can be borne; and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as unreluctant: for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him, no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendents of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.

Trials, on the contrary, should be public in every case. It being presumable that the sense of shame and honour is not hitherto quite extinguished in the defendent, this, if he be guilty, is the worst part of his punishment; if innocent, the best of his release. From the hour of trial until the hour of return to society (or the dust) there should be privacy, there should be solitude.

PLATO.

It occurs to me, O Diogenes! that you agree with the Stoics on the doctrine of necessity.

DIOGENES.

I do.

PLATO.

How then can you punish, by any heavier chastisement than coercion, the heaviest offences? Every thing being brought about, as you hold, by fate and predestination . . .

DIOGENES.

Stay! Those terms are puerile, and imply a petition of a principle: keep to the term *necessity.* Thou art silent. Here then, O Plato! will I acknowledge to thee, I wonder it should have escaped the perspicuity of Zeno, that *free-will* itself is nothing else than a part and effluence of *necessity.* If every thing procedes from some other thing, every impulse from some other impulse, that which impels to choice, or will, must act among the rest.

PLATO.

Every impulse from some other (I must so take it) under God, or the first cause.

DIOGENES.

Be it so! I meddle not with infinity or eternity. When I can comprehend them I will talk about them. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe, with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labour. The intellectual world, like the

physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way beyond the surface . . of which there is more to manage, and more to know, than any of you will undertake.

PLATO.

It happens that we do not see the stars at eventide, sometimes because there are clouds intervening, but oftener because there are glimmerings of light: thus many truths escape us from the obscurity we stand in; and many more from that crepuscular state of mind, which induceth us to sit down satisfied with our imaginations and unsuspicious of our knowledge.

DIOGENES.

A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

PLATO.

I would not neglect politics nor morals, nor indeed even manners: these however are mutable and evanescent: the human understanding is immovable and for ever the same in its principles and its constitution, and no study is so important or so inviting.

DIOGENES.

Your sect hath done little in it. You are singularly fond of those disquisitions in which few can detect your failures and your fallacies, and in which, if you stumble or err, you may find some countenance in those who lost their way before you.

Is not this school-room* of mine, which holdeth but one scholar, preferable to that out of which have proceded so many impetuous in passion, refractory in discipline, unprincipled in adventure, and (worst of all) proud in slavery? Poor creatures, who run after a jaded mule or palfry, to pick up what he drops along the road, may be certain of a cabbage the larger and the sooner for it; while those who are equally assiduous at the heel of kings and princes, hunger and thirst for more, and usually gather less. Their attendence is neither so certain of reward nor so honest; their patience is scantier, their industry weaker, their complaints louder. What shall we say of their philosophy? what of their virtue? What shall we say of the greatness wheron their feeders plume themselves? not caring they indeed for the humbler character of virtue or philosophy. We never call children the greater or the better for wanting others to support them: why then do we call men so for it?

Thy hardness of heart toward slaves, O Plato, is just as unnatural as hardness of heart toward dogs would be in me.

PLATO.

You would have none perhaps in that condition.

DIOGENES.

None should be made slaves, excepting those

* The tub or earthen cask.

who have attempted to make others so, or who spontaneously have become the instruments of unjust and unruly men. Even these ought not to be scourged; for their skin is the only sensitive part of them, and such castigation might shorten their lives.

PLATO.

Which, in your tenderness and mercy, you would not do.

DIOGENES.

Longevity is very desirable in them; that they may be exposed in coops to the derision of the populace on holidays; and that few may serve the purpose.

PLATO.

We will pass over this wild and thorny theory, into the field of civilization in which we live; and here I must remark the evil consequences that would ensue, if our domestics could listen to you, about the hardships they are enduring.

DIOGENES.

And is it no evil that truth and beneficence should be shut out at once from so large a portion of mankind? Is it none when things are so perverted, that an act of beneficence might lead to a thousand acts of cruelty, and that one accent of truth should be more pernicious than all the falsehoods that have been accumulated, since the formation of language, since the gift of speech! I

have taken thy view of the matter; take thou mine. Hercules was called just and glorious, and worshipt as a deity, because he redressed the grievances of others: is it unjust, is it inglorious, to redress one's own? If that man rises high in the favour of the people, high in the estimation of the valiant and the wise, high before God, by the assertion and vindication of his holiest law, who punishes with death such as would reduce him or his fellow citizens to slavery, how much higher rises he, who, being a slave, springs up indignantly from his low estate, and thrusts away the living load that intercepts from him, what even the reptiles and insects, what even the very bushes and brambles of the roadside, enjoy!

PLATO.

We began with definitions: I rejoice, O Diogenes, that you are warmed into rhetoric, in which you will find me a most willing auditor: for I am curious to collect a specimen of your prowess, where you have not yet established any part of your celebrity.

DIOGENES.

I am idle enough for it: but I have other things yet for thy curiosity, other things yet for thy castigation.

Thou wouldst separate the military from the citizens; from artisans and from agriculturists. A

very small body of soldiers, who never could be any thing else, would in a short time subdue and subjugate the industrious and the wealthy. They would begin by demanding an increase of pay; then they would insist on admission to magistracies; and presently their general would assume the sovranty, and create new offices of trust and profit for the strength and security of his usurpation. Soldiers, in a free state, should be enrolled from those principally who are most interested in the conservation of order and property; chiefly the sons of tradesmen in towns; first, because there is the less detriment done to agriculture; the main thing to be considered in all countries; secondly, because such people are pronest to sedition, from the two opposite sides of enrichment and poverty; and lastly, because their families are always at hand, responsible for their fidelity, and where shame would befall them thickly in case of cowardice or any misconduct. Those governments are the most flourishing and stabil, which have the fewest idle youths about the streets and theatres: it is only with the sword that they can cut the halter.

Thy faults arise from two causes principally: first, a fondness for playing tricks with argument and with fancy: secondly, swallowing from others what thou hast not taken time enough nor exercise enough to digest.

PLATO.

Shew me the particular things which thou accusest me of drawing from others.

DIOGENES.

Thy opinions on numbers are distorted from those of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Syrians; who believe that numbers, and letters too, have peculiar powers, independent of what is represented by them on the surface.

PLATO.

I have said more, and often differently.

DIOGENES.

Thou hast indeed. Neither they nor Pythagoras ever taught, as thou hast done, that the basis of the earth is an equilateral triangle, and the basis of water a rectangular. We are then informed by you that "the world has no need of eyes; because nothing is left to be looked at out of it; nor of ears, because nothing can be heard beyond it; nor of any parts for the reception, concoction, and voidance, of nutriment; because there can be no secretion nor accretion*."

This indeed is very providential. If things were otherwise, foul might befall your genii, who are always on active service: a world would not bespatter them so lightly as we mortals are bespattered by a swallow. Whatever is asserted on

* Timæus.

things tangible, should be asserted from experiment only. Thou shouldst have defended better that which thou hast stolen: a thief should not only have impudence, but courage.

PLATO.

What do you mean?

DIOGENES.

I mean that every one of thy whimsies hath been picked up somewhere by thee in thy travels; and each of them hath been rendered more weak and puny by its place of concealment in thy closet. What thou hast written on the immortality of the soul, goes rather to prove the immortality of the body; and applies as well to the body of a weasel or an eel as to the fairer one of Agathon or of Asler. Why not at once introduce a new religion? No religion will ever last seven years, unless it is well salted with absurdity, inside and out, and hath one immense crystal of it for the center: but Philosophy pines and dies unless she drinks limpid water. When Pherecydes and Pythagoras felt in themselves the majesty of contemplation, they spurned the idea that flesh and bones and arteries should conferr it; and that what comprehends the past and the future, should sink in a moment and be annihilated for ever. No, cried they, the power of thinking is no more in the brain than in the hair, altho the brain may be the instrument on which it plays. It is not corporeal, it is not of

this world; its existence is eternity, its residence is infinity. I forbear to discuss the rationality of their belief, and pass on straitway to thine; if indeed I am to consider as one, belief and doctrine.

PLATO.

As you will.

DIOGENES.

I should rather then regard these things as mere ornaments; just as many decorate their apartments with lyres and harps, which they themselves look at from the couch, supinely complacent, and leave for visitors to admire and play with.

PLATO.

I foresee not how you can disprove my argument on the immortality of the soul, which, being contained in the best of my dialogues, and being often asked for among my friends, I carry with me.

DIOGENES.

At this time?

PLATO.

Even so.

DIOGENES.

Give me then a certain part of it for my perusal.

PLATO.

Willingly.

DIOGENES.

Hermes and Pallas! I wanted but a cubit of it, or at most a fathom, and thou art pulling it out by the plethron.

PLATO.

This is the place in question.

DIOGENES.

Read it.

PLATO (*reads*).

" Sayest thou not that death is the opposite of life, and that they spring the one from the other?" *Yes.* " What springs then from the living?" *The dead.* " And what from the dead?" *The living.* Then all things alive spring from the dead.

DIOGENES.

Why that repetition? but go on.

PLATO (*reads*).

" Souls therefor exist after death in the infernal regions."

DIOGENES.

Where is the *therefor?* where it is even as to *existence?* As to the *infernal regions,* there is nothing that points toward a proof, or promises an indication. Death neither springs from life, nor life from death. Altho death is the inevitable consequence of life, if the observation and experience of ages go for any thing, yet nothing shews us, or ever hath signified, that life comes from death. Thou mightest as well say that a barley-corn dies before the germ of another barley-corn grows up from it: than which nothing is more untrue: for it is only the protecting part of the

germ that perishes, when its protection is no longer necessary. Thy consequence, that souls exist after death, cannot be drawn from the corruption of the body, even if it were demonstrable that out of this corruption a live one could rise up. Thou hast not said that the soul is among those dead things which living things must spring from: thou hast not said that a living soul produces a dead soul, or that a dead soul produces a living one.

PLATO.

No indeed.

DIOGENES.

On my conscience, thou hast said however things no less inconsiderate, no less inconsequent, no less unwise; and this very thing must both be said and proved, to make thy argument of any value. Do dead men beget children?

PLATO.

I have not said it.

DIOGENES.

Thy argument implies it.

PLATO.

These are high mysteries, and to be approached with reverence.

DIOGENES.

Whatever we cannot account for, is in the same predicament. We may be gainers by being ignorant, if we can be thought mysterious. It is better

to shake our heads and to let nothing out of them, than to be plain and explicit in matters of difficulty: I do not mean in confessing our ignorance or our imperfect knowledge of them, but in clearing them up perspicuously: for, if we answer with ease, we may haply be thought goodnatured, quick, communicative; never deep, never sagacious, not very defective possibly in our intellectual faculties, yet unequal and chinky, and liable to the probation of every clown's knuckle.

PLATO.

The brightest of stars appear the most unsteddy and tremulous in their light; not from any quality inherent in themselves, but from the vapours that float below, and from the imperfection of vision in the surveyor.

DIOGENES.

Draw thy robe round thee, let the folds fall gracefully, and look majestic. That sentence is an admirable one; but not for me. I want sense, not stars. What then? do no vapours float below the others? and is there no imperfection in the vision of those who look at *them*, if they are the same men, and look the next moment? We must move on: I shall follow the dead bodies, and the benighted driver of their fantastic bier, close and keen as any hyena.

PLATO.

Certainly, O Diogenes, you excell me in

elucidations and similies. Mine was less obvious. Lycaon became against his will, what you become from pure humanity and condescension.

DIOGENES.

I hate those foolish old stories: I hate condescension: a fig for humanity!

PLATO.

Many, who have professed themselves her votaries, have made her a less costly offering.

DIOGENES.

Thou hast said well, and I will treat thee gently for it.

PLATO.

Neither simple metaphysics nor strict logic would be endured long together in a dialogue.

DIOGENES.

Few people can endure them anywhere; but whatever is contradictory to either is intolerable. The business of a good writer is to make them pervade his works, without obstruction to his force or impediment to his facility; to divest them of their forms, and to mingle their potency in every particle. I must acknowledge that, in matters of love, thy knowledge is twice as extensive as mine is: yet nothing I ever heard is so whimsical and silly as thy description of its effects upon the soul, under the influence of beauty. The *wings* of the soul, thou tellest us, are *bedewed*; and certain *germs* of theirs expand from every part of it.

The only thing I know about the soul is, that it makes the ground slippery under us when we discourse on it, by virtue (I presume) of this *bedewing;* and beauty does not assist us materially in rendering our steps the steddier.

PLATO.

Diogenes! thou art the only man that admires not the dignity and stateliness of my expressions.

DIOGENES.

The vulgar indeed and the fashionable do call such language the noblest and most magnificent: the scholastic bend over it in paleness, and with the right hand upon the breast, at its unfathomable depth: but what would a man of plain simple sound understanding say upon it? what would a metaphysician? what would a logician? what would Pericles? Truly, he had taken thee by the arm, and kissed that broad well-perfumed forehead, for filling up with light (as thou wouldst say) the dimple in the cheek of Aspasia, and for throwing such a gadfly in the current of her conversation. She was of a different sect from thee both in religion and in love, and both her language and her dress were plainer.

PLATO.

We know your contempt for religious acts and ceremonies, which, if you do not comply with them, you should at least respect, by way of an example.

DIOGENES.

What! if a man lies to me, should I respect the lie, for the sake of an example! Should I be guilty of duplicity, for the sake of an example! Did I ever omitt to attend the Thesmophoria? the only religious rite that ever was invented, or ever will be, worthy of an honest or a wise man's attendence. It shews us the union of industry and law: here is no fraud, no fallacy, no filching: the gods are worshipt for their best gifts, and do not stand with open palms for ours. I neither laugh nor wonder at any one's folly: to laugh at it, is childish or inhuman, according to its nature; and to wonder at it, would be a greater folly than itself, whatever it may be.

In the name of Socrates I come forth against thee; not for using him as a wide-mouthed mask, stuffed with gibes and quibbles; not for making him the most sophistical of sophists, or (as thou hast done here) the most improvident of statesmen and the worst of citizens; my accusation and inditement is, for representing him, who had distinguished himself repeatedly and signally on the field of battle, and above the bravest and most experienced of the Athenian leaders, particularly at Delion and Potidea, as more ignorant of warfare than the worst-fledged crane that fought against the Pygmies.

PLATO.

I am not conscious of having done it.

DIOGENES.

I believe thee: but done it thou hast. The language of Socrates was attic and simple: he hated the verbosity and refinement of wranglers and rhetoricians; and never would he have attributed to Aspasia, who thought and spoke like Pericles, and whose elegance and judgement thou thyself hast commended, the chaff and litter thou hast tossed about with so much wind and wantonness, in thy dialogue of *Menexenus*. Now, to omitt the other fooleries in it, Aspasia would have laughed to scorn the most ignorant of her tire-women, who should have related to her the story thou tellest in her name, about the march of the Persians round the territory of Eretria. This narrative seems to thee so happy an attempt at history, that thou betrayest no small fear lest the reader should take thee at thy word, and lest Aspasia should in reality rob thee or Socrates of the glory due for it.

PLATO.

Where lies the fault?

DIOGENES.

If the Persians had marched, as thou describest them, forming a circle, and from sea to sea, with their hands joined together, fourscore shepherds

with their dogs, their rams, and their bell-weathers, might have killed them all, coming against them from points well-chosen. As however great part of the Persians were horsemen, which thou appearest to have quite forgotten, how could they go in single line with their hands joined, unless they lay flat upon their backs along the backs of their horses, and unless the horses themselves went tail to tail, one pulling on the other? Even then the line would be interrupted, and only two could join hands. A pretty piece of net-work is here! and the only defect I can find in it, is, that it would help the fish to catch the fisherman.

PLATO.

This is an abuse of wit, if there be any wit in it.

DIOGENES.

I doubt whether there is any; for the only man that hears it does not smile. We will be serious then. Such nonsense, delivered in a school of philosophy, might be the less derided; but it is given us as an oration, held before an Athenian army, to the honour of those who fell in battle. The beginning of the speech is cold and languid: the remainder is worse: it is learned and scholastic.

PLATO.

Is learning worse in oratory than languour?

DIOGENES.

Incomparably, in the praises of the dead who died bravely, played off before those who had just been fighting in the same ranks. What we most want in this business is sincerity: what we want least are things remote from the action. Men may be cold by nature, and languid from exhaustion, from grief itself, from watchfulness, from pity; but they cannot be idling and wandering about other times and nations, when their brothers and sons and bosom-friends are brought lifeless into the city, and the least inquisitive, the least sensible, are hanging immovably over their recent wounds. Then burst forth their names from the full heart; their fathers names come next, hallowed with lauds and benedictions that flow over upon their whole tribe: then are lifted their helmets and turned round to the spectators, for the grass is fastened to them by their blood, and it is befitting to shew the people how they must have struggled to rise up, and to fight afresh for their country.

Thou recountest the glorious deeds of the Athenians by sea and land, staidly and circumstantially, as if the Athenians themselves, or any nation of the universe, could doubt them. Let orators do this when some other shall have rivalled them, which, as it never hath happened

in the myriads of generations that have passed away, is never likely to happen in the myriads that will follow. From Asia, from Africa, from the remotest parts of Europe and from the nearest, fifty nations came forward in a body, and assailed the citizens of one scanty city: fifty nations fled from before them. All the wealth and power of the world, all the civilization, all the barbarism, were leagued against Athens; the ocean was covered with their pride and spoils; the earth trembled; mountains were severed, distant coasts united . . . Athens gave to Nature her own again; and equal laws were the unalienable dowery, brought by Liberty, to the only men capable of their defence or their enjoyment. Did Pericles, did Aspasia, did Socrates foresee, that the descendents of those, whose heroes and Gods were at best but like them, should enter into the service of Persian satraps, and become the parasites of Sicilian kings?

PLATO.

Pythagoras, the most temperate and unambitious of mortals, entered the courts of princes.

DIOGENES.

True; he entered them and cleansed them: his breath was lustration; his touch purified. He persuaded the princes of Italy to renounce their self-constituted and unlawful authority: in effecting which purpose, thou must acknowledge, O Plato! that either he was more eloquent than

thou art, or that he was juster. If, being in the confidence of an usurper, which in itself is among the most heinous of crimes, since they virtually are outlaws, thou never gavest him such counsel at thy ease and leisure, as Pythagoras gave at the peril of his life, thou in this likewise wert wanting to thy duty as an Athenian, a republican, a philosopher. If thou offeredst it, and it was rejected, and after the rejection thou yet tarriedst with him, then wert thou, friend Plato! an importunate sycophant and self-bound slave.

PLATO.

I never heard that you blamed Euripides in this manner, for frequenting the court of Archelaus.

DIOGENES.

I have heard thee blame him for it; and this brings down on thee my indignation. Poets, by the constitution of their minds, are neither acute reasoners nor firmly-minded. Their vocation was allied to sycophancy from the beginning: they sang at the tables of the rich: and he who could not make a hero, could not make a dinner. Those who are possessed of enthusiasm are fond of every thing that excites it: hence poets are fond of festivals, of wine, of beauty, of glory. They cannot always make their selection; and generally they are little disposed to make it, from indolence of character. Theirs partakes less than others of the philosophical and the heroic. What wonder

if Euripides hated those who deprived him of his right, in adjudging the prize of tragedy to his competitors? From hating the arbitrators who committed the injustice, he proceeded to hate the people who countenanced it. The whole frame of government is bad to those who have suffered under any part of it. Archelaus praised Euripidesis poetry: he liked Archelaus for it. The Athenians bantered his poetry: he disliked the Athenians for it. Besides, he could not love those who killed his friend and teacher. If thou canst, I hope thy love may be for ever without a rival.

PLATO.

He might surely have found, in some republic of Greece, the friend who would have sympathized with him.

DIOGENES.

He might: nor have I any more inclination to commend his choice, than thou hast right to condemn it. Terpander and Thales and Pherecydes were at Sparta with Lycurgus: and thou too, Plato, mightest have found in Greece a wealthy wise man ready to receive thee, or (where words are more acceptible) an unwise wealthy one. Why dost thou redden and bite thy lip? Wouldst thou rather give instruction, or not give it?

PLATO.

I would rather give it, where I could.

DIOGENES.

Wouldst thou rather give it to those who have it already, and do not need it, or to those who have it not, and do need it?

PLATO.

To these latter.

DIOGENES.

Impart it then to the unwise; and to those of them who are wealthy in preference to the rest, as they require it most and can do most good with it.

PLATO.

Is not this a contradiction to your own precepts, O Diogenes! and have you not been censuring me, I need not say how severely, for my intercourse with Dionysius? and yet surely he was wealthy, surely he required the advice of a philosopher, surely he could have done much good with it.

DIOGENES.

An Athenian is more degraded by becoming the counseller of a king, than a king is degraded by becoming the schoolmaster of paupers in a free city. Such people as Dionysius are to be approached by the brave and honest from two motives only . . to convince them of their inutility, or to slay them for their iniquity. Our fathers and ourselves have witnessed in more than one

country the curses of kingly power*. All nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow it up unrelentingly to its perdition. The diadem† should designate the victim. All who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. The smallest, the poorest, the least accessible villages, whose cottages are indistinguishable from the rocks around, should offer a reward for the heads of these monsters, as for the wolf's, the kite's, and the viper's.

Thou tellest us, in thy fourth book on *Polity*, that it matters but little whether a state be governed by many or one, if the one is obedient to the laws. Why hast not thou likewise told us, that it little matters whether the sun bring us heat or cold, if he ripens the fruits of the earth by cold as perfectly as by heat. Shew us that he does it, and I subscribe to the proposition. Shew us that kings, by their nature and education, are obedient to the laws, bear them patiently, deem them no impediment to their wishes, designs, lusts, violences; that a whole series of monarchs

* Speaking in the language of the Athenians, by *kingly* power Diogenes means *despotic*. The sentiments that follow are suitable to the maxims of his government and the sternness of his character.

† Darius then threatened Greece.

hath been of this character and condition, wherever a whole series hath been permitted to continue; that under them independence of spirit, dignity of mind, austerity of life, rectitude of conduct, energy of character, truth of expression, and even lower and lighter things, eloquence, poetry, sculpture, painting, have flourished more exuberantly than among the free. On the contrary, some of the best princes have rescinded the laws they themselves introduced and sanctioned: impatient of restraint and order are even the quiet and inert of the species.

PLATO.

There is a restlessness in inactivity. We must find occupation for kings.

DIOGENES.

Open the fold to them and they will find it themselves: there will be plenty of heads and shanks on the morrow. I do not see why those who, directly or indirectly, would promote a kingly government, should escape the penalty of death, whenever it can be inflicted, any more than those who decoy men into slave-ships.

PLATO.

Supposing me to have done it, I have used no deception.

DIOGENES.

What! is it no deception to call people out of their homes, to offer them a good supper and good beds if they will go along with thee; to take the

key out of the house-door, that they may not have the trouble of bearing the weight of it; to shew them plainly thro the window the hot supper and comfortable bed, to which indeed the cook and chamberlain do beckon and invite them, but inform them however on entering, it is only on condition that they never stirr a foot beyond the supper-room and bed-room; to be conscious, as thou must be, when they desire to have rather their own key again, eat their own lentils, sleep on their own pallet, that thy friends the cook and chamberlain have forged the title-deeds, mortgaged the house and homestead, given the lentils to the groom, made a horse-cloth of the coverlet and a manger of the pallet; that, on the first complaint against such an apparent injury (for at present they think and call it one), the said cook and chamberlain seize them by the hair, strip, scourge, imprison, and gag them, shewing them thro the grating what capital dishes are on the table for the more deserving, what an appetite the fumes stirr up, and how sensible men fold their arms upon the breast contentedly, and slumber soundly after the carousal.

PLATO.

People may exercise their judgement.

DIOGENES.

People may spend their money. All people

have not much money; all people have not much judgement. It is cruel to prey or impose on those who have little of either. There is nothing so absurd that the ignorant have not believed. They have believed, and will believe for ever, what thou wouldst teach; namely, that others who never saw them, never are likely to see them, will care more about them than they should care about themselves. This pernicious fraud begins with perverting the intellect, and procedes with seducing and corrupting the affections, which it transfers from the nearest to the most remote, from the dearest to the most indifferent. It enthralls the freedom both of mind and body; it annihilates not only political and moral, but, what nothing else however monsterous can do, even arithmetical proportions, making a unit more than a million. Odious is it in a parent to murder or sell a child, even in time of famine: but to sell him in the midst of plenty, to lay his throat at the mercy of a wild and riotous despot, to whet and kiss and present the knife that immolates him, and to ask the same favour of being immolated for the whole family in perpetuity, is not this an abomination ten thousand times more execrable?

Let Falsehood be eternally the enemy of Truth, but not eternally her mistress: let Power be eternally the despiser of Weakness, but not eternally

her oppressor: let Genius be eternally in the train or in the trammels of Wealth, but not eternally his sycophant and his pandar.

PLATO.

What a land is Attica! in which the kings themselves were the mildest and best citizens, and resigned the sceptre; deeming none other worthy of supremacy, than the wisest and most warlike of the immortal Gods. In Attica the olive and corn were first cultivated.

DIOGENES.

Like other Athenians, thou art idly fond of dwelling on the antiquity of the people, and wouldst fain persuade thyself, not only that the first corn and olive, but even that the first man, sprang from Attica. I rather think that what historians call the emigration of the Pelasgians under Danaus, was the emigration of those *shepherds*, as they continued to be denominated, who, having long kept possession of Egypt, were besieged in the city of Aoudris, by Thoutmosis, and retired by capitulation. These probably were of Chaldaic origin. Danaus, like every wise legislator, introduced such religious rites as were adapted to the country in which he settled. The ancient being once relaxed, admission was made gradually for honouring the brave and beneficent, who in successive generations extended the bound-

ary of the colonists, and defended them against the resentment and reprisal of the native chieftains.

PLATO.

This may be; but evidence is wanting.

DIOGENES.

Indeed it is not quite so strong and satisfactory as in that piece of history, where thou shewest that *each of us is the half of a man**. By Neptune! a vile man too, or the computation were overcharged.

PLATO.

We copy these things from old traditions.

DIOGENES.

Copy rather the manners of antiquity than the fables; or copy those fables only which convey

* In the Banquet. No two things or qualities are more dissimilar than the imagination of Plato and the imagination of Shakespear. The idea of the *androgyne* was probably of much higher antiquity than Grecian philosophy or Grecian fable. Whence-soever it originated, we cannot but wonder how Shakespear met with it, or invented it. In his *King John*, the citizen of Angers says of the Lady Blanche and of the Dauphin—

> " He is the half-part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such a *she*;—
> And *she* a fair divided excellence
> Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."
>
> Act II.

What is beautiful in poetry, is monsterous in physics, and infantine in philosophy.

the manners. That one man was cut off another, is a tradition little meriting preservation. Any old woman who drinks and dozes, could recite to us more interesting dreams, and worthier of the Divinity.

Surely thy effrontery is of the calmest and most philosophical kind, that thou remarkest to me a want of historic evidence, when I offered a suggestion; and when thou thyself hast attributed to Solon the most improbable falsehoods on the antiquity and the exploits of your ancestors, telling us that time had *obliterated* these *memorable* annals. What is obliterated at home Solon picks up fresh and vivid in Egypt. An Egyptian priest, the oldest and wisest of the body, informs him that Athens was built a thousand years before Sais, by the goddess Neithes, as they call her, but as we, Athena, who received the *seed* of the city from the Earth and Vulcan. The records of Athens are lost, and those of Sais mount up no higher than eight thousand years.

I have, in other places and on other occasions, remarked to those about me many, if not equal and similar, yet gross absurdities in thy writings.

PLATO.

Gently! I know it. Several of these, supposing them to be what you denominate them, are originally from others, and from the gravest men.

DIOGENES.

Gross absurdities are usually of that parentage: the idle and weak produce but petty ones, and such as gambol at theaters and fairs. Thine are good for nothing: men are too old, and children too young, to laugh at them. There is no room for excuse or apology in the adoption of another's foolery. Imagination may heat a writer to such a degree, that he feels not what drops from him or clings to him of his own: another's is taken up deliberately, and trimmed at leisure. I will now procede with thee.

Thou stolest every idea thy voluminous books convey; and therefor thou wouldst persuade us that all other ideas must have an archetype; and that God himself, the Demiurgos, would blunder and botch without one. Now cannot God, by thy good leave, gentle Plato! quite as easily form a thing as conceive it? and execute it as readily at once as at twice? or hath he rather, in some slight degree, less of plastic power than of mental? Seriously, if thou hast received these fooleries from the Egyptian priests, for want of articles more valuable to bring amongst us, prythee take them back on thy next voyage, and change them against the husk of a pistachio dropt from the pouch of a sacred ape.

Thy God is like thyself, as most men's Gods are. He throws together a vast quantity of stuff,

and leaves his workpeople to cut it out and tack it together, after their own fashion and fancy. These demons or genii are mischievous and fantastical imps. It would have been better if they had always sat with their hands before them, or played and toyed with one another like the young folks in the garden of Academus. As thou hast modified the ideas of those who went before thee, so those who follow thee will modify thine. The wiser of them will believe, and reasonably enough, that it is time for the Demiurgos to lay his head upon his pillow, after heating his brains with so many false conceptions, and so let the world go on its own way, without any anxiety or concern.

Besides, would not thy dialogues be much better and more interesting, if thou hadst given more variety to the characters, and hadst shewn them conversing on a greater variety of topics? Prodicus and thyself, if thou wouldst not disdain to meet him, might illustrate the nature of allegory, might explane to your audience where it can enter gracefully, and where it must be excluded: we should learn from you, perhaps, under whose guidance it first came into Greece; whether any one has mentioned the existence of it in the poems of Orpheus and Museus (which are now so totally lost that we possess no traces of them), or whether it was introduced by Homer, and derived from the tales

and mythology of the East. Certainly he has given us for deities such personages as were never worshipt in our country; some he found, I suspect, in the chrysalis state of metaphors, and hatched them by the warmth of his genius into allegories, giving them a strength of wing by which they were carried to the summits of Olympus. Euripides and Aristophanes might discourse upon comedy and tragedy, and upon that species of poetry which, tho the earliest and the most universal, was cultivated in Attica with little success until the time of Sophocles.

PLATO.

You mean the Ode.

DIOGENES.

I do. There was hardly a corner of Greece, hardly an islet, where the children of Minerva were not called to school and challenged by choristers.

PLATO.

These disquisitions entered into no portion of my plan.

DIOGENES.

Rather say, ill suited thy genius: for certainly thou hadst laid down no plan whatever for a series of dialogues. School-exercises, or, if thou pleasest to call them so, *disquisitions*, require no such form as thou hast given to them, and they

block up the inlets and outlets of conversation, which, to seem natural, should not adhere too closely to one subject. The most delightful parts both of philosophy and of fiction might have opened and expanded before us, if thou hadst selected some fifty or sixty of the wisest, most eloquent, and most facetious, and hadst made them exert their abilities on what was most at their command.

PLATO.

I am not certain that I could have given to Aristophanes all his gaiety and humour.

DIOGENES.

Art thou certain thou hast given to Socrates all his irony and perspicacity, or even all his virtue.

PLATO.

His virtue I think I have given him fully.

DIOGENES.

Few can comprehend the whole of it, or see where it separated from wisdom. Being a philosopher, he must have known that marriage would render him less contemplative and less happy, tho he had chosen the most beautiful, the most quiet, the most obedient and most affectionate woman in the world; yet he preferred what he considered his duty as a citizen to his peace of mind.

PLATO.

He might hope to beget children in sagacity like himself.

DIOGENES.

He can never have hoped it at all, or thought about it as became him. He must have observed that the children of meditative men are usually dull and stupid; and he might foresee that those whom their father had excelled would be, openly or covertly, their enemies.

PLATO.

Here then is no proof of his prudence or his virtue.

DIOGENES.

Why didst not thou introduce him arguing fairly and fully on some of these topics? Wert thou afraid of disclosing his inconsistencies? A man to be quite consistent must live quite alone. I know not whether Socrates would have succeded in the attempt; I only know I have failed.

PLATO.

I hope, most excellent Diogenes, I shall not be accused of obstructing much longer so desirable an experiment.

DIOGENES.

I will bear with thee some time yet. The earth is an obstruction to the growth of seed; but the seed cannot grow so well without it. When I have done with thee, I will dismiss thee with my usual courtesy. There are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth: as if a kitten were

never to be a cat! Socrates was an unlikely man to have ever been under so sorrowful an illusion. Those among you who tell us that he married the too handy Xantippe for the purpose of exercising his patience, turn him from a philosopher into a fool. We should be at least as moderate in the indulgence of those matters which bring our patience into play, as in the indulgence of any other. It is better to be sound than hard, and better to be hard than callous.

PLATO.

Do you say that, Diogenes?

DIOGENES.

I do say it; and I confess to thee that I am grown harder than is well for me. Thou wilt not so easily confess that an opposite course of life hath rendered thee callous. Frugality and severity must act upon us long and uninterruptedly before they produce this effect: pleasure and selfishness very soon produce the other. The red-hot iron is but one moment in sending up its fumes from the puddle it is turned into, and in losing its brightness and its flexibility.

PLATO.

Definitions are safer and easier than discoveries.

DIOGENES.

The easiest things in the world when they are made. Nevertheless thou hast given us some

dozens, and there is hardly a complete or a just one on the list; hardly one that any wench, watching her bees and spinning on Hymettus, might not have corrected.

PLATO.

As you did, no doubt, when you threw into my school the cock you had stript of its feathers.

DIOGENES.

Even to the present day, neither thou nor any of thy scholars have detected the fallacy.

PLATO.

We could not dissemble that the definition was inexact.

DIOGENES.

I do not mean that.

PLATO.

What then?

DIOGENES.

I would remark that neither thou nor thy disciples found me out.

PLATO.

We saw you plainly enough: we heard you too, crying, *Behold Plato's man!*

DIOGENES.

It was not only a reproof of thy temerity in definitions, but a trial of the facility with which a light and unjust ridicule of them would be received.

PLATO.

Unjust perhaps not, but certainly rude and vulgar.

DIOGENES.

Unjust, I repeat it: because thy definition was of man as nature formed him: and the cock, when I threw it on the floor, was no longer as nature had formed it. Thou art accustomed to lay down as peculiarities, the attributes that belong, equally or nearly so, to several things or persons.

PLATO.

The characteristic is not always the definition, nor meant to be accepted for it. I have called tragedy δημοίερτέςατον, *most delightful to the people*, and ψυχαγωγικώτατον, *most agitating to the soul*: no person can accuse me of laying down these terms as the *definition* of tragedy. The former is often as applicable to rat-catching, and the latter to cold-bathing. I have called the dog φιλόμαθες, *fond of acquiring information*, and φιλόσοφον, *fond of wisdom*; but I never have denied that man is equally or more so.

DIOGENES.

Deny it then instantly. Every dog has that property; every man has not: I mean the φιλόμαθες. The φιλόσοφον is false in both cases; for words must be taken as they pass current in our

days, and not according to any ancient acceptation. The author of the Margites says,

> Τόνδ' οὔτ' ἄν σκαπτῆρα θεοὶ θέσαν, οὔτ' ἀροτῆρα,
> Οὔτ' ἄλλως τι σοφόν.

Here certainly the σοφός has no reference to the higher intellectual powers, as with us, since he is placed by the poet among delvers and ploughmen. The compound word φιλόσοφος did not exist when the author of Margites wrote; and the lover of wisdom, in his days, was the lover of the country. Her aspirants, in ours, are quarreling and fighting in the streets about her; and nevertheless, while they rustle their Asiatic robes around them, leave her as destitute, as naked, and as hungry as they found her.

PLATO.

Did your featherless cock render her any service?

DIOGENES.

Yes.

PLATO.

I corrected and enlarged the definition, without your assistence.

DIOGENES.

Not without it: the best assistence is the first, and the first was the detection of insufficiency and error. Thy addition was, that *man has broad*

*nails:* now art thou certain that all monkeys have sharp and round ones? I have heard the contrary.

PLATO.

What wouldst thou say man is, and other animals are not?

DIOGENES.

I would say, *lying* and *malicious.*

PLATO.

Because he alone can speak; he alone can reflect.

DIOGENES.

Excellent reasons! If speech be the communication of what is felt, made by means of the voice, thinkest thou other creatures are mute? All that have legs, I am inclined to believe, have voices: whether fishes have, I know not. Thou wouldst hardly wish me to take the trouble of demonstrating, that men lie, both before their metamorphosis into philosophers and after: yet perhaps thou mayest wish to hear wherefor, if other animals reason and reflect (which is proved in them by apprehending mischief and avoiding it, and likewise by the exertion of memory), they are not also malicious.

PLATO.

Having kept in their memory an evil received, many of them shew their malice, by attacking long afterward those who did it.

DIOGENES.

This is not malice, in man or beast. Malice is ill will without just cause, and desire to injure without any hope of benefiting from it. Tigers and serpents seize on the unwary, and inflict deadly wounds: the former from sport or hunger, the latter from fear or hurt: neither of them from malice, neither of them from hatred. Dogs indeed and horses do acquire hatred in their domestic state: they had none originally: they must sleep under man's roof before they share with him his high feeling; that high feeling which renders him the destroyer of his own kind, and the devourer of his own heart. We are willing to consider both revenge and envy as much worse blemishes in the character than malice. For one who is invidious there are six or seven who are malicious, and for one who is revengeful there are fifty. In revenge there must be something of energy, however short-breathed and indeterminate. Many are exempt from it, because they are idle and forgetful; more, because they are circumspect and timid: but nothing hinders the same people from being malicious. Envy, abominable as we call her, and as she is, often stands upon a richly-figured base; and is to be recognized only by the sadness with which she leans over the emblems of power and genius. The contracted heart of Malice can never swell

to sadness: seeing nothing that she holds desirable she covets nothing; she would rather the extinction than the possession of what is amiable; she hates high and low, bad and good; coldly pertinacious, and lazily morose.

Thou, Plato, who hast cause to be invidious of not many, art of nearly all: and thy wit pays the fine, being rendered thereby the poorest I know in any Athenian ambitious of it.

PLATO.

If the fact be thus, the reason is different.

DIOGENES.

What is it then?

PLATO.

That every witticism is an inexact thought: that what is perfectly true is imperfectly witty: and that I have attended more sedulously and more successfully to verity.

DIOGENES.

Why not bring the simplicity of truth into the paths of life? why not try whether it would look as becomingly in actions as in words; in the wardrobe and at table, as in deductions and syllogisms? why not demonstrate to the youth of Athens that you in good earnest can be contented with a little?

PLATO.

So we could, if the times required it.

DIOGENES.

They will soon; and we should at least be taught our rudiments, before a hard lesson is put into our hands.

PLATO.

This makes me think again that your grammatical knowledge, O Diogenes! is extensive. The plain and only sense of the second verse . . .

DIOGENES.

What second verse? Were we talking of any such things?

PLATO.

Yes, just now.

DIOGENES.

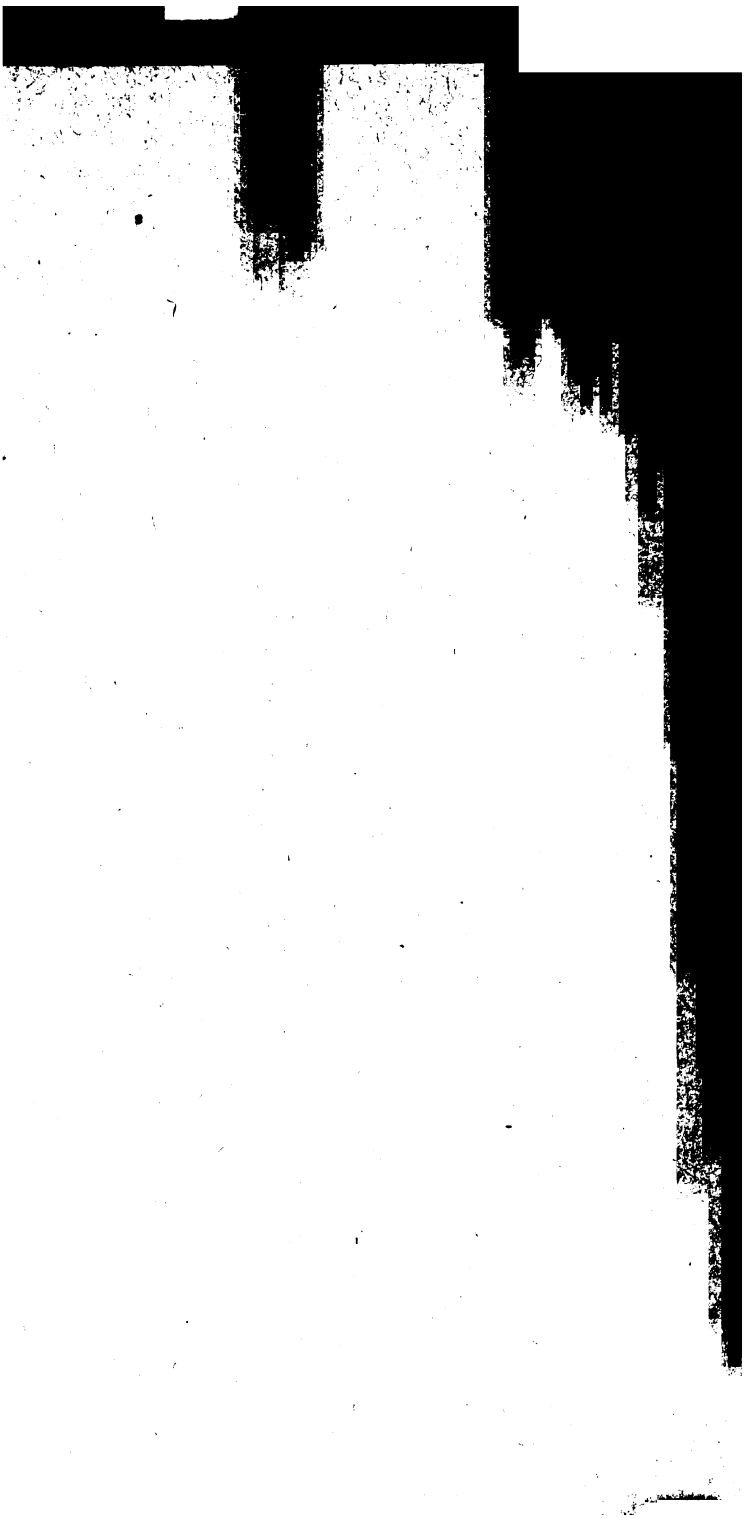
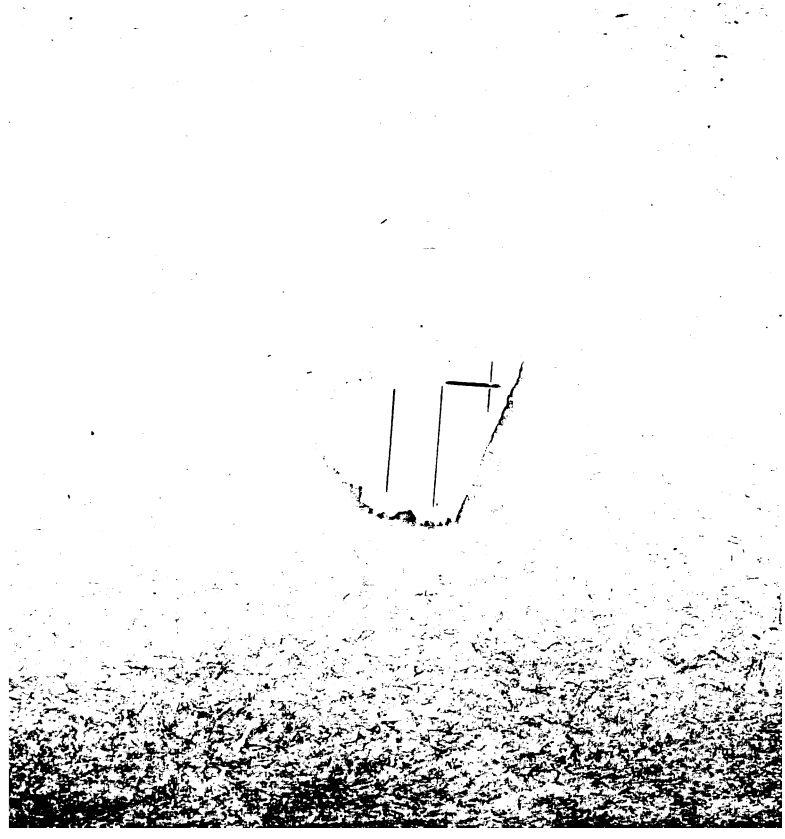
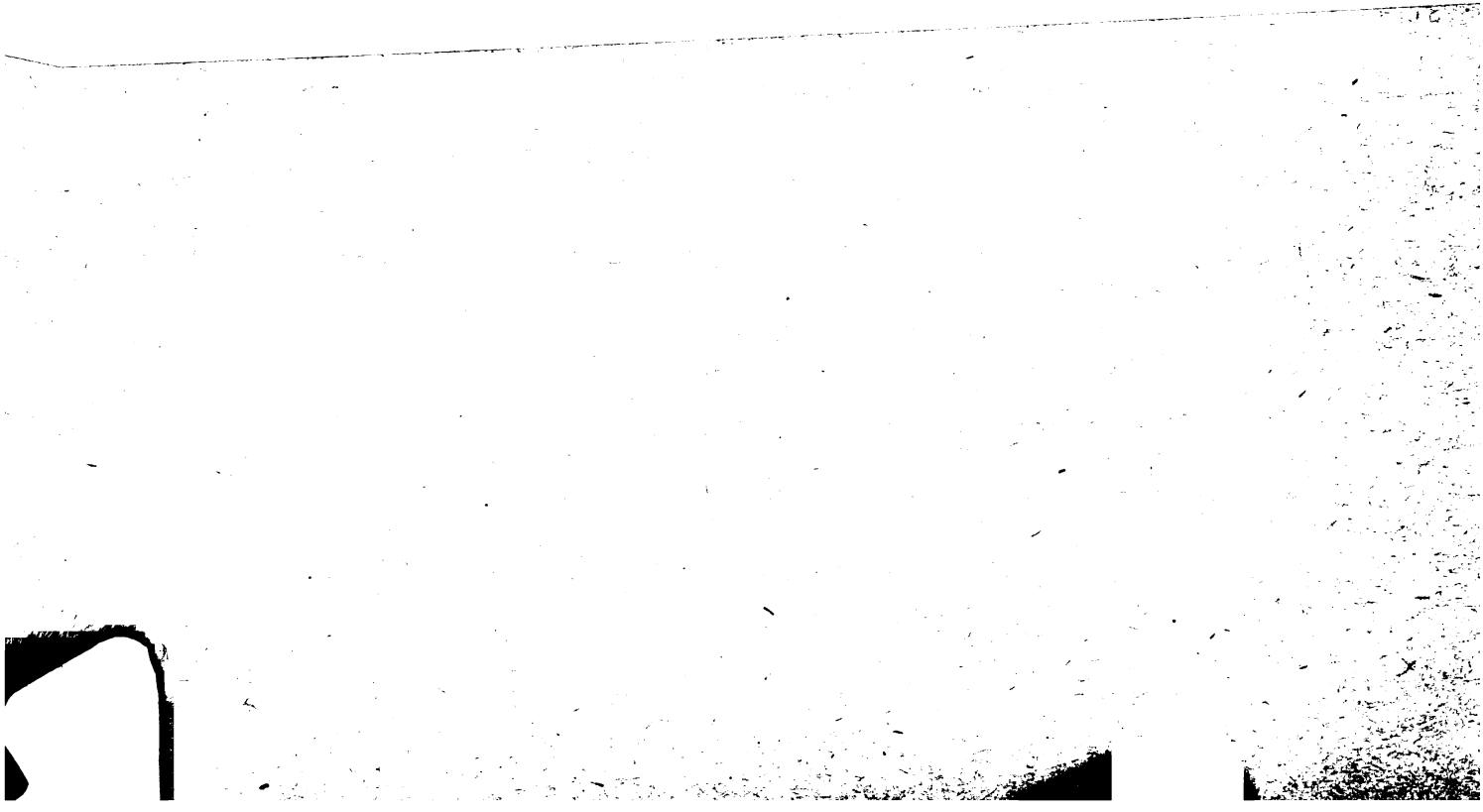
I had forgotten it.

PLATO.

How! forgotten the *Margites!* The meaning of the words is, *nor fit for any thing else.*

Homer in like manner uses ειδώς very frequently, to indicate mere manual skill. The spirit of inquiry, the φιλόμαθες, we take upon ourselves with the canine attributes: we talk of *indagating*, of *investigating*, of *questing*.

DIOGENES.

I know the respect thou bearest to the dogly character, and can attribute to nothing else the complacency with which thou hast listened to me since I released thy cloak. If ever the Athenians,

in their inconstancy, should issue a decree to deprive me of the appellation they have conferred on me, rise up, I pray thee, in my defence, and protest that I have not merited so severe a mulct. Something I do deserve at thy hands, having supplied thee, first with a store of patience, when thou wert going without any about thee . . altho it is the readiest viaticum and the heartiest sustenance of human life . . and then with weapons from this tub, wherewith to drive the importunate cock before thee out of doors again. 3